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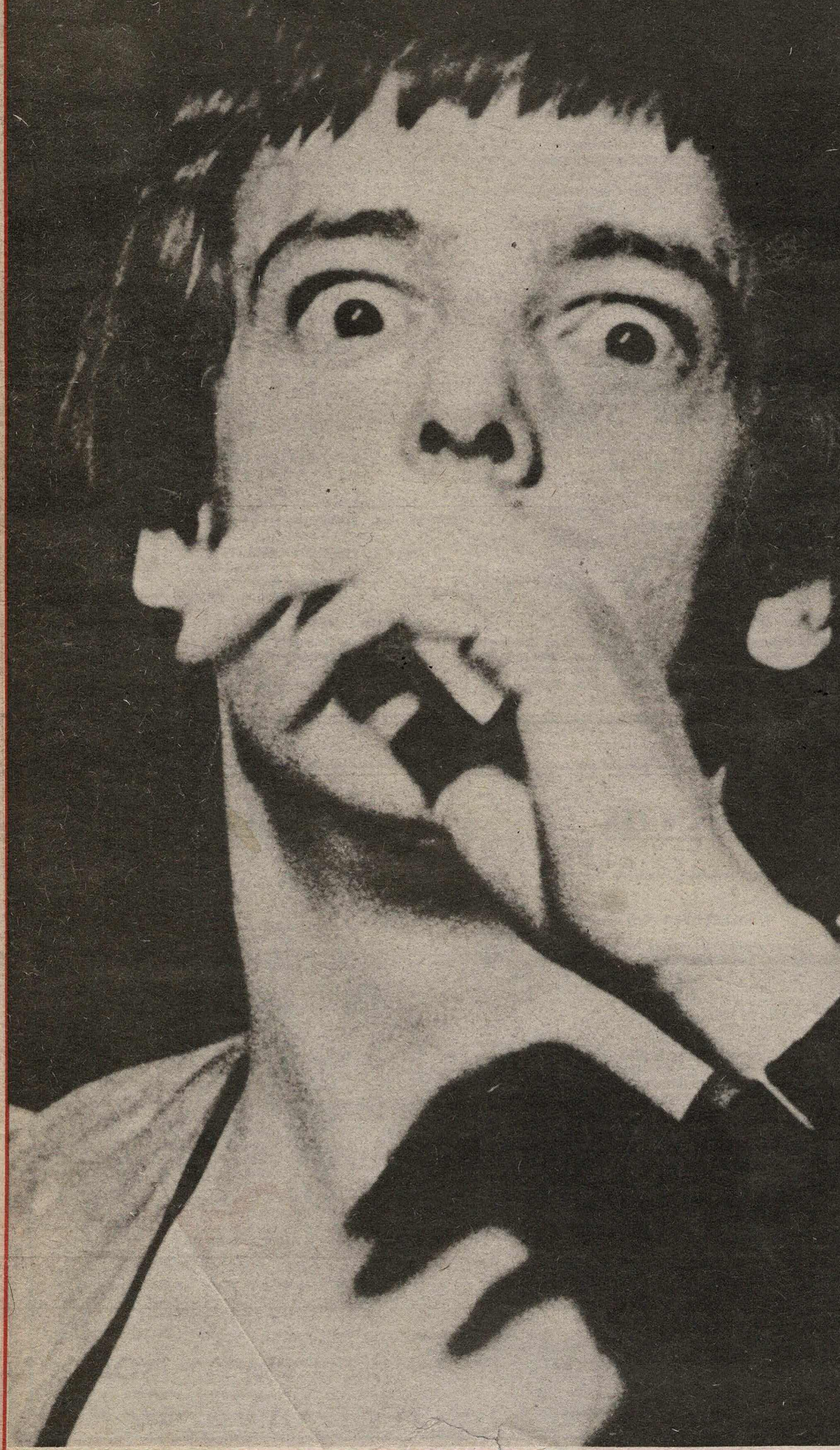
1977 READERS' HONOURS LIST

O.K., who's the Hot Rods' fan who voted on lavender notepaper? Total absence of startling political machinations, but v. interesting list of NME Poll results inside.



BARRIE MASTERS / EDDIE & THE HOT RODS. Most Promising Emergent Act in the NME Readers' Poll. See page 24. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 19, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	SON OF MY FATHER	Chicory Tip (CBS)
1	2	TELEGRAM SAM	T. Rex (T. Rex)
4	3	HAVE YOU SEEN HER	Chi-Lites (MCA)
6	4	MOTHER OF MINE	Neil Reid (Decca)
17	5	LOOK WOT YOU DUN	Slade (Polydor)
10	6	LET'S STAY TOGETHER	Al Green (London)
3	7	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING	New Seekers (Polydor)
11	8	AMERICAN PIE	Don McLean (United Artists)
5	9	HORSE WITH NO NAME	America (Warner Brothers)
16	10	STORM IN A TEACUP	Fortunes (Capitol)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 18, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	THIS IS MY SONG	Petula Clark (Pye)
9	2	RELEASE ME	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
1	3	I'M A BELIEVER	Monkees (RCA)
2	4	LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Rolling Stones (Decca)
4	5	MATTHEW AND SON	Cat Stevens (Deram)
5	6	I'VE BEEN A BAD BAD BOY	Paul Jones (HMV)
14	7	HERE COMES MY BABY	Tremeloes (CBS)
18	8	SNOOPY V. THE RED BARON	Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
6	9	NIGHT OF FEAR	Move (Deram)
12	10	SUGAR TOWN	Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 16, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	THE YOUNG ONES	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	2	ROCK-A-HULA BABY	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	3	LET'S TWIST AGAIN	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
4	4	FORGET ME NOT	Eden Kane (Decca)
5	5	WALK ON BY	Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury)
10	6	CRYING IN THE RAIN	Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
11	7	A LITTLE BITTY TEAR	Burl Ives (Brunswick)
6	8	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
8	9	I'D NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
11	10	RUN TO HIM	Bobby Vee (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending February 19, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	**DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA**	Julie Covington (MCA)	8	1
2	(3)	**WHEN I NEED YOU**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	2
3	(2)	**DON'T GIVE UP ON US**	David Soul (Private Stock)	8	1
4	(9)	**DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY**	Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)	4	4
5	(4)	**SIDE SHOW**	Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	8	3
6	(5)	**DADDY COOL**	Boney M. (Atlantic)	7	5
7	(6)	**ISN'T SHE LOVELY**	David Parton (Pye)	6	4
8	(11)	**JACK IN THE BOX**	Moments (All Platinum)	3	8
9	(14)	**BOOGIE NIGHTS**	Heatwave (GTO)	3	9
10	(22)	**CHANSON D'AMOUR**	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	2	10
11	(10)	**CAR WASH**	Rose Royce (MCA)	7	5
12	(7)	**SUSPICION**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	5	7
13	(17)	**SING ME**	The Brothers (Bus Stop)	4	13
14	(15)	**WILD SIDE OF LIFE**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	9	8
15	(8)	**YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER**	Drifters (Arista)	7	4
16	(—)	**THIS IS TOMORROW**	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	1	16
17	(—)	**ROMEO**	Mr.Big (EMI)	1	17
18	(20)	**DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY**	Thelma Houston (Motown)	3	18
19	(12)	**DON'T BELIEVE A WORD**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	5	12
20	(13)	**I WISH**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	8	4
21	(18)	**NEW KID IN TOWN**	Eagles (Asylum)	5	16
22	(26)	**MORE THAN A FEELING**	Boston (EMI)	3	22
23	(—)	**THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T THEY**	Racing Cars (Chrysalis)	1	23
24	(29)	**EVERY MAN MUST HAVE A DREAM**	Liverpool Express (Warner Bros)	5	19
25	(21)	**WHAT CAN I SAY**	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	3	20
26	(19)	**IT TAKES ALL NIGHT LONG**	Gary Glitter (Arista)	3	19
27	(16)	**THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE**	10c.c. (Mercury)	9	7
28	(—)	**I WANNA GO BACK**	New Seekers (CBS)	1	28
29	(—)	**SOUND AND VISION**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	29
30	(27)	**YEAR OF THE CAT**	Al Stewart (RCA)	2	27

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

BABY I KNOW — Rubettes (State); DARLIN' DARLIN' BABY — O'Jays (Philadelphia); TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS — Mary McGregor; SOUL CHA CHA — Van McCoy (H&L); SATURDAY NITE — Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS).

ALBUMS

Week ending February 19, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	**EVITA**	Various Artists (MCA)	6	1
2	(3)	**DAVID SOUL**	(Private Stock)	11	2
3	(10)	**THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS**	(EMI)	3	3
4	(1)	**RED RIVER VALLEY**	Slim Whitman (United Artists)	6	1
5	(7)	**ENDLESS FLIGHT**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	5
6	(4)	**ARRIVAL**	Abba (Epic)	13	1
7	(5)	**SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	18	1
8	(9)	**LOW**	David Bowie (RCA)	5	8
9	(6)	**HOTEL CALIFORNIA**	Eagles (Asylum)	8	4
10	(13)	**ANIMALS**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	2	10
11	(8)	**WINGS OVER AMERICA**	(EMI)	7	8
12	(11)	**ABBA GREATEST HITS**	(Epic)	46	1
13	(25)	**WHITE ROCK**	Rick Wakeman (A&M)	3	13
14	(17)	**20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS**	(K-Tel)	2	14
15	(21)	**MOTORVATIN'**	Chuck Berry (Chess)	3	15
16	(14)	**SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS**	(Arista)	9	4
17	(16)	**WIND AND WUTHERING**	Genesis (Charisma)	6	8
18	(12)	**A DAY AT THE RACES**	Queen (EMI)	9	2
19	(15)	**A NEW WORLD RECORD**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	11	8
20	(28)	**BOSTON**	(Epic)	2	20
21	(23)	**LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE**	Bread (Elektra)	4	21
22	(27)	**DANCE TO THE MUSIC**	(K-Tel)	2	22
23	(24)	**LUXURY LINER**	Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros)	2	23
24	(26)	**LOVE ON THE AIRWAVES**	Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)	3	22
25	(19)	**JOHNNY THE FOX**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	8	9
26	(22)	**THE GREATEST HITS**	Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	14	4
27	(—)	**FESTIVAL**	Santana (CBS)	1	27
28	(20)	**THEIR GREATEST HITS**	Eagles (Asylum)	37	1
29	(—)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Glen Campbell (Capitol)	13	1
30	(—)	**GREATEST HITS**	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	7	17

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

DOWNTOWN TONIGHT — Racing Cars (Chrysalis); RA — Utopia (Bearsville); HIT SCENE '76 (Warwick); SONGS FROM THE WOOD — Jethro Tull (Chrysalis); ELVIS IN DEMAND — Elvis Presley (RCA).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 19, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS**	Mary MacGregor
2	(3)	**NEW KID IN TOWN**	Eagles
3	(5)	**FLY LIKE AN EAGLE**	Steve Miller
4	(4)	**ENJOY YOURSELF**	Jacksons
5	(11)	**LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN"**	Barbra Streisand
6	(7)	**I LIKE DREAMIN'**	Kenny Nolan
7	(8)	**YEAR OF THE CAT**	Al Stewart
8	(10)	**NIGHT MOVES**	Bob Seger
9	(9)	**WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND**	Barry Manilow
10	(2)	**BLINDED BY THE LIGHT**	Manfred Mann
11	(13	**DANCING QUEEN**	Abba
12	(15)	**GO YOUR OWN WAY**	Fleetwood Mac
13	(17)	**THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE**	10 c.c.
14	(18)	**CARRY ON WAYWARD SON**	Kansas
15	(6)	**I WISH**	Stevie Wonder
16	(24)	**DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY**	Thelma Houston
17	(20)	**BOOGIE CHILD**	Bee Gees
18	(26)	**LONG TIME**	Boston
19	(22)	**LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE**	Smokie
20	(29)	**RICH GIRL**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
21	(23)	**SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY**	Stephen Bishop
22	(12)	**LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE**	Bread
23	(21)	**WALK THIS WAY**	Aerosmith
24	(19)	**HARD LUCK WOMAN**	Kiss
25	(16)	**DAZZ**	Brick
26	(—)	**DON'T GIVE UP ON US**	David Soul
27	(27)	**JEANS ON**	David Dundas
28	(14)	**HOT LINE**	Sylvers
29	(25)	**CAR WASH**	Rose Royce
30	(28)	**YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR**	Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending February 19, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**A STAR IS BORN**	Streisand/Kristofferson
2	(2)	**HOTEL CALIFORNIA**	Eagles
3	(3)	**SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE**	Stevie Wonder
4	(4)	**WINGS OVER AMERICA**	Wings
5	(6)	**BOSTON**	Boston
6	(5)	**FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE**	Peter Frampton
7	(7)	**FLY LIKE AN EAGLE**	Steve Miller Band
8	(8)	**GREATEST HITS**	Linda Ronstadt
9	(13)	**YEAR OF THE CAT**	Al Stewart
10	(9)	**A DAY AT THE RACES**	Queen
11	(14)	**TEJAS**	ZZ Top
12	(10)	**BEST OF THE DOOBIES**	Doobie Brothers
13	(11)	**A NEW WORLD RECORD**	ELO
14	(12)	**ROCK AND ROLL OVER**	Kiss
15	(18)	**NIGHT MOVES**	Bob Seger
16	(15)	**THE PRETENDER**	Jackson Browne
17	(17)	**CAR WASH**	Soundtrack
18	(16)	**A NIGHT ON THE TOWN**	Rod Stewart
19	(22)	**LEFTOVERTURE**	Kansas
20	(19	**GREATEST HITS**	James Taylor
21	(24)	**THIS ONE'S FOR YOU**	Barry Manilow
22	(21)	**THEIR GREATEST HITS**	Eagles
23	(20)	**THIRTY-THREE & ⅓**	George Harrison
24	(27)	**LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE**	Bread
25	(28)	**THE LIGHT OF SMILES**	Gary Wright
26	(—)	**FESTIVAL**	Santana
27	(23)	**SPIRIT**	Earth, Wind & Fire
28	(—)	**LOW**	David Bowie
29	(—)	**ROARING SILENCE**	Manfred Mann's Earth Band
30	(—)	**WIND AND WUTHERING**	Genesis

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

BRITAIN BANISHES BE-BOP BASSIST

BE-BOP DELUXE bass player Charlie Tumahai has finally lost his 18-month battle with the immigration authorities. All his appeals to stay and work in Britain have been rejected out of hand, and he has been ordered to leave this country by mid-March.

Tumahai, a New Zealander of Moari stock, was first ordered to quit Britain when his initial six-month work permit expired in mid-1975. Since then he has appealed unsuccessfully to the Department of Employment, the Home Office and the Immigrant Appeals Tribunal.

While his appeals were being considered, he was allowed to remain here — but now that all avenues are closed to him, he has to get out. The authorities are, however, permitting him to continue working until the end of Be-Bop's current concert tour. At the end of this month, he leaves with the rest of the band for the south of France, where they will be recording with the Rolling Stones' mobile unit.

Be-Bop will not be replacing Tumahai, and consequently they are having to adapt their future plans to make allowances for his exile. This means that, from now on, Be-Bop will be recording and rehearsing abroad.

A spokesman for the band explained: "Whenever they tour Britain in future, Charlie will have to apply for a limited work permit. This shouldn't be too difficult to obtain, but he will have to get out immediately the tour ends."

Commented Tumahai: "I am bitterly disappointed at having to leave the United Kingdom, which had become my home". He has not yet decided where to set up permanent residence, but the rest of the band will continue to live in Britain

Reason for Tumahai's expulsion is basically the Musicians Union's policy of excluding foreigners from working here, because theoretically they are denying jobs to British musicians. But the policy seems ineffectual in this case, if Be-Bop Deluxe continue operating with Tumahai.

PAUL RUDOLPH QUITS HAWKWIND

YET ANOTHER Hawkwind member has quit the band, the third to do so within the space of two months. Latest to go is bassist Paul Rudolph, who has already been replaced in the group's line-up by Adrian Shaw.

He joins the remaining members — Robert Calvert, Simon King (drums), Simon House (keyboards) and Dave Brock (guitar) — and they have already been rehearsing together for three weeks.

The new-look band make their first appearance in a special one-off concert at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, February 27, as a prelude to an extensive European tour.

Meanwhile, Rudolph has got together with another recent departure from Hawkwind — drummer Alan Powell — and they have formed a hard rock band called Kicks. They have been rehearsing for a month with two other musicians, and plan to go out on the road in March.

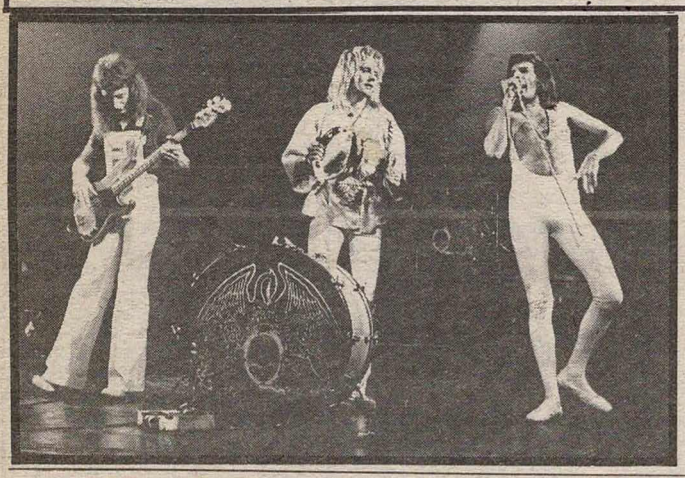
Rudolph, who was one of the original members of Pink Fairies, will be reverting to lead guitar in the new band.

The third man to have left Hawkwind, Nik Turner, is not involved in the Kicks venture.

Two leave Blackmore's band

TWO MEMBERS of Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow — Tony Carey (keyboards) and Jimmy Bain (bass) — have left the band. Or, in the words of the official announcement, the other members of the band have "chosen to replace them". Apparently Blackmore, Cozy Powell and Ronnie James Dio felt that musically Carey and Bain were not "Complementing the founder members' style of playing and their musical direction."

The names of the two replacements will be announced next week. Meanwhile, Rainbow's manager said that the changes will not effect the recording plans for the band's new album, on which work commences in Hamburg next month. They plan to tour Europe, including Britain, in August and September to tie in with the release of the album.



QUEEN FOR THE QUEEN

QUEEN are, predictably, finding themselves in great demand for major concert appearances during the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebrations. The name association has resulted in the band being inundated with offers to headline events, currently being lined up for the late spring.

And, said a spokesman, they are virtually certain to accept at least one of the offers — although reports that they are to star in promoter Mel Bush's official Jubilee concert, at London Earls Court on June 4, cannot be substantiated.

"The boys are working in the States until the end of March", added the spokesman. "And they probably won't make any decisions until then. They certainly want to do something in connection with the Jubilee, but they're far too busy at this stage to make up their minds. All offers received by our London office are being forwarded on to them in America, but none of them has yet been accepted."

FERRY 'QUITTING BRITAIN' DENIED

BRYAN FERRY is not quitting Britain to settle in America, despite national Press reports to the contrary — although he will be away from this country for about six months, after his current tour ends. And there are now distinct hopes that Roxy Music will re-unite in the autumn, to record a new album and for a British tour.

Early in March Ferry begins a three-week solo European tour, using the same backing band currently accompanying him around Britain. This is followed by concerts in Japan and Australia and it is expected that most of his present musicians will also be making that trip.

Subsequently, Ferry travels on to Los Angeles, where he intends to rent a house for three or four months. He plans to do some recording there and then, in June, to play a series of solo concerts across the States.

A spokesman for his management told NME: "The fact of Bryan taking a house in L.A. has given rise to speculation that he wants to become an American resident. That's quite untrue. This isn't a tax evasion thing and he'll be back in Britain in the late summer or early autumn."

Asked about the chances of a Roxy reunion, the spokesman said: "Once Bryan and the others have got their solo ventures out of their systems, it's more than likely that they'll be getting together again. This was always intended as a year's sabbatical and things are working out according to timetable."

Roxy's first task on re-forming would be to record a new album. They would then go back on the road to coincide with the release of the LP — which means that, in any event, they are unlikely to return to the concert platform before the beginning of next year.

● Rumours of Ferry's alleged exile were strengthened by the news that he has put his London house on the market. But this is only because he is, instead, buying a country home.

Roxy album reunion?

—and Wings?

WINGS are another band being sought by several promoters for headlining appearances in special Jubilee concerts. Whether or not they will accept any of these offers is largely dependent upon Linda McCartney, who is expecting another baby in September. But since the majority of the Jubilee events will be taking place in June, there is a good chance that at least one gig may be arranged for that period.

If such a concert does take place at the time of the Jubilee holiday, NME understands there is a possibility of it developing into a mini Beatles reunion — with the prospect of a guest appearance by George Harrison, and perhaps also by Ringo Starr.

Miles opens new London rock venue

SOUND CIRCUS, the new rock venue in Central London, opens officially on March 10 with a concert by John Miles — who will also be appearing there the following night.

The next show is on March 13, when the Gordon Giltrap Band appear. Subsequent bookings in March include the Sensational Alex Harvey Band Without Alex (supported by Krazy Kat), Frankie Miller's Full House, Racing Cars, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Streetwalkers, Roy Harper and Cado Belle — though precise dates for these acts have still to be announced.

Tickets for the Miles concerts are priced £2 and £2.50, and for Giltrap they are £1.60 and £1.80. Telephone booking enquiries may be made to 01-405 8004.

Sound Circus in Kingsway, Holborn, was formerly the Royalty Theatre. But it has now been completely renovated, and fitted with all equipment necessary for rock shows. The theatre has a capacity of 1,000 and it fills the gap between the vastness of Hammersmith Odeon or the Rainbow and the compactness of the Marquee Club. There is also an adjoining disco.

The venue has also been fitted out with filming facilities, and it will be used in this connection for the filming of a new TV rock series called "Star Rider".

London gigs: TRAVERS, COYNE & STOOKEY

PAT TRAVERS BAND headline their own major London concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, March 19. Tickets are now on sale priced £2, £1.50 and £1.10, and a support act has still to be announced.

KEVIN COYNE headlines a solo concert at London Euston Shaw Theatre on Sunday, March 6. Titled "Talking To Someone", the show will feature him performing to his own guitar accompaniment, and he will also use backing tapes.

NOEL PAUL STOKEY — probably better known as Paul of the now-disbanded Peter, Paul and Mary group — plays a free concert in London on Saturday, March 26.

Ticket applications should be sent to MGO, 33 West Hill, Wandsworth. London SW.18, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Commodores due

THE COMMODORES are coming to Britain in March for a major concert tour, covering most of the major cities throughout the country. The nine-piece Tamla Motown group are big business in the States, where their albums "Caught In The Act" and "Hot On The Tracks" have both gone Platinum. Dates and venues are currently being finalised by promoter Bob England of Good Earth, and will be announced shortly. The outfit's new album "Zoom" will be issued to tie in with their visit, and their latest single "Just To Be Close To You" is on sale now.

Laser exhibition

JOHN WOLFF — regarded as the world's foremost innovator of laser beam technology, and the man behind The Who's spectacular light shows — is to have his own display and exhibition at the Royal Academy in London. It will run from March 14 to April 7 (10 am to 9 pm weekdays, 10 am to 6 pm Saturdays, 2-6 pm Sunday). Admission is 80p, and 40p for students.

Wolff will be demonstrating his equipment, valued at £250,000, and there will also be laser and holographic displays. Pete Townshend and Rick Wakeman are among musicians writing background music for the exhibition. Wolff — who also runs The Who's London recording studios — is the outstanding pioneer of holography, which is the projection of three-dimensional images.

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FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

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Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£5.50	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.50	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£2.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.00	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Paul McCartney 13 New Songs	£1.60	Yessongs/Yes	£2.95
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£2.95
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£3.95
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Bass Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Clapton/Ocean Blvd & others	£2.95
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Lindisfarne/10 Songs	£1.10
Kinks Greatest Hits	£2.50	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Hollies Greatest Hits	£2.50	Marc Bolan Lyric Book	95p
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ELP back with album and tour

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER bounce back into the reckoning next month, after a two-year lay-off from group activity. The new double album is released on March 11 and they are now in the process of lining up an extensive concert tour accompanied by a full orchestra, beginning in the late spring.

The new album titled "Works" takes them even further along the road away from basic rock. It features a solo side by each member of the trio, with the fourth and final side bringing the ELP group together again. The set consists of:

● Side One. Keith Emerson playing Steinway piano with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, performing his Piano concerto in three movements.

● Side Two. Greg Lake singing five numbers, accompanied by an orchestra and choir conducted by Godfrey Salmon.

● Side Three. Carl Palmer with six pieces, two of which are by Bach and Prokofiev. He is backed mainly by strings, though Emerson is featured on one track.

● Side Four. ELP perform two tracks supported by the Paris Opera Orchestra. The first is Aaron Copeland's "Fanfare For The Common Man", and the second the self-penned "Pirates".

No details of ELP's tour have yet been confirmed, although it is expected to take in several overseas territories before coming to Britain later in the year. But with a full orchestra accompanying them on the road, obviously they will be playing only selected concerts in the biggest venues.

NILS LOFGREN has his third solo album "I Came To Dance" released by A & M next month. One of the highlights of the set is his version of Keith Richard's "Happy". Musicians involved, and pictured above in the studio, are from left to right: PATRICK HENDERSON (keyboards), ANDY NEWMARK (drums) who co-produced the LP with Lofgren himself, NILS LOFGREN, brother TOMMY LOFGREN (guitar) and WORNELL JONES (bass).

GREG LAKE

Rainbow gig for Earring

LEADING Dutch band Golden Earring play a one-off concert at London Rainbow Theatre on March 25. It will be their first visit to Britain for four years, and tickets are priced at £2, £1.50 and £1. The concert is being recorded by London's Capital Radio for broadcast on Good Friday evening (April 8). Earring's lastest album "Contraband" is released by Polydor early next month.

WHO'S NEW

Bands being launched and line-up changes

KURSAAL FLYERS have undergone a personnel change, with guitarist Graeme Douglas leaving the band to be replaced by Barry Martin. The newcomer hails from Southend like the rest of the band, who have known him for some time. The Flyers are currently on a promotional tour of Europe, and their new single "Radio Romance" is issued by CBS this week.

JOE are a new three-piece unit featuring ex-King Crimson bassist Gordon Haskell, ex-Curved Air Drummer Jim Russell and ex-Stomu Yamashta guitarist Hiroshi Kato. Their debut single "How Can I Resist" is released by GTO this weekend. An album and debut gigs follow shortly.

ANAHATA, a new band brought together through Stomu Yamashta's Red Buddha Theatre, comprise Jioji Hirota (percussion and vocals), Michi Hirota (vocals), Paul Cartwright (drums), Frank Tankowski (guitar), Brian Miller (keyboards) and Amin Muhammed (bass). They play warm-up gigs in London at Covent Garden Rock Garden (March 15) and Camden Dingwalls (26), prior to a full tour which is now being set up. They have already recorded in Japan, and a British recording and distribution deal is being negotiated.

JIMMY JAMES and the Vagabonds have parted company. James is now undertaking solo gigs with a newly-formed backing band.

DETROIT SPINNERS Have lost founder member Philippe Wynne, who plans to embark on a solo career. He is replaced by John Edwards, who worked with the Spinners for a short time last year when Wynne was ill.

UNCLE PO are a new outfit launched by Al Matthews' former backing band, plus a new vocalist. They have been rehearsing for three months and start gigging this weekend (see Gig Guide for details). A recording contract is being finalised.

PRETTY THINGS have decided to drop that name, following the departure of Phil May. Current line-up consists of Gordon Edwards, Pete Tolson, Alan Skip and Jack Green. They are now rehearsing new material and deciding upon an alternative name.

LONE STAR's replacement for vocalist Kenny Driscoll, who left the band recently to pursue a solo career, is 19-year-old John Sloman. He previously worked with Cardiff-based band Trapper.

WHAT'S NEW

Forthcoming releases and recording plans

● Peter Frampton started work last weekend on his new album, tentatively titled "I'm In You". It is being recorded at New York's Electric Ladyland studios for summer release. His previous set "Frampton Comes Alive" has now sold over ten million copies worldwide

● A & M this week release an EP by the **Captain And Tennille** containing their four million-selling singles — "Love Will Keep Us Together", "The Way I Want To Touch You", "Muskrat Love" and "Shop Around". The duo are coming to Britain next month for a promotional visit.

● **Bryn Haworth** has signed a worldwide deal with A & M Records, having previously been with Island. He has already started work on an album for his new label, and musicians backing him include Kenny Jones, Alan Spencer and Henry Spinetti.

● **Michael Mantler's** new album is an adaptation of the Harold Pinter play "Silence". Other musicians featured on the set include Robert Wyatt, Kevin Coyne, Carla Bley, Chris Spedding and Ron McLure. It is issued on March 11 by Watt Records, distributed by Virgin.

● Coinciding with his current tour, **Gordon Giltrap's** single "Lucifer's Cage" is rushed out this weekend by the Electric Record Company. It is a re-mix of a track from his album "Visionary".

● A top import item for several months, and already a big disco hit, "The Ali Shuffle" by **Alvin Cash** is released by Contempo tomorrow (Friday).

● The new single by **Charlie** who are currently on the road in Britain, is "Johnny Hold Back" taken from their "No Second Chance" album. It is issued by Polydor on February 25, as is "Double Dutch" by the **Fatback Band.**

● **Chris Barber's** album "The Great Union Concert", released by Black Lion on February 25, marks a unique get-together of all his original band members — including Lonnie Donegan and Monty Sunshine. Recorded at his 21st anniversary concert at Croydon Fairfield Hall, it is Barber's 75th album.

● New York band **Television's** album "Marquee Moon", previewed by NME in a major feature two weeks ago, is set for March 4 release by Elektra.

● **Little Feat's** new album "Time Loves A Hero" comes out early next month on Warners, with a solo LP by **Lowell George** following in the summer.

● **Steve Gibbons Band** have a maxi-single issued by Polydor on March 4, with "Please Don't Say Goodbye" as the main title. Other two tracks are "Mr. Jones" and "Tulane".

● **George Harrison** is in London on a short promotional visit, in connection with his new single "True Love", released by Dark Horse this weekend. His "33 1/3" album has now been certified Gold in America.

● **Procol Harum's** new single, issued by Chrysalis tomorrow (Friday), is "Wizard Man". It is taken from their upcoming album "Something Magic".

● The 100th **Elvis Presley** single to be released in Britain is "Moody Blue", which RCA puts out on February 25. Same day, same label is "The Fever Of Love" by **Sweet.**

● RCA is to distribute the Miami-based T.K. label and its subsidiaries in Britain. Among first releases will be albums by **George McCrae** and **K.C. and the Sunshine Band.**

● **Harry Nilsson** started work this week on his 14th album for RCA, consisting entirely of his own songs. Summer release is planned.

● **Showaddywaddy's** follow-up to their recent No. 1 hit is another oldie. It is a revival of the Kalin Twins' 1958 chart-topper "When", released by Arista next week.MX4

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Byron's Diamond is trumped

ROUGH DIAMONDS have taken out an injunction against Rough Diamond, to prevent them using the name Rough Diamond, because it is too much like Rough Diamonds!

And if you think that's complicated, just take a look at the actual wording of the injunction — in all its legal jargon glory.

Rough Diamond is the band (or rather, was to have been the band) marking the comeback of David Byron, sacked last year as Uriah Heep's vocalist. Also featured in the five-piece line-up are ex-Humble Pie guitarist Clem Clempson and ex-Wings drummer Geoff Britton, plus two other musicians.

The announcement of their formation was made two weeks ago by Island Records although, at the time, it seems that neither they nor the band realised that an outfit called Rough Diamonds had been in existence since 1975. This is a four-man unit from West London comprising Robert Watson, Martin Finlay, Robert Morten and Laurence Gellor, who claim that their bookings have suffered since the new band was launched.

So they succeeded in obtaining a High Court injunction, to prevent Byron & Co. from using the name Rough Diamond. This lasts for ten days, enabling legal representatives of both parties to investigate the matter fully, and it comes before the court again tomorrow (Friday).

If the decision goes against the Island Band, they will presumably be compelled to change their name. Meanwhile, Island are holding their breath and waiting to know if the thousands of album sleeves and record labels already printed — in readiness for the April 2 release of the group's debut LP — are now useless.

THE HIGH COURT EDICT

IT WAS ORDERED that Clem Clempson, David Byron, Willie Bath, Damon Butcher and Geoff Britton and each of them be restrained whether by themselves their servants or agents or any of them or otherwise howsoever from doing the following act or acts that is to say (a) passing off themselves or their music as Plaintiffs or the Plaintiffs' music by use of the name or style "Rough Diamonds" whether in the singular or in the plural in conection with the business of musicians and/or as a band, (b) and/or passing off the business of the Defendants as the business of the Plaintiffs by use of the trading style "Rough Diamonds" or any colourable imitation thereof or by any other means.

SMOKIE ON TOUR including London gig

SMOKIE are to headline a major London concert at the Drury Lane Theatre Royal on March 6, as part of the series of Sunday shows which — as reported two weeks ago — are being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast. The band are also set for seven other dates at Bath Pavilion (March 3), Uxbridge Brunel University (4), Manchester UMIST (5), Carlisle Market Hall (10), Berwick Cesar's Palace (11), Leith Town Hall (12) and Glasgow City Hall (13), with one or two more still to be finalised. The gigs aid promotion of their new single, a Chinn-Chapman composition titled "Lay Back In The Arms Of Someone", for release by Private Stock on February 25. The album "Smokie's Greatest Hits" follows on April 8.

Bruce Band tour

THE NEW Jack Bruce Band play their debut concerts in Britain next month. They visit Leeds University (March 5), Birmingham Aston University (7), Lancaster University (8), Oxford Polytechnic (10), Norwich East Anglia University (11), Sheffield University (12), Salford University (14) and Glasgow Strathclyde University (15).

Then, after gigging on the Continent for a month, they return to headline at London New Victoria Theatre on April 15.

As reported four weeks ago, the band's line-up comprises Hughie Burns (guitar), Tony Hymas (keyboards), Simon Phillips (drums) and Bruce on bass and vocals.

ON THE ROAD

JIGSAW

play **Carlisle** Cosmo Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Northallerton** Community Centre (Saturday), **Bath** The Globe (February 26), **Southend** Talk Of The South (March 1), **Gloucester** Roundabout (4), **Barnstaple** Chequers Club (11), **Liskeard** Calton Rooms (12), **Plymouth** HMS Drake (17), **Exmouth** Samantha's (18), **Bude** Headland Pavilion (19), **Bristol** Granary (24), **Cheltenham** Tramps (25) and **Bristol** Reeves Club (26).

STRIDER

play **Ewell** North-East Surrey College (February 26), **Nottingham** Boat Club (March 5), **Ormskirk** Edgehill College (11), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (15), **Aberdeen** University (17), **Brighton** Top Rank (22), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (25), **Dudley** J.B.'s Club (26), **Dundee** College (April 1), **Scunthorpe** Priory Hotel (2), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (10) and **Wigan** Casino (23).

DAVE EDMUNDS

is going on the road for the first time with his Rockpile oufit. Line-up comprises Billy Bremner (guitar), Nick Lowe (bass) and Terry Williams (drums). After warm-up gigs in Europe this week, they play **London Kensington** The Nashville (next Monday) and **London** School of Economics (February 26). Further dates are currently being set. Edmunds and Nick Lowe both have solo albums due for release shortly, on Swansong and Stiff respectively. The Nashville gig is the first of a Monday night residency by the band at that venue.

RACING CARS

have extended their current tour into next month, gigs being at **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (March 11), **London Kensington** Imperial College (12), **York** Theatre Royal (13), **Cardif** Top Rank (15), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (18), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (19), **Blackpool** Imperial Hotel (24), **Liverpool** Polytechnic (25) and **Salford** University (26).

THE 'O' BAND

have added five more dates to their current British tour. They are at **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (February 25), **Loughborough** University (March 2), **Stevenage** College of Education (3), **Cheltenham** Pavilion Club (4) and **West Bromwich** Town Hall (18).

MOMENTS

have added three extra dates to their British one-nighter tour with the Rimshots, exclusively reported by NME two weeks ago. They now open at **London W.1** Gulliver's Club tonight (Thursday), and other new gigs are at **Bournemouth** The Village (February 26) and **Manchester** Ritz Ballroom (27). Details of a major **London** concert are still awaited.

SURPRISE SISTERS

are playing three selected dates prior to their major **London** concert at the Victoria Palace on February 27, when they guest with Supercharge. They are at **Coventry** City Centre Club (tonight, Thursday), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (this Saturday) and **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (February 26). A few more gigs are still being finalised.

DOWNLINERS SECT

have re-formed ten years after they disbanded, and have **London** gigs at Islington Hope & Anchor (February 24 and 25), Camden Dingwalls (26), Hammersmith Red Cow (March 3), Twickenham St. Mary's College (4), Oxford St. 100 Club (8), Covent Garden Rock Garden (10), Kensington Nashville (12) and Hope & Anchor again (18 and 19). The band, one of the pioneers of the British r-and-b movement, also play **Bristol** Granary on April 9.

ROOGALATOR

extend their current tour with gigs at **Aberdeen** University (February 26), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (28), **Belfast** Queen's University (March 3), **Belfast** Polytechnic (10), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (15), **London Covent Garden**, Rock Garden (16), **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (22), **London Camden** Dingwalls (24), **London Kensington** Nashville (25), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (April 5), **Liverpool** Eric's Club (8), **York** University (22), **Farnham** The Maltings (29) and **Bangor** University (30).

DEAD END KIDS

are a young Scottish band newly signed by CBS. To promote their single "Have I The Right". they have gigs at **Dumfries** College of Technology (tonight, Thursday), **Aberdeen** Aberchirder Town Hall (Friday), **Aberdeen** Rothienorman Town Hall (Saturday), **Banff** Fife Lodge (Sunday), **Perth** Salutation Hotel (February 24), **Dunfermline** Kinema (25) and **Stranraer** The Lochans (26). More are being added.

● **THE DRIFTERS** play a two-week season at **London's** Talk Of The Town opening February 28, prior to their previously-reported British tour.

● **BOB SEGER** is now being lined up for a British tour in the spring. All attempts to bring him over last year failed, due to the unsteady state of the Pound.

● **PEGGY LEE** headlines two performances at the **London** Palladium on Sunday, March 13. This will be her only British date on this occasion.

● **RALPH McTELL** joins guitarist John Williams in the charity concert for the Chile Solidarity Campaign at the New **London** Theatre on March 13 (7.30pm).

● **RORY GALLAGHER,** who was forced to cancel dates last week due to throat trouble, has re-scheduled **Sheffield** City Hall for tonight (Thursday) and **Newcastle** City Hall (Friday).

● **JOHN MARTYN** had added another date to his current British tour itinerary — at **Birmingham** Town Hall on Sunday, February 27.

● **DAVE SWARBRICK** plays a solo concert at **London** Queen Elizabeth Hall on February 28, backed by the musicians on his recent album, including Martin Carthy and Simon Nicol. Support act is Nic Jones.

● **90° INCLUSIVE** have **London** gigs at Kensington Nashville (tonight, Thursday), Islington Hope & Anchor (Sunday), School of Economics (Monday), Central Polytechnic (February 25) and Camden Dingwalls (March 21). They also play **Birmingham** Barbarella's on March 18.

● **BILLIE JO SPEARS** headlines a British concert tour after her previously-reported appearance in the **Wembley** Country Music Festival at Easter. Opening date is April 15.

● **ARTHUR BROWN** headlines a benefit show for Release at **London** School of Economics on Saturday, March 5. Also appearing are Vincent Crane and Friends, Keith Christmas and Paul Brett. Tickets £1 in advance, £1.30 on the door.

● **THE REAL THING** interrupt recording sessions to play three isolated gigs at **Welwyn Garden City** Campus West (February 25), **Bury St. Edmunds** Corn Exchange (26) and **Southport** New Theatre (27).

● **GEOFF BRADFORD** and Brian Knight appear with Johnny Joyce in a special guitar event at **London** Central Polytechnic this Saturday (19). They originally worked with Charlie Watts, Brian Jones and Ian Stewart in a band which — when they left, and Mick Jagger and Keith Richard joined — subsequently became The Rolling Stones.

● **NATIONAL HEALTH** headline at **London** Victoria Palace on Sunday, March 13. Tickets are now on sale priced £2, £1.75, £1.50 and £1.25. Another new gig for the band is at **Halifax** Civic Centre next Monday (21).

● **10 c.c.** are now expected to tour Britain in late May and early June. First details are expected in about two weeks.

● **THE DARTS** will now support Jerry Lee Lewis in his three British concerts at the end of this month, reported last week, and not Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets.

● **LIVERPOOL EXPRESS** have laid on a special train from their home town to **London,** for their concert at the Rainbow Theatre on February 26. All-in price for inter-city return and a Rainbow ticket is £5.

Floyd gig switch

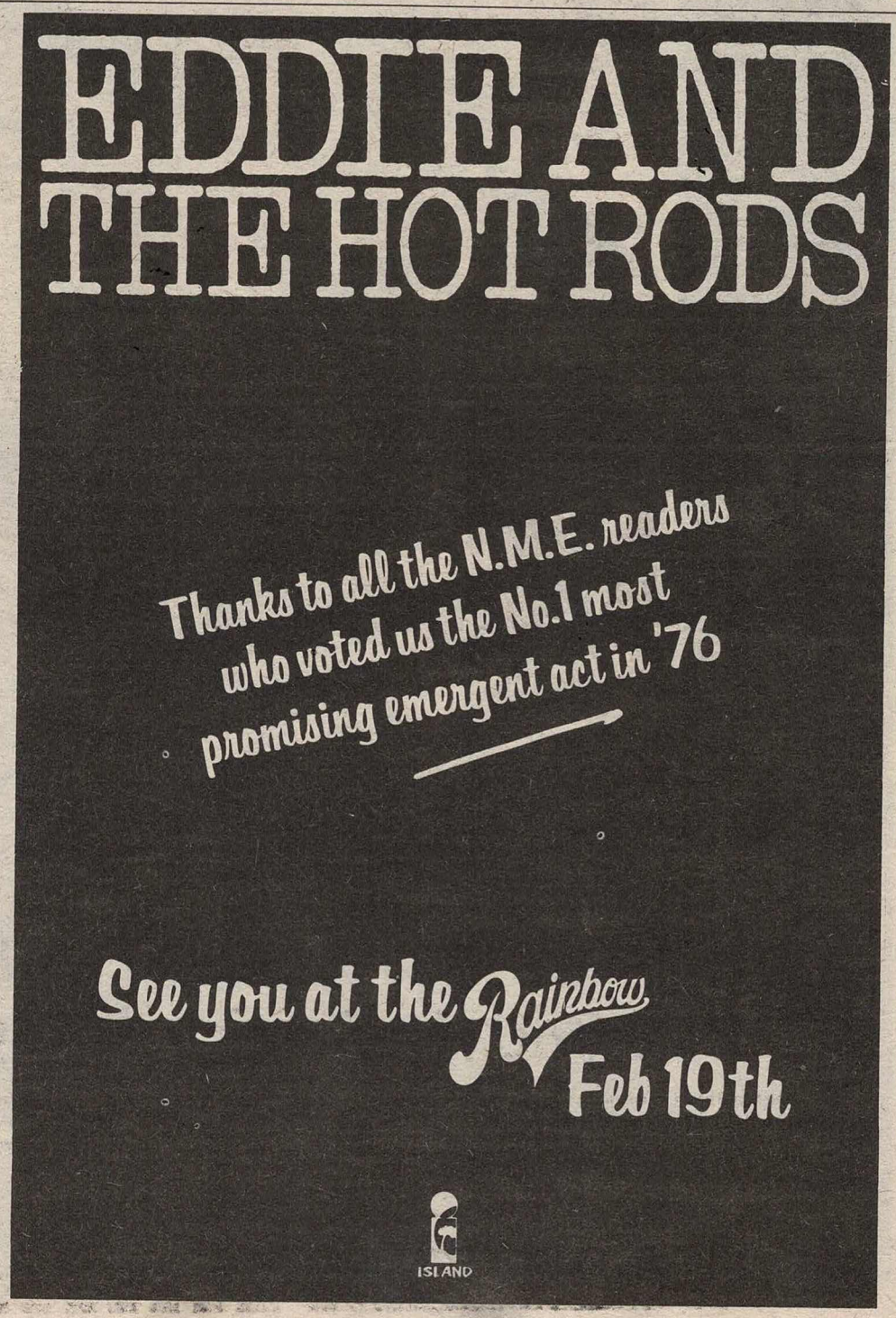
IF YOU'VE applied for tickets for Pink Floyd's concert at Wembley Empire Pool on Sunday, March 20....hard luck, because you won't be getting them. Instead, you'll shortly be receiving a form, asking you to nominate an alternative date on which you would like to see Floyd perform. This is because the Pool authorities have suddenly decided that the venue will be unavailable on March 20.

Floyd were due to play four nights at Wembley from March 17 to 20 inclusive. But now the final night is having to be switched to Wednesday, March 16, at 8pm. Applicants who have asked for tickets for the Thursday, Friday or Saturday will receive them without hindrance, as will those who have not specified any particular day.

But people who have asked specifically for Sunday tickets will instead receive a form, returnable to promoter Harvey Goldsmith's office, giving them a choice of alternative performances at Wembley.

Official explanation for the date switch is given as "administrative reasons". But NME understands that a badminton tournament is being staged at the Pool on March 21, and the authorities have suddenly realised that they would have insufficient time to prepare the courts, if a Floyd concert were to take place the previous night.

BADMINTON CAUSES WEMBLEY SHUTTLE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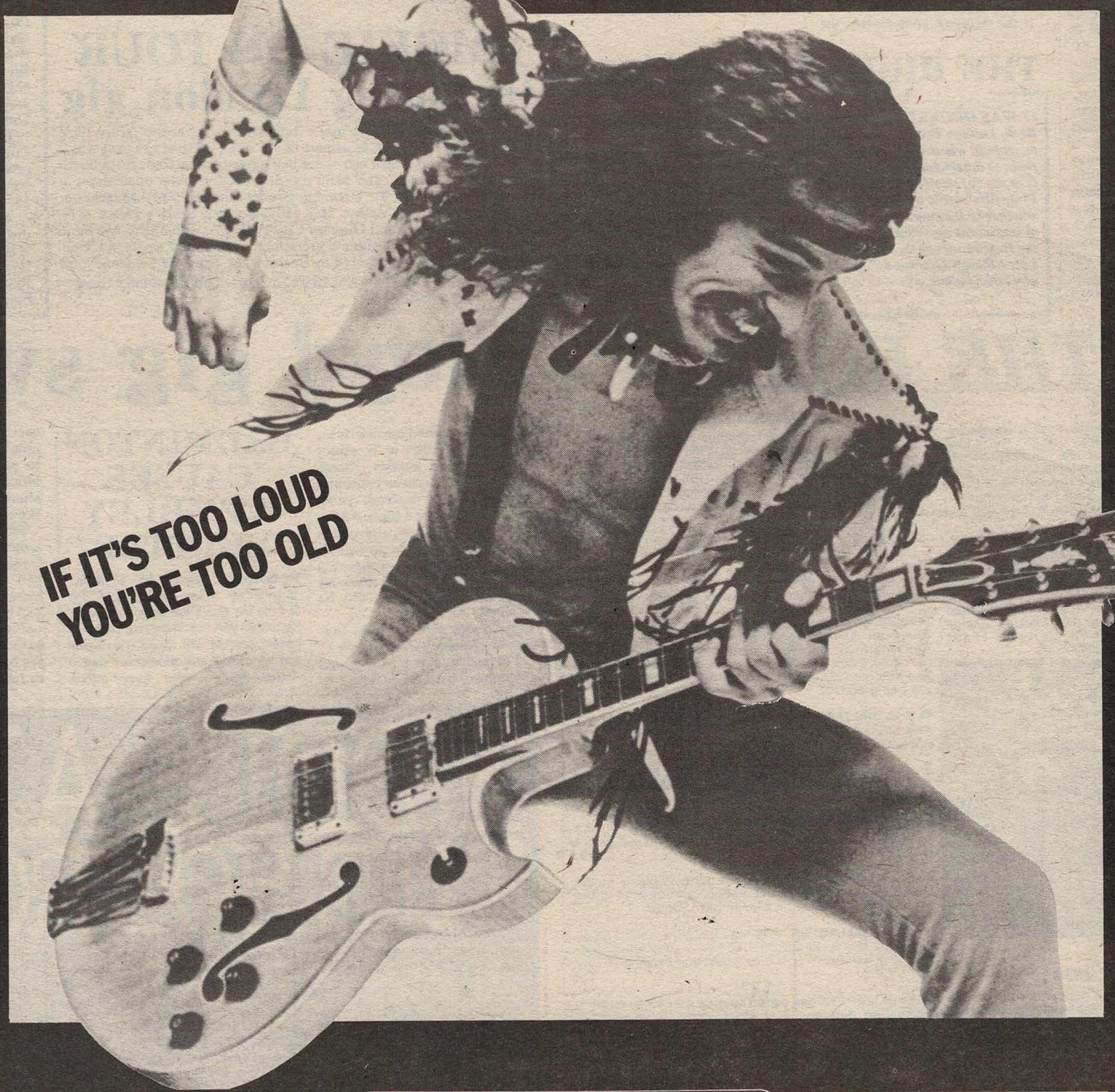

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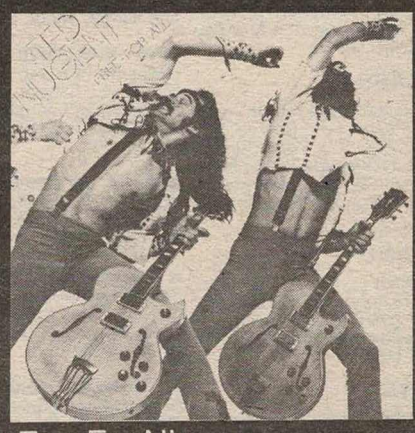

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THE RISE AND

MORTY. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

RISE OF RACING CARS

A refreshing tale of impoverished musicians, pluggers wheelin' 'n' dealin', a record roaring up the chart, — but above all, no HYPE. At least, none to speak of.

By STEVE CLARKE

WHEN RACING CARS strolled into the Top 40 last week with their first single, "They Shoot Horses Don't They", they'd got there without a trace of record company hype or media overkill.

Instead, they'd sold records because of (and the following are in no order of importance) a sound promotion job, a media who wanted to know, and most encouragingly of all, a grass roots following the likes of which hasn't nudged a working band into the best sellers for a good many years, save for Eddie And The Hot Rods' "Live At The Marquee" EP which, anyway, didn't graduate from the lower echelons of the 30.

And, oh yeah, there's the song itself, a spellbinding low-key ballad as unusual as it's good — although Lord knows, it doesn't make any difference whether a single is good or not for it to figure in the best sellers. Look what happened to Steve Miller's "The Joker", The Brothers Johnston's "I'll Be Good To You", or more pertinently, Frankie Miller's "A Fool In Love" which, like the Cars' single, was released by Chrysalis.

No, quality is no sure indicator of a single hitting the charts and the Cars' single is the exception that proves the rule.

But then, everyone who came into contact with the group, whether record company executives, rock press or the group's audiences realised "They Shoot Horses Don't They" was a song in a thousand.

When Chrysalis managing director Chris Wright and the company's A and R man Roy Eldridge first had their attention seized by this group called Racing Cars, formerly Good Habit, while perusing Camden Town's sumptuous night spot, Dingwalls, for acts to sign, they were struck by two things — the band's dwarf-like vocalist and frontman, not exactly oozing the stuff rock dreams are allegedly made of, and the song he was singing, "They Shoot Horses Don't They".

The singer's name was Gareth Mortimer — Morty to you, not long since working as a painter and decorator in his native South Wales. He'd been playing on and off in rock bands for, well, a long time — in bands like Morty And The Frantics and Strawberry Dust. He'd paid his dues, but hadn't come anywhere close to Making It. And he had to be talked into returning to the road with the revibed Good Habit, now called Racing Cars.

The song, of course was Morty's. And the group continued gigging the London pub/club circuit through summer '76 earning a reputation as one of the scene's best bands, particularly at London's king of pub venues, West Kensington's Nashville.

The crowds got off on Morty's onstage vitality and lapped up "They Shoot Horses" with much gusto. Naturally an album was recorded — not a high-budget American job, but a fairly modest affair which showed the band in finer fettle than I'v ever heard them live.

"Downtown Tonight" was '76's best debut album by a British act. But Chrysalis didn't give the record the Big Push, advertising was kept reasonably invisible and no other means of hype were indulged in — unlike, say, Chrysalis's abortive attempt to launch The Babies, another of their new signings, with a poster blitzkrieg.

WITH LITTLE prompting the media picked up on Racing Cars, not to the same extent that they went to town on the punks, but many good reviews were written. The radio, particularly John Peel's show, gave the band the green light. And the album sold steadily, if not in massive quantities.

In fact "Downtown Tonight", since its release last September, has consistently increased its sales week by week and with the added boost of a hit single will probably show up in the album charts very soon indeed.

All the time the band's grass roots following was steadliy growing. The Cars supported Manfred Mann on their British tour last autumn and they played Wardour Street's legendary Marquee club on December 1 (only their second time at the club). The place was packed solid.

Rumours went around to the effect Racing Cars had that night broken the club's all-time attendance record, set by Jimi Hendrix way back when . . . when, erhh, things were really humming.

Closer examination revealed that one to be not entirely true, but the gig showed the Cars did have a large contingent of London fans.

With the roots following now firmly established, Chrysalis, especially Eldridge and his A&R colleague Chris Briggs, started to think about releasing "They Shoot Horses Don't They" as a single, albeit edited down from the six minutes it takes to unwind itself on "Downtown Tonight".

After all the company didn't want to make the same mistake they'd made with Frankie Miller's "A Fool In Love" back in September/October '75, when, despite good radio play and press coverage, the single failed to chart, presumably because Miller, then in the States, wasn't around to promote it out on the road and hadn't ever built up a substantial enough bedrock following.

"THEY SHOOT Horses" was duly edited and remixed and Morty re-did the vocal track. And even before its release on January 21 things looked more than good for its charting.

Chrysalis promo man Geoff Goy, who insists that every Chrysalis single released receives the same kind of plugging by him and his back-up team to ensure that it gets radio play and, if possible, TV promotion, took "They Shoot Horses Don't They" to the BBC a week before it was scheduled for release and after some slight hesitation by the powers that be up at the Beeb as to whether it was the sort of thing the nation's radio listeners wanted to hear, "They Shoot Horses Don't They" was promptly included on the notorious "playlist" by declaration of their meeting on Tuesday January 18 — three days before the record was available to the public.

Miller's single, incidentally, took four weeks to get on the Beeb's playlist.

All at Chrysalis were well chuffed. To further improve the situation local radio throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom also endorsed the Cars' record. At London's Capital Radio it won the People's Choice (the people's playlist) in a four-cornered fight with Joan Armatrading, Don Williams and The Sutherland Brothers and Quiver.

Radio Luxembourg were impressed with the record too and Stuart Henry's producer made it his programme's Hot Shot.

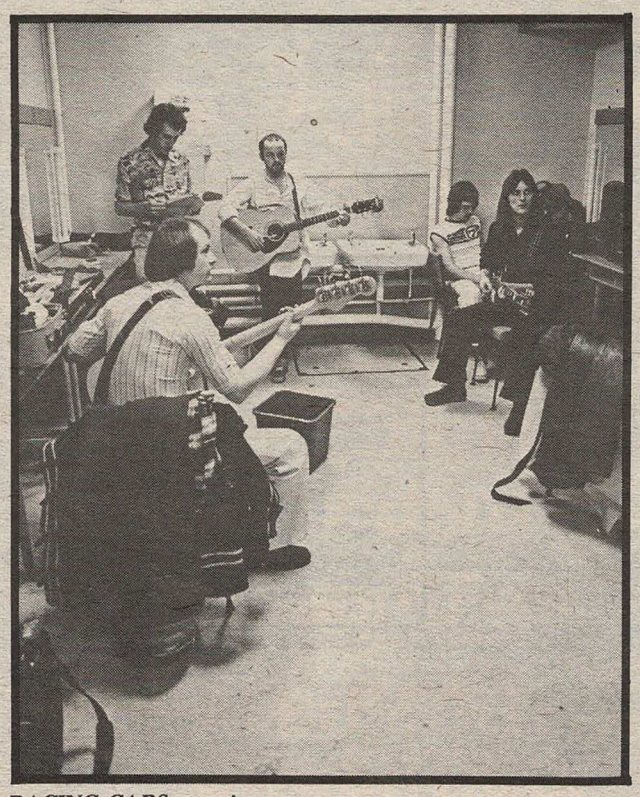
On the TV front Goy had already secured a booking for the Cars on London Weekend TV's *Supersonic*, a programme aimed at pop's youngest fans. Goy had called the show's producer Mike Mansfield who said he'd listen to the record and if he liked it, he'd put them on the show. A booking was subsequently made (before any other media action) for this week's *Supersonic*.

Most importantly of all, the record was selling in unprecedented quantities for a new, unestablished Chrysalis act right from the weekend of release. And by the end of its first week Chrysalis were confident it would show up in the chart issued the following Tuesday — February 1.

The only thing the record didn't yet have going for it was a spot on *Top Of The Pops*, without which a single, unless it's a disco record, normally doesn't chart. Once a record has been deemed fit for Blackburn's record of the week and has had an airing on *TOTP*, only mass extermination of this country's singles buyers can prevent the single in question becoming a hit.

Goy maintains a close relationship with *TOTP* and attends the show's Wednesday run-through and recording on a regular basis — even when Chrysalis act doesn't have a slot. With regard to having "They Shoot Horses" on the programme *TOTP*'s assistant floor manager actually approached Goy — an unprecedented event — on Monday, January 24, with the news the

■ *Continues over page*



RACING CARS warming up

Here's what they said about Ry Cooder's concert:

"Exquisite...Magnificent...
A remarkable concept and concert."
MELODY MAKER

"A true virtuoso...He has no equal."
DAILY TELEGRAPH

"He lived up to his reputation as 'the finest, most precise bottleneck guitar player alive.'"
MUSIC WEEK

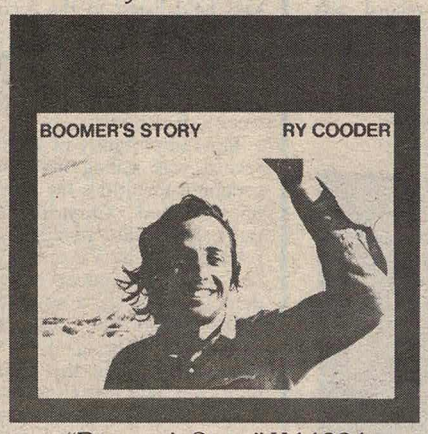
"The best live music for a long time."
NATIONAL ROCK STAR

"A flamboyantly successful three-ring circus...If I tell you I never wanted it to end, does that convey how much I loved it?"
SOUNDS

Here's what they heard:

"Ry Cooder" K44093

"Into the Purple Valley" K44142



"Boomer's Story" K44224

"Paradise and Lunch" K44260

"Chicken Skin Music" K54083

RACING CARS

■ *From previous page*

programme chief Robin Nash was thinking about putting Racing Cars on the following week's show.

Goy consolidated his position by contacting Nash the same day and arranged to see him the following day. At their meeting Nash told him he liked the single and would make the necessary preparations (i.e. arrangements for the *TOTP* orchestra to have copies of the string parts of the song) for the group's appearance on next week's programme.

Racing Cars themselves were out of the country while all this was going on — supporting Manfred Mann on a two-week German tour. Owing to the top priority an airing on *TOTP* commands, it was decided to cut Racing Cars' contribution to the Mann tour short and instead of doing the final two gigs of the tour they returned to Britain ready to be whisked away to the BBC's White City studio at Nash's order.

But it was not to be. With the news on the first that "They Shoot Horses" had only made it to the number 77 slot in the BRMB chart, Nash decided not to put Racing Cars on his show.

Understandably Goy was more than a little miffed, but with the news the single was still selling faster than umbrellas in a cloud burst, was confident of Racing Cars looking out at those nine million-odd potential singles buyers from the nation's TV screens the following Thursday. There was no question in his mind of stepping up promotion after this set-back. Everything that could be done was being done, short of forcing punters to buy the record. And besides, the Cars were back on home turf and gigging in the next seven days. On Sunday they were scheduled to play Sheffield Top Rank, where they would break the attendance record and the following Monday a return to the Marquee was scheduled.

On the Tuesday when Goy received the news of the Cars' number 77 chart position, he accompanied Morty to the BBC's Portman Place Radio One studios where the latter was interviewed for Radio One's *Newsbeat*. The programme had approached Chrysalis, an indication of just how interested Radio One were in the single.

Leaving the studios Morty and Goy bumped into one Doreen Davies and Dave Tate, the chief executive of the playlist and Noel Edmunds' producer respectively. Whether such a chance meeting can affect an artist's airplay is doubtful, to say the least, but if Morty "was an obnoxious little bastard instead of a nice guy" it's conceivable it could go against him.

The *Newsbeat* interview was broadcast later in the week. And that weekend "They Shoot Horses Don't They" was in great demand at the nation's record shops, some 10,000 people *ordering* the single.

Due to EMI's (who press the single) factory being overworked, the shops were unable to meet this substantial demand. As a result less than 1,000 copies of the record were actually sold. And so when on Tuesday, February 8, the record entered the Top 40 (a crucial barrier, since it's not until a record has got inside the 40 that the likes of Boots, Woolworths and W.H. Smiths begin to stock it) at number 33, the position was not a true indication of the record's selling power.

It was, however, enough to convince Robin Nash, and Racing Cars were duly featured on *TOTP* last week — three days after they'd played the Marquee.

Now you'd have to go back a year or two to discover when a band last played the Marquee and appeared on *TOTP* in the same week . . . Such was the demand to see Racing Cars last Monday that a 23rd hour decision was taken, at the request of the Marquee's management, to put on two shows on the same night. In the last five years only King Crimson and, more recently, Eddie And The Hot Rods have had to take such a drastic step to ensure that half their audience didn't go away empty-eared.

THE MAN at the centre of all this attraction is distinguishable from most of us by his meagre height and premature partial baldness. Though in the latter half of his 20s, he seems much younger.

Morty possesses the anti-star phlegmatism of Rory Gallagher. At the Marquee on Monday, where he knocked back an orange juice between sets, his jeans appeared to be held up by a piece of string and on his feet he wore a pair of flip flops. But neverhtheless he's an effervescent character — though he isn't comfortable doing interviews.

"I'm certainly not myself," he says in his small Welsh voice. "I tend to speak too quickly and people can't understand what I'm getting at. I tend to be a bit nervous. That's the ironic thing. On stage I've got no nerves at all. I suppose it's what you're used to."

He regrets that the band's new-found status will probably mean an end to gigging at the Nashville and its ilk, musing thus: "I suppose it's one of those things you have to accept. A lot of people want to see you and pay money to see you so you have to do it. Obviously you can't stay in the clubs forever. I certainly would love to go back to the clubs now and again. You won't get a better place for atmosphere than the Marquee or Nashville."

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith has approached the group to headline at London's Rainbow in April, and a coast-to-coast American tour supporting Bob Seeger (incidentally the last album Morty bought was Seger's "Night Moves") is in the air.

Morty is also humble and the group's manager Ron Bleckner had to talk Morty into playing "They Shoot Horses Don't They" live.

He chirps: "I'd written these five new songs, see, and Ron said make sure you do 'They Shoot Horses'. I'd never played acoustic onstage before. I was a bit apprehensive about it and chickened out of doing it and Ron nearly had his hair off. He realised the potential of it."

To Morty, "They Shoot Horses Don't They" was just another song, no better or worse than the 150-odd others he's written. You see, he's such a prolific songwriter that he makes Elton John seem a slouch by comparison. And the songs included on "Downtown Tonight" are very much the tip of the iceberg, and belie the number of styles he encompasses. He says he has songs fit for recording by MOR artists like The Carpenters and Neil Sedaka. He writes them in a book he keeps specifically for this purpose, often adding casual remarks on a song's merits and the date it was written.

"They Shoot Horses" was written on the morning of October 22, 1975. He'd seen Sidney Pollack's excellent movie of the same name a week previous, had been impressed by it and even admits to thinking about it afterwards. Even so when he sat down and stumbled on the chord progression that opens the song and minutes later the introductory lyrics, he didn't realise what, if anything, he was writing about.

It wasn't until he came to the song's bridge he finally realised what probably sparked the song off.

Morty explains: "A lot of them come like that. I don't realise what a song's all about till it's actually finished and we've played it for a few weeks.

They're usually half truth and half fiction. When I was writing it the film kept coming to me but I didn't think 'Oh, this happened in the film so I'll write a line about that! I don't think I'm capable of doing that — whereas someone like Paul McCartney (who Morty is a great fan of) or Paul Simon actually could."

And even in this late stage in the song's development he was loathe to use the film's title as the chorus. But eventually he had second thoughts and "They Shoot Horses Don't They" it was.

He has no idea why people like the song so much and was over the moon at ever recording it, let alone having a hit record with the number. As yet he and the rest of Racing Cars, like Morty, all very much down to earth lads, are still firmly anchored to the grass roots which have taken to them so readily and each one of them earns less than a third of the national average wage.

Says Morty: "None of us has ever had any money. I came from a very poor family. I remember a time when I was on the dole, in and out of bands. I was living with my stepmother and father and I used to get £5.75 on the dole. I used to give three pounds to my stepmother for lodgings, 50 pence for club 'cause when my father married her I bought them a three-piece suite and that worked out at 50 pence per week. That left me 25p a week to live on. I used to walk everywhere. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I survived on 25 pence a week."

Now that's street life. And there's never been any attempt to hype Racing Cars roots, but then as Pete Townshend recently said, in the final analysis it all comes down to whether or not you can write a good song and sing it well.

THANX

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Steve Harley

A very special thank you
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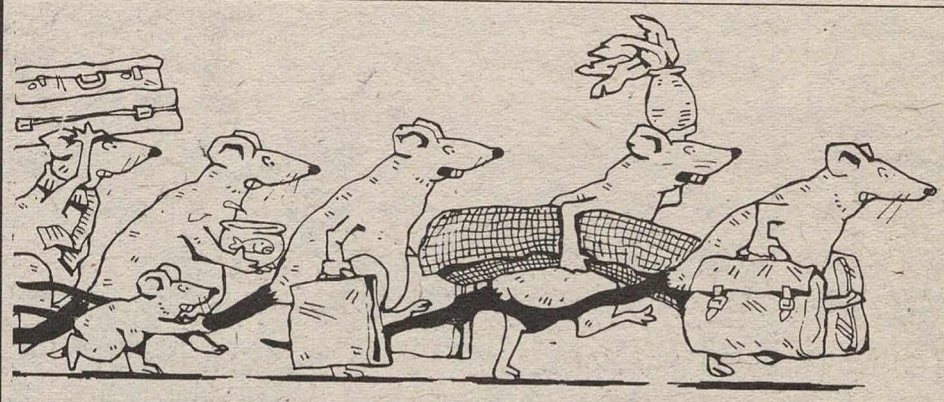
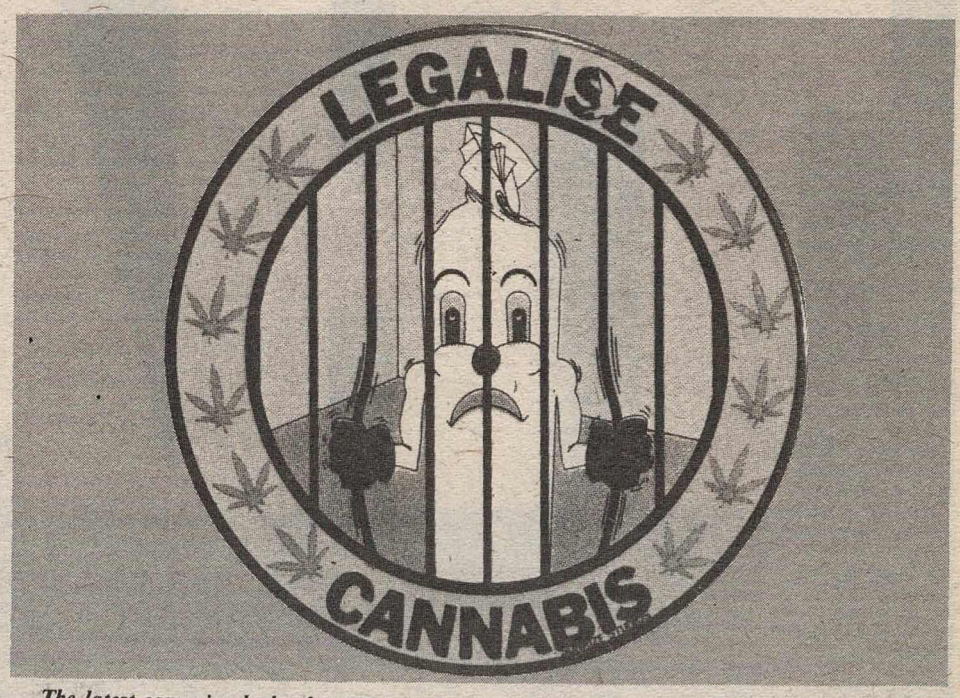
Sound & Vision
PB 0905
David Bowie's amazing new single out Now!
RCA



THE CANNABIS CONUNDRUM



The latest campaign badge from Release.

LEGALISE OR BUST?

KEVIN GOODCHILD is righteously pissed off. Which is hardly surprising. More than sixteen months ago now, he got busted for a small amount of grass.

Since then his legal entanglements have been legion. He has been through the courts since, and convicted, but subsequently had his sentence quashed by the Court of Appeal.

After all that, he is now getting ready to fight his case all over again.

As explained in a recent issue of NME (22-1-77) the whole case rests on the fact that Kevin was charged for possession of cannabis leaves which the Court of Appeal ruled were not covered by the provisions of the Misuse of Drugs Act 1971.

Previous cases based on the same defence had also resulted in acquittals, but this time the prosecution decided not to give up so easily.

Goodchild is now being re-prosecuted under Section A of the 1971 act. The prosecution are now claiming that cannabis leaves can be classified as cannabinol derivatives like hash oil and synthesised THC. If they prove their case, it would mean that the weed would be placed in the same bracket for legal purposes as yer actual dangerous drugs like heroin. This is an absurd and alarming situation which various magistrates, as well as the 1969 Woolton committee report, have previously tried to avoid.

As far as Goodchild is personally concerned, it is a simple drugs bust which has escalated out of all proportion, although it is clear that deep down he is pleased that his case and others like it have brought the whole question of the drug laws out into the open again.

In personal terms though it has caused him a great deal of time, money and worry for him and his family.

His solicitors seemed cautiously optimistic that he will win the case when it returns to court in early March. However what faith Kevin himself had in our legal system is evaporating rapidly.

Goodchild's case is just one aspect of an increasingly broadbased movement to try and change the drug laws. Spearheaded by the Release organisation, who celebrate 10 years of existence this month, the issue of legalisation or, at the least, decriminalisation is once again in the air.

At one end of the spectrum is Lord Gifford, who in the House of Lords last week, introduced an amendment to the Criminal Law Bill, which determines sentences for drugs convictions.

Among other things it proposes that all prison sentences for possession and cultivation of cannibis should be abolished. The amendment received support from all sides of the House, and it will be reintroduced in a few weeks at the report stage in an attempt to get it made law.

Meanwhile outside the Houses of Parliament last Thursday Tony Read, a 40-year-old Londoner, fresh out of an Algerian jail where he had been serving a sentence for possession of cannabis, lit up a joint in front of two policemen in a one-man protest against the dope laws.

Beforehand he had told the London magazine *Time Out*, "I'm quite happy to stand up in court here and explain that no one should *ever* have to go to jail anywhere for smoking a bit of harmless dope."

The police just ignored his protest reefer and Read went home, a free and presumably stoned man.

Almost a year ago in March 1976, the Editor of *Police* magazine wrote: "There is no evidence to suggest that the law has had the effect intended. What is clear is that it has exacerbated the relations between police and groups of young people in a way that has not been the police experience with any other law. The Misuse of Drugs Act is just one example of a regrettable recent trend of passing hastily conceived and ill-thought out legislation which appears to be designed on the basic premise that 'there ought to be a law about it.' "

The latest statistics on drugs and the police bear out this view and reinforce the opinion that the drug laws are responsible for an increasing waste of official time.

Take for example the whole area of stop and search. In 1975 only 24% of all searches were successful which, put another way, means that of the 14,000 people searched, 66% were hassled futiley. (This possible breach of civil rights will be taken up in the near future by Release and the NCCI who plan to give evidence before the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs. They would like to hear of your experiences.)

The most disturbing thing of all, though, is the huge number of people still being sent to prison for cannabis offences.

In 1975, more than 1000 people were sentenced either to prison, borstal or detention centre and this practice, particulartly evident in rural areas, shows no sign is slackening.

Typical of the kind of cases of this nature referred to Release is that of Ernest Anderson, a 54-year-old writer who lives with his wife and three teenage children near Truro in Cornwall.

At Bodmin Crown Court recently, he was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment for cultivating 60 cannabis plants in his greenhouse, even though it was a first offence.

When I spoke to Mrs Anderson last week it was obvious that the whole affair had been a great shock to the family. Aside from the term of imprisonment that Anderson (actually an ex-POW) will need to serve, the family's problems are being multiplied since they are being evicted from their home, their tenancy agreement having expired.

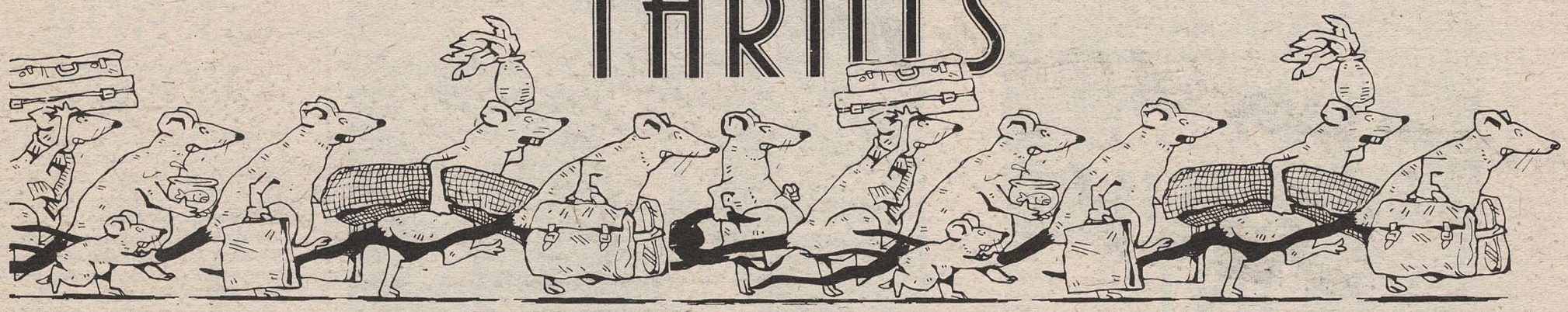
Anderson is naturally appealing against his sentence, but it is difficult to determine how good his chances are of having the sentence commuted.

Nevertheless, this is the kind of legal treatment that cannabis smokers can still expect outside the main urban centres.

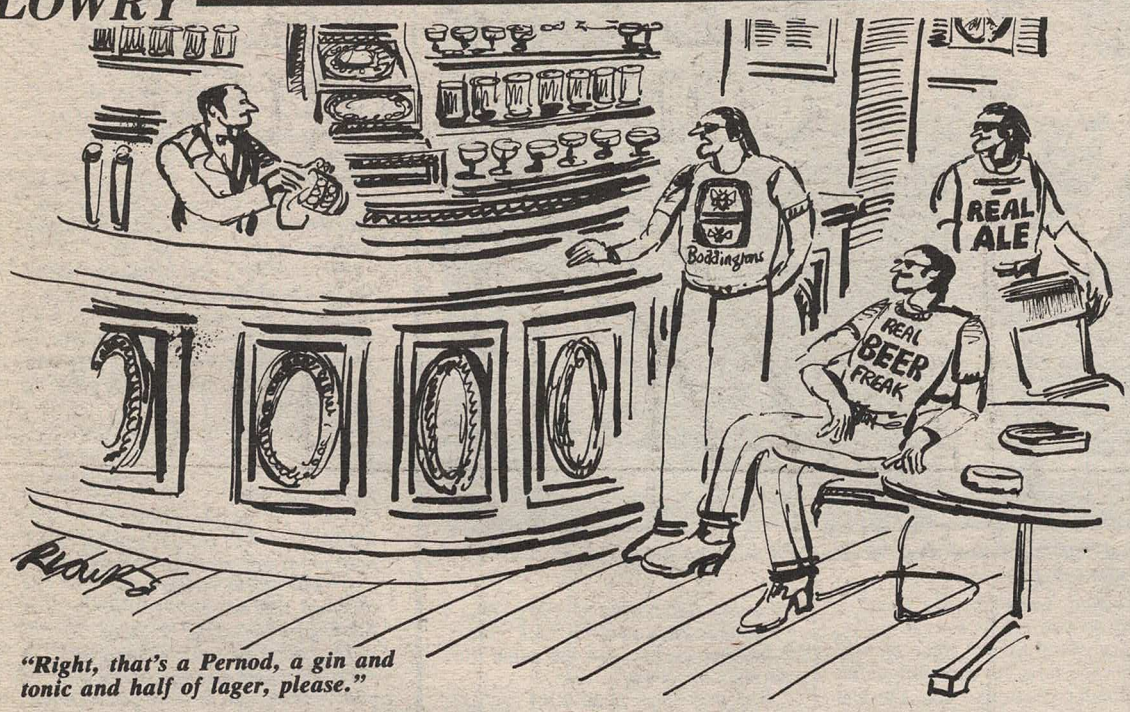
Isn't it about time that we all really tried to do something about it?

□ DICK TRACY

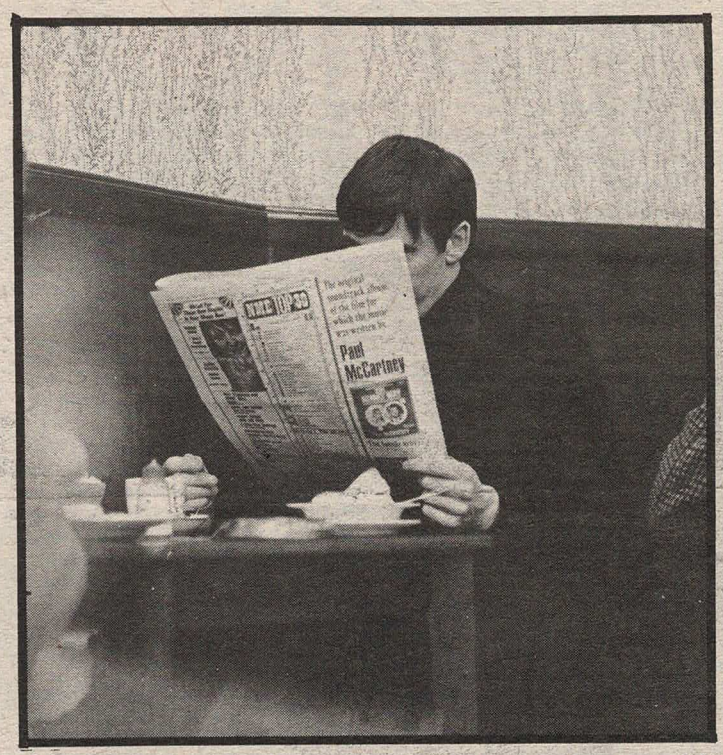
THRILLS



LOWRY



"Right, that's a Pernod, a gin and tonic and half of lager, please."



And who's this idle fellow snapped some years back scanning the pages of the NME? Surely, 'tis the mighty Wilko himself... (see over page)

Still guilty after all these years

LAST THURSDAY Rubin **'Hurricane' Carter, ex-contender** for the boxing middle-weight championship of the world, got the result of the retrial of his conviction of triple murder that is now ten years old.

He was found guilty again and sentenced to three terms of life imprisonment.

Muhammed Ali, Mrs. Martin Luther King, Bob Dylan and his famous friends of the Rolling Thunder Revue were amongst the luminaries of sport, politics and music who devoted their energies to gaining Hurricane his retrial.

The opening cut on "Desire" was, of course, titled "Hurricane" and told the story of how, according to the Zim, Rubin was set up and framed . . .

Dylan's efforts helped reveal that the prosecution had witheld evidence from the defence in the original trial and two key prosecution witnesses recanted their testimony.

Meanwhile, back at the Zim, his legal firm of Prior, Braun and Cashman tell us that the full story of the Dylan-Carter connection is *still* not in, **although it's bound to come out sooner or later . . .**

Dylan is currently holed in his Greenwich Village home, not answering the doorbell.

And Hurricane is back in jail.

Before they took him from the court he said that the reason he had been twice convicted of murder was because he's black.

□ JOE STEVENS
TONY PARSONS

LOVE LINES BY VELDA DACQUIRI

IT WOULD *appear,* my sweet peas, that love has had a *dramatic* **affect on 42-year-old Elvis (he** hasn't split his trousers in *weeks*) **Presley.**

For since his romance with **Ginger Walden** (the 20-year-old brunette beauty queen) began I hear Elvis has lost 40 lbs in weight. Where celery and cottage cheese *failed,* I am delighted to report that *love* has *conquered.*

Unfortunately the same cannot be said of *ageing* hearthrob actor, **Steve McQueen.**

Still seen, oft lolling around, he is obviously carrying *excess fat* and both his hair and beard look long, bedraggled and in need of a good *wash.*

Why even **Paul Newman** (now there's a man who is ageing in the most *divine* fashion) failed to recognise him recently until McQueen pointedly remarked "You don't recognise me but we *once* did a movie together."

I HEAR the Hyatt House in Seattle, an establishment much frequented by **rock musicians, has started giving** away free tee shirts to their patrons.

Each one reads, succinctly, "I only sleep with the best."

So does Velda, my dears.

MAYBE THEY feel *guilty* for having saddled the poor child with a *dreadful* name like **Elijah Blue,** but whatever the reason I hear **Cher** (my tummy is flat) and **Gregg** (I want to testify) **Allman** are taking the role of parenthood very *seriously.*

Why my angels, young Elijah, who is only a few months old is *already* on the receiving end of *singing* from both parents. He also gets special *poetry* readings (all because a doctor reckons the vibrations are soothing) and is often *forced* to listen to music from Beethoven and Mozart.

Personally, I can hardly wait for Allman *fils* to *utter* his first words. What's the betting the unfortunate *creature* tells his parents to take a running jump?

I WAS most interested to read that fab *millionaire* **Paul McCartney** (whose *lovely* American wife, Linda is expecting *yet another* child this September) has no intention *whatsoever* of touring this year.

Obviously, my angels, he is one of the few who can *afford* to cut down on his work and still bring the family up in the style to which we would all dearly *love* to become accustomed to.

In the *unlikely* event that he should fall on *hard times,* Velda can reassure you that Paul and family will *never* starve.

How could they my angels, when they will be *entitled* to £6 each week for family allowance.

Thank God, for the Welfare State.

EVER SINCE that *huge,* suntanned frame walked across my Sony Trinitron **for the first time, I have been** *madly* **in love with Lee** (Six Million Dollar Man) **Majors.**

But now, *sadly* I have to report my darlings, that lovely Lee is *threatening* to *quit* the show when his contract expires next month.

"I've had it with this show. I think they (Universal) have treated me *rotten*" the suntanned frame confessed recently.

And again, sadly I have to report that **David** (he'll be here next month, can you hold your breath till then?) **Soul has announced that should his co-star Michael (now there's a real** man) **Glaser,** be successful in his endeavours to get out of his contract, he will quit *Starsky And Hutch* too.

"It would" said Soul, "Be the end of the show for me if he left."

Oh my dears, whatever shall we do? I'm not *impressed* enough by teeth and boobs to appreciate the *virtues* of either *Charlie's Angels* or *The Bionic Woman.*

And I'm damned if I'll be reduced this autumn to watching *The Epilogue, Supersonic* and *Crossroads.*

Please darlings Lee, David and Paul, *think again.*

For all our sakes.

I'll make you a fair offer: you play or I kill you

URIAH HEEP (remember them?) were playing this gig near Milan recently (in fact it was four years ago, but some news takes time to surface) and on arriving at the hall found it had a very small stage.

So small that they were only able to use three-quarters of their gear (thank heaven for small mercies) and they were understandably none too happy with the idea.

The promoter, a small black suited gentleman, came over to introduce himself and also informed the band that the audience were not allowed to stand up for any reason. The band consequently told him to forget it, they weren't playing the gig.

In true Godfather tradition, the promoter then pulled out a 36-calibre pistol and shot the tyres in the equipment truck.

Not happy with the prospect of a deflated truck, the roadies refused to load the gear so the promoter went over to roadie John Allen, put the gun to his head and said in halting English, "Get the gear onstage or I kill you."

The roadies put the gear onstage.

The tour manager was a trifle upset with the situation so he found the promoter and complained. The promoter then hit him on the head with the gun.

The gig went ahead. The band played a very short set and then made a hasty retreat.

Drummer Lee Kerslake, having recalled the affair, said: "I can't stomach Italy."

It's only Rock and Roll, but it can be dangerous . . .

□ CHALKIE DAVIES

Thorpe: victim of the curse of rock 'n' roll?

TWENTY YEARS AGO this month the movie "Rock Around The Clock", featuring the music of Bill Haley And His Comets, opened in this country.

Our parents didn't know what had hit them. Youths in strange Edwardian clothes jived in the aisles of cinemas, a few seats were slashed with flick knives and it became a matter of vital controversy whether the town councils would permit the thing to be shown in their boroughs.

The one-time dollar-a-night Detroit C&W singer Haley (who had once been known as Silver Yodelling Bill) commented thus on the mayhem he and his sidekicks were generating:

"The exuberance, I think, is Youth. Youth in general. I think all young people have a certain amount of vim and vigour and vitality and they like to let off steam."

Britain's political figures, though, reacted with predictable arrogance. Proving themselves to be as out of touch and sympathy with the mood of the youthful electorate as they are today, they descended on rock'n'roll — and "Rock Around The Clock" in particular — in a torrent of vote-catching verbiage.

Lord Boothby (then humble Bob Boothby), the well-known self-publicizing Tory MP, speaking on the radio show, *Any Questions,* pontificated thus:

"It's not my idea of fun at all. And I think that one of the purposes for us old fogeys in life is to stop young people from being silly. And they're being exceptionally silly!!!

"There are better things to do in life and much more fun to be had than jiving. And if they cause a lot of trouble and row in cinemas and upset people and if they want to be teddy-bears . . . Well, I'd rather they went off to Cairo" (a reference to the contemporary Suez fiasco) "and started teddy-boying around there.

"As soon as this ridiculous film is banned altogether the better. It's causing a lot of trouble to a lot of people and giving no pleasure except to a few harmless but quite irresponsible *lunatics."*

On the same show the youthful Jeremy Thorpe rashly declared that he'd actually been to *see* the heinous flick itself. And *he* wasn't scared at all:

"Well, now, of course, this is nothing new. Only the other day Mrs Bessie Braddock was dancing a jig across the House of Commons. But they haven't banned her yet. *(Laughter).*

"No, what worries me is that a *fourth-rate* film with *fifth-rate* music can pierce through the thin shell of civilization and turn them into wild dervishes. Now if that's what's going to happen and if the police genuinely think there's a threat of breach of the peace — well, then, I think the film should be banned."

Remember that in the voting booths, readers.

□ CHRIS SALEWICZ

TALES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE

CAROL GRIMES lives up several stairs in a twilight zone of gangsters and Rastas. In the heat of a cold grey London afternoon she sits by the window in the glow of the table lamp, red haired and moonlight skinned, small hard and wild, rougly beautiful in the manner reminiscent of a miner's wife or an earthy Lawrentian heroine. A large ginger cat purrs by the open fire and stalks through the plants like king of the jungle.

"How's the *NME?* How's Tony Tyler? The last time I saw Tony Tyler was ten years ago; he played organ in a band I was in. I had nowhere to live and was sleeping on floors; I was pregnant and didn't want an abortion because I had one the previous year when I was really heavily into smack. So Tony Tyler gave me £25 — that was a lot of money in those days — and I got a room in Notting Hill. I never gave him the money back. I never saw him again. I'd really like to take Sam to see him one day".

She takes a photograph from the wall and shows it to me.

"That's my kid."

The photograph shows Carol in emerald eye make-up with about eight chins. Her nine-year-old son is similarly decorated. She laughs. "That's the album cover. I burst into tears when I saw it — Mrs. Dracula and her mongoloid offspring."

The album cover is just the latest in a long line of trouble which goes under the guise of Carol Grimes' life. She's been in rock and roll for 15 years and has never achieved any kind of public recognition. Her present group, the London Boogie Band — Mike Woods and Joe Mavetie (guitars), Steve York (bass), Tony O'Malley (keyboards), Jerry Stannard (drums) — have been together two years, got good reviews and live on Social Security for a good deal of the time.

Carol herself is having hassles with Legal Aid in her bid to free herself from her contract with Nigel Thomas. The album at present being touted as new is two - and a - half years old. The London Boogie Band has never been recorded.

Carol grew up in a Barnardos Childrens Home. She hates her mother but loves her stepfather. She unofficially quit school at 14 and danced to the Stones at the Railway Hotel. She was a beatnik — "But beatnik's just another word for punk . . . the kids I ran with were real outrageous, 50 per cent of them have got to be dead by now. There are always people who take a stand against everything, in every generation."

Carol worked in various soul-destroying factory jobs till it got too desperate. Singing was all she wanted to do. Like Uncle Lou said, her life was saved by rock and roll. She thought she could do it her own way. "But if you want to do something in this system, you're got to use the Machine. And that's what makes me so sick."

Carol remembers the time she was offered the chance to record an album in Memphis. Memphis! Duck Dunn, her hero! Being a trusting girl, she jumped at the chance. She went to Memphis. She sang. And, as she tells it, she found herself stranded somewhere in Tennessee with her son and no money.

She recalls one producer she worked with. "Half the time he was rolling around on the floor out of his head on Quaaludes. The rest of the time he was holding a gun to my head because I wouldn't suck him off."

Just a minute, Carol — you mean metaphorically? You mean a metaphorical gun?

"I mean a real gun. Loaded."

Gee.

"It's just a typical situation, for me. I've sung things in studios I didn't remember the next day because I was stoned. People come up and say to me. 'Why don't you give up and have half a dozen kids?' Other musicians can handle themselves, they're businessmen. I can't be like that."

CAROL GRIMES and Son: "I think I'll write to Mick Jagger . . ." Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

What do you really want to do?

"I just want to get some money together and take the band out on the road. I can't go on like this, I'm just so bored. I'm gonna write a letter to Mick Jagger; 'Dear MJ: Can I please make a record with you? Love Carol'. But until then I'd do anything. Anything except sessions, or cabaret. I couldn't stand the sterility. And I turned down a part in *Rock Follies;* I'd rather go back on the game than do stuff like that."

She shakes her head. "If I can't get something together within the next year I'm going back to busking. Completely forget the business side. All I want to do is sing."

□ JULIE BURCHILL

JESUS WEPT

BOB DYLAN sang of a flesh-coloured Christ that glowed in the dark, but he didn't have anything on American "psychic" Peter Hurkos, who broke a three-year silence recently to reveal three terror-filled days and nights during which two paintings by him "wept tears and blood"!

The lachrymous culprits were Christ and Moses as painted by Mr. Hurkos. Their weeping was witnessed by biochemist Dr. Wilfrid Hahn and physicist John Bigbee, who said respectively: "I'll never forget the experience!" and "I'm convinced it was a paranormal phenomenon!"

Dr. Bigbee, a member of the Associated Scientific Staff, a research group of 100 engineers, physicists and mathematicians who develop scientific projects for private companies, elaborated: "We were all startled when the blood appeared. Peter gasped 'Oh my God!'" — apt, under the circumstances — "and fled from the room. He wouldn't come back. He was terrified. I must confess it gave me a weird feeling, too."

Mr. Hurkos told the National Enquirer: *"I never talked about it before because I thought people would think I was nuts."*

Well . . . maybe a little imaginative. Mr. Hurkos painted both portraits at emotional low-points in his life; Christ in 1963 while being divorced, and Moses in 1970 while fighting for custody of his child.

The paintings began weeping in April '73. "One day my present wife and I noticed that the wall behind them was dripping. Then to our amazement we saw tears running from the eyes of Christ and Moses! I was scared stiff! I knew no one would believe me if I told them about it, so I called in some witnesses".

"The paintings were leaning against the legs of a table," recalled Dr. Hahn of the Silva Mind Control of Loredo, Texas, which conducts courses in mental health through relaxation. "The picture of Christ was weeping from the wounds on his hands and from the crown of thorns. And water was running from the eyes of the Moses portrait. Then suddenly the left eye began to ooze a red, gooey substance! I couldn't believe what I was seeing!"

Samples of both fluids were sent to a laboratory and analysed. The red substance was found to contain iron and to have the consistency of blood, though not necessarily human. And the "tears" contained salt, water and organic material, which would seem to indicate authenticity.

The phenomenon lasted three days, then suddenly stopped — it hasn't happened since. Jesus cried for somebody's sins, but not for mine.

□ *JULIE BURCHILL*

See page 11.

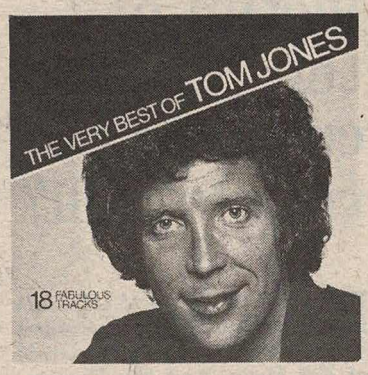
Gotcha. It's Bruce Welch of The Shadows. Just goes to show, the whole world is a circle . . .

JONES, HUMPERDINCK SHOCK REVELATION

HOW OFTEN is that that "The Best Of . . .", "The All-Time Greatest Hits Of . . ." or "The Most Embarrasingly Dreadful Recordings Of . . ." fail to live up to what their title promises?

Even so, misrepresentation in album titles continue apace. Take, for example, the two shown here:

EMI's "The Very Best Of Tom Jones" (a full-price album, so there's no excuse) omits "It's Not Unusual", "Green Green Grass Of Home", "Delilah" and other fond memories of fans of Jones The Voice, but does feature everyman classics like "Proud Mary" and "If".

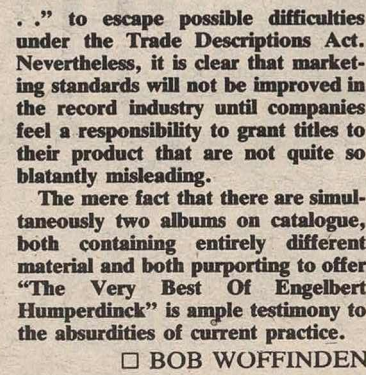


Similarly, the Humperdinck compilation, also retailing at £3.35p, overlooks the apparently irreproachable claims of "The Last Waltz" and "Release Me" and includes instead material ("You Are The Sunshine Of My Life", "Wand'rin' Star", etc.) that few could have previously supposed to be in the Humperdinck repertoire at all.

Sue Baker, EMI press officer, agreed that "There are certain tracks you might expect to find on the albums which aren't there." Indeed, of Jones' 19 U.K. hits, only four are on the album, while the Humperdinck compilation includes only two *bona fide* hits.

Should you wish to purchase the veritable very best recordings of these artists, it would be necessary to locate two double-albums on Decca — Tom Jones' "24 Great Standards", and an album of Humperdinck hits, coincidentally entitled "The Very Best Of Engelbert Humperdinck."

No doubt EMI deliberately chose "The Very Best Of . . ." title in preference to "The Greatest Hits Of . . ." to escape possible difficulties under the Trade Descriptions Act. Nevertheless, it is clear that marketing standards will not be improved in the record industry until companies feel a responsibility to grant titles to their product that are not quite so blatantly misleading.



The mere fact that there are simultaneously two albums on catalogue, both containing entirely different material and both purporting to offer "The Very Best Of Engelbert Humperdinck" is ample testimony to the absurdities of current practice.

□ BOB WOFFINDEN

FLEETWOOD MAC

RUMOURS

K56344

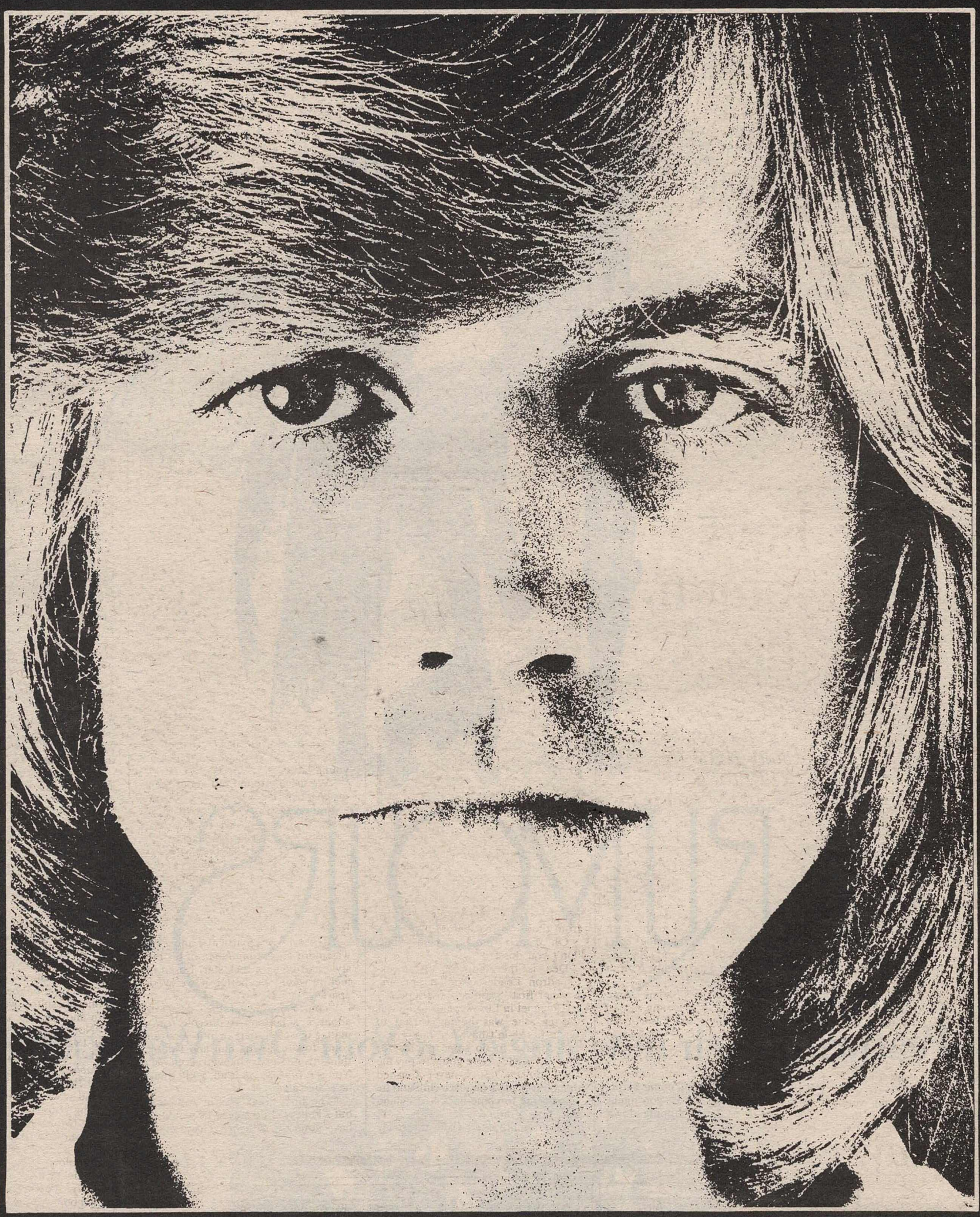
Featuring their new single "Go Your Own Way" K16872

RECORDS

JOHN McVIE: Bass . LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM: Guitars, Vocals . STEVIE NICKS: Vocals . MICK FLEETWOOD: Drums, Percussion . CHRISTINE McVIE: Keyboards, Synthesizer, Vocals

JUSTIN HAYWARD

the voice of the Moody Blues

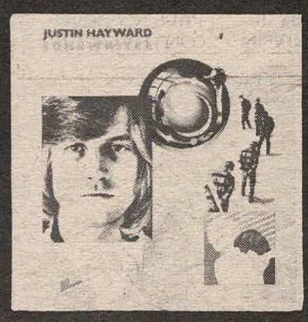


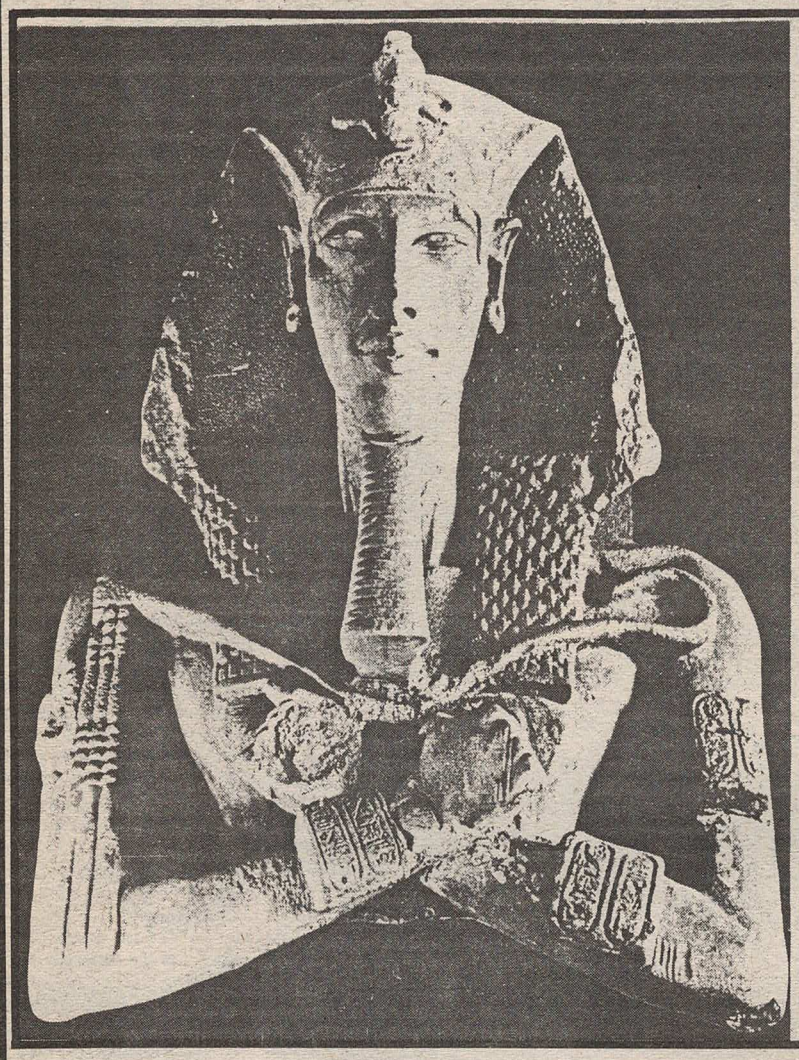
SONGWRITER

his first solo album

DERAM

SDL 15 Also available on tape





ANOTHER LIFE

68, QUEENS ROAD
WIMBLEDON,
LONDON, S.W.19.
01-946 5927

6th February 1977

Dear Editor,

As strange as chance may be, I was glancing through some reference books on Ancient Egypt this week, and with Todd Rundgren's Utopia concert fresh in my mind, was struck by the statue of King Akhenaten from Karnak.

- Could Todd's current Egyptian trip stem from Another life?!

Yours Sincerely,
Gill Topping

Or is it just my own myopia ?

Another house, another woman, another band

DEE HARRINGTON has so many stories (about ROD 'N' BRITT): it's hard to tell fact from fiction . . .

DEE HARRINGTON WILL ALWAYS GO DOWN in Velda's book as an extremely *shrewd* young lady. For was it not her, my angels, who said of her successor **Britt** (isn't she lovely) **Ekland**: "Undoubtedly she is very pretty but I hear she has large *feet*."

Ms Harrington is of course known as the "former girlfriend of superstar **Rod Stewart**", a distinction she doesn't seem to mind *too* much. After all, they were *constant* companions for something like five years.

So what happens when your boyfriend *dumps* you unceremoniously and within a few weeks announces he is "in love", with a Swedish beauty?

Well *for starters*, my lambie pies, you get all the *gossip* going on darling Britt.

Yes, 34-year-old Ms. Ekland only has to break a fingernail and *someone* will think it is their duty to inform Dee. Why she's been told so many stories it's hard to separate fact from *fiction*. The *funniest* story, perhaps, was that Britt had had a face-lift.

ACTUALLY Dee has done very nicely, thank you, since her split from Rod. No thanks to him, you understand, but due to her own determination she now runs a clothes shop in Fulham named Razamataz and in between sometimes does the *odd* bit of modelling.

She looks pretty good in the flesh my dears. Tall, long blonde hair, exquisitely made up and dressed *charmingly* in a virgin white cotton dress.

"I started the shop some three months ago — someone rang me up and suggested the idea. I borrowed the money — about £500 — and was *lucky* that I'd been collecting clothes for over a year."

She takes her work very *seriously*, visiting jumble sales and come Saturday mornings, my angels, you might see a *flash* of Dee shopping down Portobello Road.

"I never liked anyone washing my knickers . . ."

"Sometimes I get down there at 7.30 to see what is around. The people are wonderful, so *different* from those I'd met before."

Oh, yes, *background*, so important, don't you think?

Dee is the daughter of an ex-Squadron Leader. Rod, it appears, was her first "serious" boyfriend.

They met in Los Angeles — he was touring, she was hoping to get to Japan but didn't have *the finances*.

"I started to do some photos for *Playboy* — they were going to pay me 5,000 dollars but I never finished them. Rod and I met in a club and he wanted me to come back to England with him. I didn't."

Yet a month later, (Isn't love truly wonderful?), she returned to Rod and London.

"It was strange, I'd never been out with anyone from the music business. I used to work for a record company and it was one of the *rules* of the office that you *never* went out with any of the bands.

"Still, Rod and I got on very well. He liked *sport*, and I like that in a man" (so do *I* dear) "— an interest other than drinks and girls.

SOON, young Dee was living with Rodnee.

"I sort of *moved in* — he was living in a North London flat — and went back to mum and dad couple of days a week. They didn't mind — well they had met him and after all I wasn't with any *riff raff*."

Quite.

"I went back to work, but that only lasted three weeks because Rod was having a *night life*, and I had a day life, and it seemed better to stop working. I wouldn't do the same thing today — I need my *independence*."

And with no *income* of her own, how did Dee find Mr. Stewart. Was he, er, *generous*?

"He was always generous with me. I never thought he was *tight*, but people say bills weren't paid."

By '71, having collected furniture, chosen curtains and wallpaper *together*, the two of them moved into his mansion in Windsor

And once there, the life of *luxury*. A housekeeper, a gardener — you name it my angels, it was on hand.

"Yes, but I never liked anyone washing my knickers and I never *will*. I *always* cooked the food and did the shopping — it was the same as in the flat."

At this time, were you and Rod engaged, my dear?

"Well yes, I didn't *want* a ring and he didn't want me to have one in case I threw it back. **(Tee hee — Ed.)**

"I'm very much against marriage. It's good for *some* people but not for others. It's *the procedure* I don't like.

"I don't think he's a marrying person. I think he asked me because he had found someone he *cared* about and he didn't want to lose me."

ENGAGEMENT, or no engagement — Rod always had a much *publicised* love life. How did you, my dear, cope with his many other female admirers?

"You get it *all* the time. So *what*? They are not important to me.

"They'd phone up sometimes and sometimes I'd take a message. If we were walking down a street he wouldn't ignore them. I used to think at least they *do* recognise him. That's the *consoling* thing inside of you."

But what about the more "famous" young ladies?

"We usually found out about them *together* from the newspapers. I'm not a *jealous* person but reading those stories could be extremely *upsetting*.

"Still, he always used to come home every night so they couldn't have had a *very* good time."

Point taken. **(I don't understand this bit — St. Francis of Assissi)**

Was there any *particular* time that the rot set in in your *relationship* with Rod?

"It wasn't one particular thing. It was more an *accumulation* of his life style and being a rock star. I used to feel it would be better if we were apart.

"You must never be *desperate* about a situation. It doesn't *really* matter if we're apart or not. I'm not going to stop loving him and I don't think his mind has changed about me. You see *underneath* it all, I still think he's the same.

"The final break was in America, but I believe if I'd stayed he wouldn't have gone off with *her*. I care more about him now than ever. What I see and hear is slightly *upsetting*."

AND WHAT, my dear — apart from her feet, of course — do you think of 34-year-old Britt Ekland?

Deep breath. (Obviously, *this* sentence was well-rehearsed.)

"I think they are a *wonderful* pair together."

Like two boobs, my angel?

Another *deep* breath. "If he doesn't learn anything now, he never will. He should *learn* something from this experience."

And what did Dee make of the much-publicised **Susan George** incident? When Britt apparently *slapped* her true love after he had spent hours chatting to young Susan?

"I saw the story. And I immediately thought '*that's* my boy' — he always did have an eye for a pretty *face*.

"Truly, there's *no* better person for him than Britt in Los Angeles. It's *tinsel* town. He doesn't want someone who washes her own knickers."

Quite so, my angel. Now did you happen to watch the documentary about Rod and Britt?

Giggles. "Yes."

And what did you make of it, my dear?

"I was *shatterd* when he let it *come out*. I ended up feeling very *sorry* for him . . ."

And Britt?

"*Hilarious*. I can't remember *laughing* so much."

OF COURSE, life is *not* one long line of laughs. There are a *lot* of people Dee used to know who she no longer keeps in contact with.

"Yes, a lot of people I don't speak with now. *I* don't want to spend my evenings discussing the Faces. I think when he gave up the Faces he gave up the best thing he ever had.

"But Rod is still *magic*. Lyric-wise and musically I think 'Georgie' is a *magnificent* record."

Tell me, dear — *all those stories* when he released the record. Is he, er "bi" — er, well is he *queer*?

Laughs. "No, he's not queer at all, and he needn't make out he is. He likes men's company, but he's no queer."

Such a relief.

CURRENTLY there is a *new* man in Dee's life. Naturally she is keeping *very* quiet about him.

"He's an amazing boyfriend . . ."

In the music business, my dear?

"Sort of — but he's my *best* friend."

She doesn't however, want to live with another man again.

"Not *again*. I've nothing against *men* I've had a lot of boyfriends since Rod — some of whom have been a lot of *rubbish*. But I've not been *in love* since Rod."

And would she take him back?

Long pause. "Not unless he came to my two-room flat.

"I want to be free to be who I *am*, when I want. I can't be *suffocated*."

Somehow, she has come to terms with the fact that his return is . . . *unlikely*. For Dee (who you must remember probably knows Rod better than even his *mother*, my dears) prophesies:

"Time will come when he'll want to move to *something else*. It will fizzle out. I think there *will* be another change. Another house, another woman, another band."

CURRENTLY, Dee is putting the finishing touches to *the book* she has written about her life with the superstar. It's due out this summer.

So why, my angel, did you write the book?

"I'm doing it for *the money* — and because people should *know* what it's like."

Now there's *honesty* for you, my treasures.

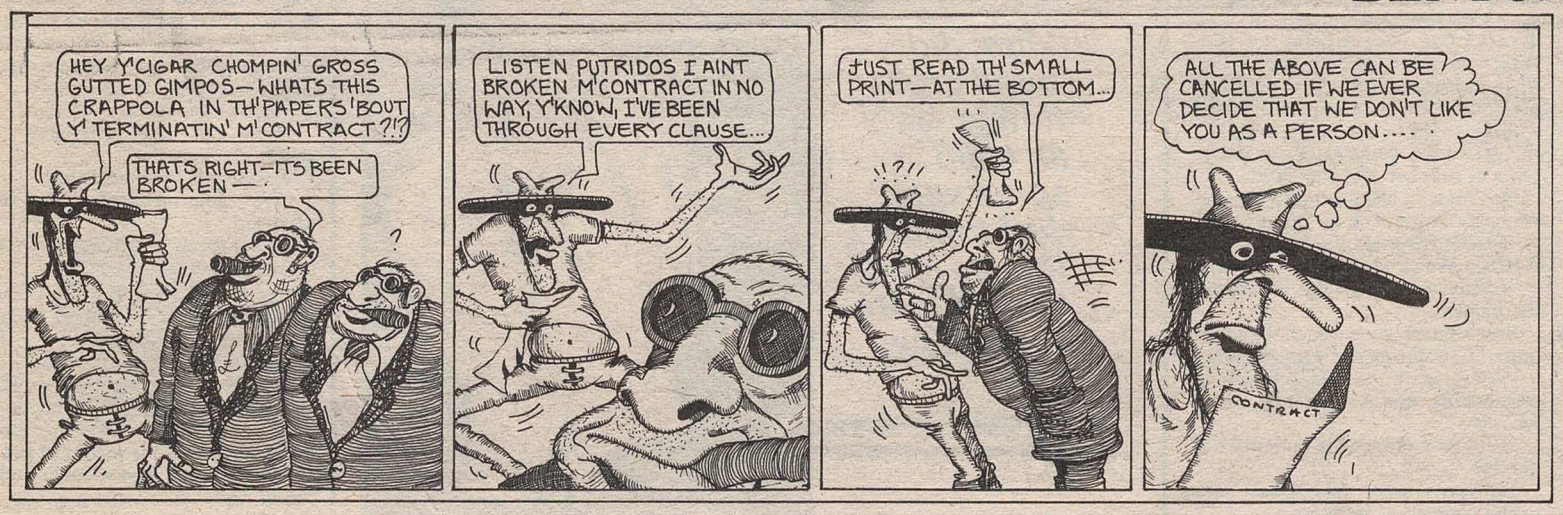
VELDA DACQUIRI

BABY FOR PAUL AND LINDA

FORMER Beatle Paul McCartney will this year become a father for the third time. His wife Linda is due to have the couple's third child in September. The new arrival will bring the McCartney family to four with the couple's two daughters, Mary, seven, and Stella, five, and Linda's daughter by a previous marriage, Heather, 14. And the family is not the only thing that's expanding. For the McCartney's are planning extensions to their St. John's Wood, London home.

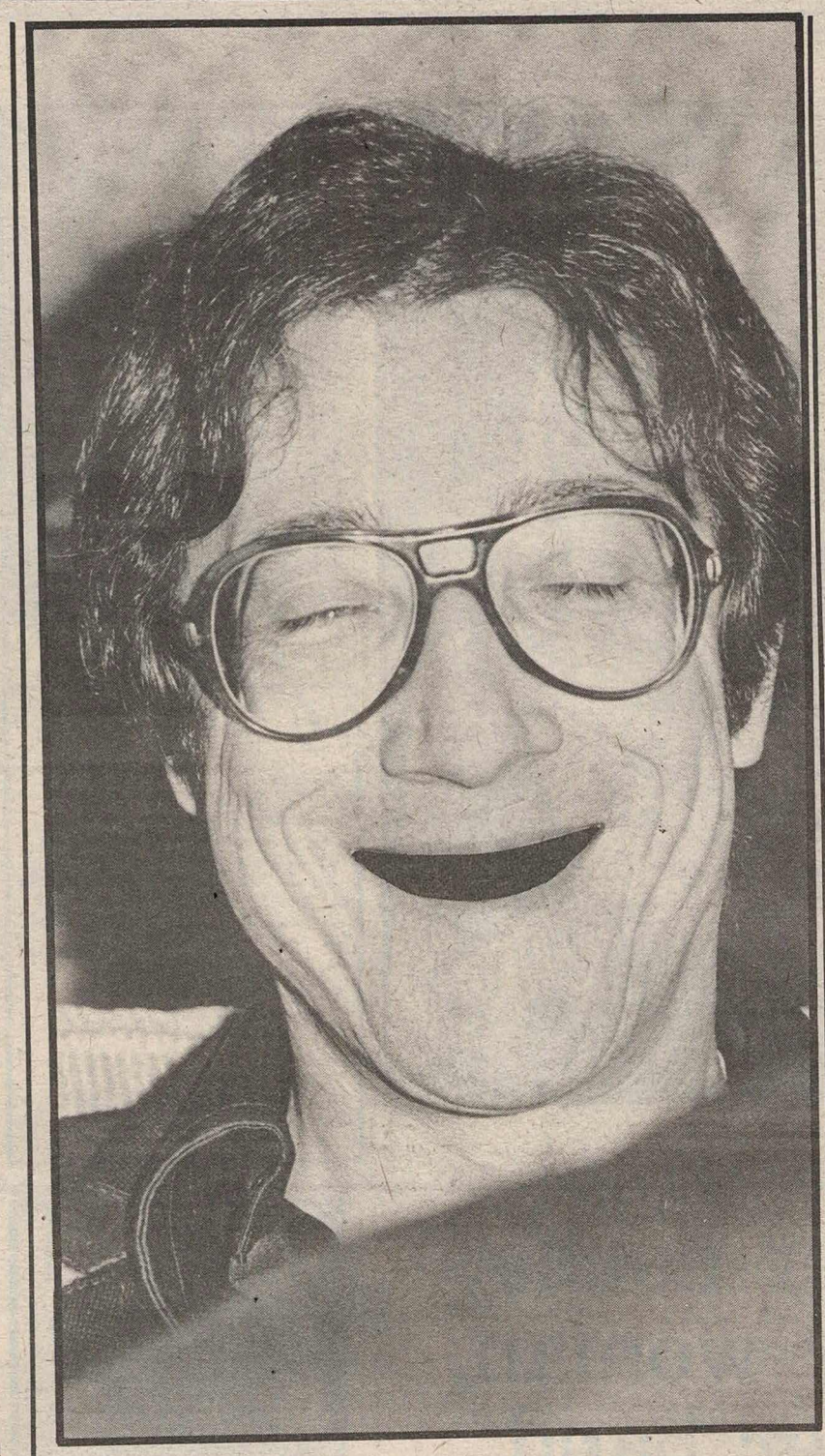
Jane Asher no doubt presumed her life with Paul had been left behind years ago. The February 8th edition of the Liverpool Echo — which should know better — indicated otherwise.
Sent in by *Chris Roberts, Birkenhead.*

LONE GROOVER BENYON


HEY Y'CIGAR CHOMPIN' GROSS GUTTED GIMPOS—WHATS THIS CRAPPOLA IN TH'PAPERS 'BOUT Y' TERMINATIN' M' CONTRACT?!?
THATS RIGHT—ITS BEEN BROKEN—
LISTEN PUTRIDOS I AINT BROKEN M'CONTRACT IN NO WAY, Y'KNOW, I'VE BEEN THROUGH EVERY CLAUSE...
JUST READ TH' SMALL PRINT—AT THE BOTTOM...
ALL THE ABOVE CAN BE CANCELLED IF WE EVER DECIDE THAT WE DON'T LIKE YOU AS A PERSON....
CONTRACT

You're never too old to rock 'n' roll

HANK B. MARVIN, BRUCE WELCH and MICK FARREN chew the cud . . .



"Most of today's groups are in show business. The lights, the smoke bombs, the costumes. "That's show business. It's been going on for years." — HANK

CLANG, DAH DAH DAH. Clang, dah-dah, dah-dah dah.

"Apache".

Back-up band dispenses with singer and still gets hits regardless (obliquely creating a tiny revolution in the rock star/group relationship that has carried on to the present day.)

Seventeen years after the fact, EMI, having disengaged themselves from the embrace of the Sex Pistols, wind up the fiscal year by putting out, with full TV promotion, twenty Shadows golden greats.

The TV ad depicts a callow youth (sleeveless sweater, baggy jeans, not quite acne. You get the picture?) (Yes, we see!) (Definitely follower of the pack) retiring to the privacy of his neat middle-class bedroom.

He picks up his cricket bat and poses.

The bat is no longer a Colin Cowdrey, three spring, autograph special. In his imagination it's a cherry red Stratocaster with a white maple fretboard.

In front of the wardrobe mirror he starts to move, he starts to get down with it. With the cricket bat he discarded in 3C, he starts to *testify*.

His back arches, his knees bend, he writhes, jumps, undulates and shakes his ass. The hysterical phantom lovecries of prepubescent women ring in his ears.

Then his mum pokes her head round the door.

Her face registers both horror and puzzlement. It's almost as though she caught him masturbating; almost, but not quite. Masturbation would be an outrage, but at least understandable. This narcissistic display is something else. It's something from the Weird Zone, from whence no good comes.

A jerk-off it is, sure — but not the simple kind. No quick flick, through the colour glossy gatefold of the one men like and down to orgasm for this boy. Hell, no. This is masturbation of a different colour. This youth isn't fantasising on sex. He's attempting to synthesise the power of the almighty electric guitar god/demon.

(It's interesting to note that the great music corporation may cast the gross namers of private parts and utterers of Saxon adverbs into the nameless darkness, or Warner Brothers or whatever, but it will still use a complex Freudian fantasy to sell product.)

The boy in the bedroom may not conjecture what he'd do if ever he actually got that guitar star power. It is, after all, a bit like conjecturing what you'd say to Raquel Welch while you're having a fag afterwards, but just say he did. Where would that power lead him?

Money?

Wealth?

Fame?

High grade cocaine?

Coupling, tripling or quadrupling with nubile young women in unnatural congress?

Buying his mum a house in Ealing?

Or would it mean football with the kids, a reasonable income, a Eurovision winner and being asked to write a song for David Soul?

"WE'VE BEEN ASKED if we've got any songs suitable for David Soul."

"How do you know what's suitable for David Soul? He's only made one record."

Believe it or not, that's the reality of life for Hank B Marvin.

Hank B Marvin was the very first authentic, all-British teenage guitar hero. (You can forget Bert Weedon, he came on middle-aged before Elvis got fat.)

For a whole age group that lies somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, he was the first model for those bedroom mirror lead-guitar players. It's a path that's led him from the Two iis coffee bar, through being the right-hand man of the nation's number one Elvis surrogate, soft-shoe shuffling, the Eurovision song contest, playing with Eric Clapton, to seeing a collection of oldies going back seventeen years at number 3 in the charts.

"Isn't it a bit like meeting a ghost of yourself coming back the other way?"

"I think it's great."

Bruce Welch joins in.

"I can't wait to go out and spend the money."

Bruce Welch comes back to money quite often during the conversation.

"We're in the record business to sell records, and it's certainly selling records."

"I think it proves the material was durable."

The conversation also comes back to the concept of business.

Business is the key to the scene in which Chalkie Davies and I find ourselves. We're talking to Hank and Bruce (seventeen years partners and original lead and rhythm guitarists with The Shadows) in the drawing room of their manager's elegant Regency office in upper Harley Street.

The furniture, fixtures and fittings all exude a discreet atmosphere of taste and cash. Outside in reception is a wallful of gold and silver discs. It all adds up to the top end of British MOR show business, relaxed but efficient, bourgeois but with class.

On the first approach, you couldn't find more dissimilar figures than Hank Marvin and Bruce Welch.

Marvin is slight, fast-moving with a great deal of tense energy. While he talks, his hands, face and body are in constant motion.

Welch is heavier, bigger and far more solid. If ever he got short of a few bob, he could easily make a living playing one of Regan's heavy mob in The Sweeney.

Hank is dressed in expensively tailored natty casuals.

Bruce wears blue jeans, a white sweatshirt and a button that bears the legend "I'm Almost Sober".

The second run shows that despite surface differences, the two men have a whole lot in common. They share an easy professionalism that comes from having done this kind of thing a thousand times before.

The genial charm may be less than absolutely sincere, but it works. You feel like, *at ease*, but you're aware that nothing short of over-stepping the bounds of good manners is going to faze them. If you do start pressing the interview in a direction that they don't want to go they gently fob you off with a quick comedy double-act that comes straight out of the Goon Show.

They're there to do a job, to provide a neat, entertaining interview, but no way are they going to go too deep. But this, after all, is what The Shadows' music has always been about.

JUST AS HANK and Bruce don't seem prepared to plumb any emotional depths in an interview context, The Shadows never really dug all that deep in their playing. "Tidy and melodic" are the words that spring to mind. The golden greats album, which spans their work from 1960 through 1967, underlines the way they left broad, dramatic sweeps of energy to other musicians.

Listening to the album you realise that The Shadows worked in almost total isolation. Although a lot of the tracks were recorded during the most innovative and revolutionary periods that rock and roll has ever seen, hardly a trace of it percolates through to their tunes.

You'd think that Bob Dylan, Phil Spector, B.B. King or The Beatles had never happened.

Having set out the basic Shadows sound, their only progress was in terms of refining and sophisticating it.

"We didn't want to copy anybody. Having created that sound, we stuck to it. We didn't rush out and take ideas from B.B., Spector or The Monkees."

Hank attempts to clarify things. He's the one who seems more concerned with communicating.

"You have to realise that very early on, we were drawn, along with Cliff, into the light entertainment bracket. When we started, rock was thought to only appeal to the teenagers. Once you'd had a couple of hit records, if you wanted to survive you had to broaden out and appeal to the wider market . . ."

"The big money."

"When rock and roll became a giant business in its own right, we'd already made the move."

So how willingly did The Shadows make the switch? Did they want to change from rock to the soft shoe shuffle, or did they have to be dragged there kicking and screaming?

"It happened almost without our knowing. It was the natural thing at the time. You'd suddenly wake up and discover we were in a time capsule all on our own."

"We started with Cliff in 1958. By 1959 he'd already started doing 'Living Doll' and started to appeal to the mums. In those days you could count the number of rock stars who survived their first few singles on the fingers of one hand. There was Presley, of course . . ."

Even Presley made all those awful "family" films.

"I suppose you could say he was a victim of the times."

And The Shadows?

"Maybe. I think it was the right decision for the time. The rock market just wasn't that big."

For a while the conversation sticks with the wild, golden days before the move to mum, dad and Eurovision. How long were they on the road before they found national fame with Cliff?

Hank grins. "About five minutes."

Overnight sensation?

"Great title for a song."

" 'Move It' shot up the charts. It was the first real British rock and roll record. We'd been playing on Saturday night at the Two iis coffee bar, and then suddenly we were thrust on a stage, a real live stage, folks . . ."

More Goon Show.

"With all the screaming. We couldn't believe it."

Wasn't this disorientating?

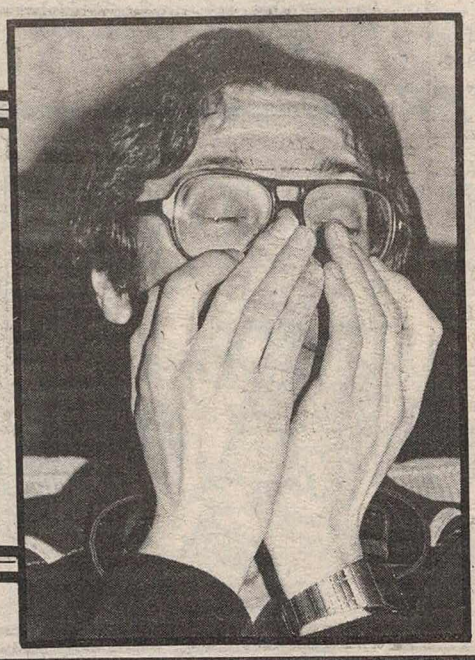
"We were obviously a bit overwhelmed."

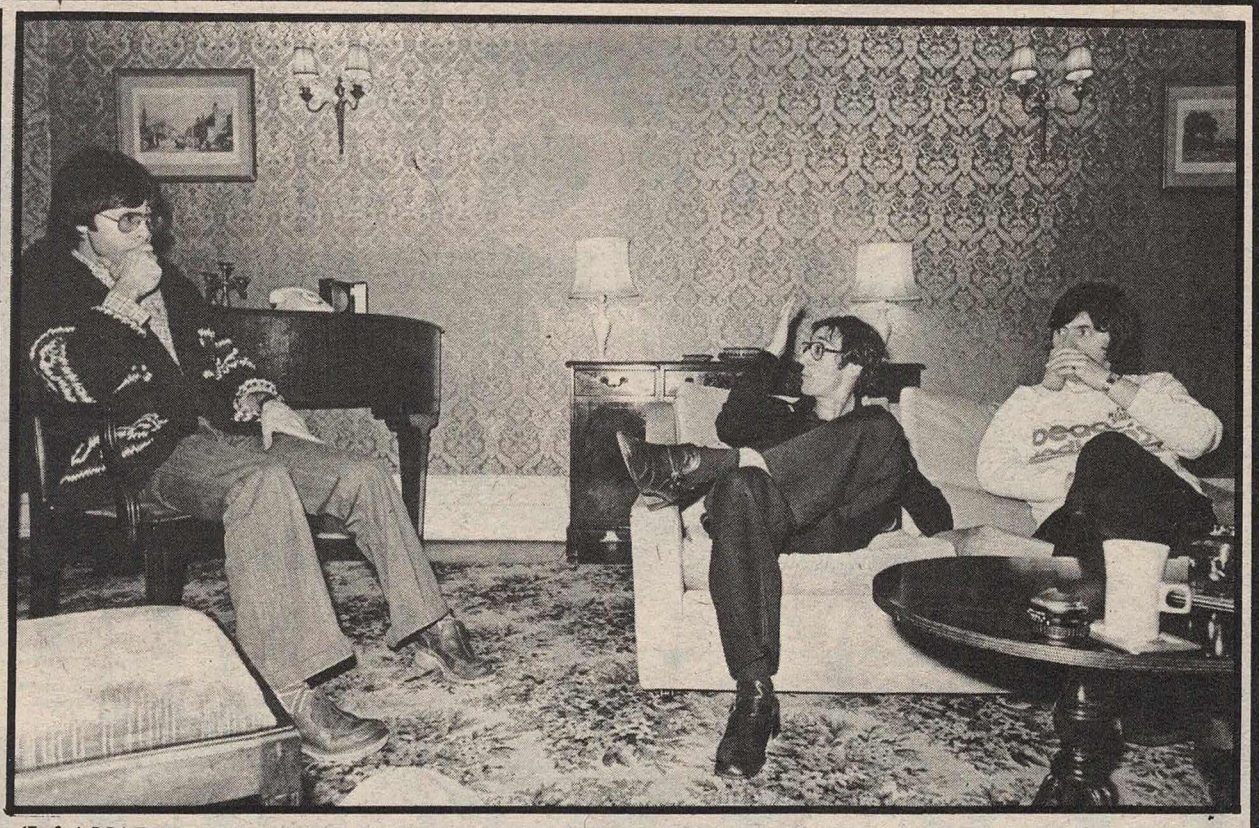
At this point a face appears round the door. It's Cliff Richard.

HE COMES IN. He's every inch the amiable, boyish, thirty-six-year-old that projects itself out of the tube.

His entrance is heralded by Hank and Bruce as a special bonus on the interview. I must confess this throws me. There's still the matter of the old Festival of Light days when he and his chums were campaigning to me and

"Jimi did some great things, he also did some very duff things. I think a lot of people were conned by him."





(Left:) MARVIN removes ferret from trousers. (Above right:) Ferret escapes down back of sofa. (This caption courtesy of Amyl Nitrate Spasm Co, Ltd.)

Pictures by CHALKIE DAVIS

my chums in Her Britannic's slammers.

The situation is so pleasant and friendly that it seems churlish to start raking over this old ground. Cliff sits in a corner chair and listens quietly to Hank talking about the early days.

"We started out just backing Cliff. Then we added vocals and some stage movements. We didn't start doing anything on our own until Cliff began going off-stage before the end of the act to change clothes. While he was changing his jacket from a lurid pink one to a lurid yellow one or a lurid green one, we'd do 'Be Bop A Lula' or something."

"Yeah, 'Be Bop A Lula'."

And this led up to The Shadows touring on their own?

"Yeah, I suppose so."

Cliff gets up and leaves the room with good-natured farewells all round. Inside the drawing room there's talk about how a Cliff Richard show would be wall-to-wall girls, while a Shadows show drew far more males.

"We got the would-be guitarists coming to see us."

The guys with the cricket bats?

"We sold a hundred thousand cricket bats last week. No records, but lots of cricket bats."

THOSE FIFTIES tours are now something of a legend.

As the old rockers started to open up in the atmosphere of latter-day rock excesses, a picture began to emerge of them as mobile madhouses, fuelled by birds and booze. If Shads tours were like that, Hank and Bruce ain't telling.

"I guess ours were more organised than most."

No traumas?

"We were so young. I was only fifteen, and it was all such great fun. We were doing what we wanted and getting paid for it. There also weren't the problems. The equipment was simple. No big stacks, just little amps.

"Cliff would go through the house PA. You couldn't hear a thing, there was so much noise in the audience."

Bruce warms to this boy scout vision.

"In the early days it was ten bob a night guest houses."

"We'd even sleep on the coach."

"It was either a guest house or eat. We preferred to eat."

So there was nothing like the stories of Gene Vincent watching the green spiders crawling down the walls of his hotel room.

"He was probably seeing spiders in any case."

Some of the later crop of guitar heroes must have been among the crowds at those early Shadows tours, watching Marvin and copping his riffs. How did he feel when people like Beck, Clapton and Hendrix started to overtake him the affections of juvenile guitar lovers?

"I found it very exciting. I really didn't have the influences that he had, B.B. King and the other bluesmen. I liked very much what they were doing. I'd have secretly liked to have done something similar, but I thought it would have sounded phony if we'd started producing big heavy riffs, so we never really got round to it."

Later, when the tape recorder's off and Chalkie and I are getting ready to leave, Hank recounts his pleasure at playing with Eric Clapton on Harrison's "All Things Must Pass" even though the version he worked on wasn't the one that was finally released.

"I think that's why we eventually broke up at the end of 1968. We'd played together for so long, the same numbers, the ones that people demanded to hear:" FBI", "Apache", "Man Of Mystery". We decided to go our own ways. Work with different producers and record other things."

One of these "other things" was the abortive phenomenon called Marvin, Welch and Farrar. This was Hank and Bruce's attempt at a progressive, vocal/acoustic guitar band in the tradition of Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, etc.

At the time, Marvin and Welch had high hopes for the project. It must have been quite a blow when it foundered on the well-known rigid conservatism of the British rock audience.

"They wouldn't wear it. When we got on stage, they just didn't want to know. They just shouted for 'Apache'. We came on with acoustic guitars and they still shouted for 'Apache'."

This is the closest either Hank or Burce come to real bitterness. It's dressed up as a joke, but the failure of Marvin, Welch and Farrar obviously hurt.

"We had more success abroad. They could accept that we'd done one thing with the Shadows and now we were doing something different."

"In Britain, we lost out both ways. We lost out on the old Shadows, and we lost out by not getting through to the people we thought we'd get through to. They just wouldn't accept us."

The second Marvin, Welch and Farrar album had a minor success in the USA when picked up by Sire, the label that now boasts The Ramones and Talking Heads.

"We were heavy underground figures. I even grew my hair."

So what happened after the collapse of Marvin, Welch and Farrar?

"Bruce left to become a millionaire. I made an album called 'Marvin And Farrar'. It lacked something in direction. It was a bit like Frankenstein meets The Beach Boys."

AFTER THAT it was back to The Shadows, the sparkle of the Eurovision song contest, and a second place in that hallowed celebration of mass taste. The subject of Eurovision leads to the split between the creative musician (the artist, if you like) and the broad appeal show biz performer.

Hank has no problem with this kind of schizophrenia.

"I think most of today's groups are in show business. The lights, the smoke bombs, the costumes. That's all show business. They may be singers or musicians, but in the old days they could just as easily have been film stars."

So it's just a matter of style?

"If they were just creating music, they'd just go on and play music. Show business is when you're entertaining all the senses. It's been going on for years. The music end may have been lighter . . ."

Hank breaks into a campy, finger-popping rendition of "I Got Rhythm".

". . . Now it's . . ."

He does a passable vocal approximation of a few bars of heavy metal.

". . . The nude girls come on and bob around . . . like on certain shows I've heard about. It's all show biz."

AS THE artist-versus-show-biz discussion goes on I make the mistake of bracketing Jimi Hendrix with Charlie Parker, as examples of creative musicians. Hank jumps right in.

"I wouldn't go that far."

You wouldn't?

"He was a showman, a very exciting performer. He used accessories and effects very well, but if you go through some of his material, particularly the improvisations, you'll realise it's very samey.

"He was no great improvisational brain — not compared with, say, Charlie Parker."

You see a very different Hank Marvin while he's talking about Hendrix. The blandness and Goon Show voices drop away. He becomes a thoughtful, well-informed professional musician.

"I think he was an innovator in some ways. He got some great sounds. In that way he was creative. That shouldn't be confused, though, with his actual ability on the guitar. I think a lot of people were conned by him."

This starts to sound a bit like the old pro bitching about another performer who passed him by. In fact, this is not the case. Marvin's regard for Hendrix is plain to see. His regard was so high that he wrote the song "Throw Down A Line" for Hendrix.

"I tried to get it to him, but he died before I could."

Cliff got the song instead.

"I've got a lot of Jimi's records. He did some great things, particularly for the day, but he also did some very duff things."

THE LAST QUESTION is where The Shadows, and Hank Marvin in particular, go now. The answer is comfortably vague.

Once bitten by the Marvin, Welch and Farrar experience, they seem reluctant to put themselves on the line again. What's described is a solid fiscal set-up, publishing, song writing, producing. Bruce Welch is very firm about this.

"We're none of us eighteen any more. Take McCartney. He's into buying publishing. He's a businessman through and through. The royalties from The Shadows in the charts enable me to do all kinds of things in the future. Maybe next year I'll buy Wings publising off Paul, if he'll sell it to me."

So business is what it comes down to in the final analysis?

"Hank and I think different ways. I'm primarily in the record industry to sell records. If someone told me that by recording twenty Bert Weedon tunes, I'd be in the charts next week, I'd do it. That's business."

Hank isn't quite as solid on the power of the buck. He talks more in terms of using the money from commercial hits to subsidise the music he'd really like to play, music he might even play under an assumed name.

An assumed name?

"Alec Galloway, folks."

"Alec Galloway. You heard it here first. Alec Galloway is going to be a monster."

Hank's right back in the Goon Show again as he waxes lunatic lyrical about the mythical Galloway and his "calm ferocity" and "robust fragility". Again the Goon Show seems to be a defence.

Surely if you have to use an assumed name, you must be looking at Hank B Marvin as some kind of monster totally owned by the audience. Hank doesn't seem sure.

"You can do more extreme things. If I play you a record and tell you it's Alec Galloway, you'll say 'Yeah, I like that', or 'I don't like it'. If I tell you it's the new Hank Marvin, you'll have pre-conceived ideas about it, that it'll have a Shadows feel or you might be prejudiced anyway and say 'He's trying to do a Jeff Beck' or 'He's trying to do an Isaac Hayes. Why doesn't he stick to the Shads?'

"If it's under an assumed name there's more chance of you accepting it — or not."

This all starts to sound a trifle paranoid. Did Marvin, Welch and Farrar leave that many scars?

"When you do something different in front of an audience that's not ready for it, you take a big gamble. Not only with what you're doing, but with what you've done before."

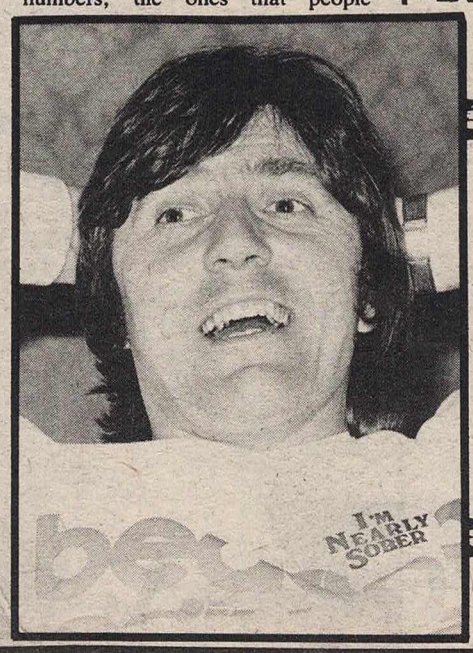
MAYBE THE RELUCTANCE to take a gamble is a sign of getting old. Certainly in the minds of Hank Marvin and Bruce Welch, it would seem that gambling's for the kid with the cricket bat and not for them.

Which is odd.

There's enough around them to indicate that rock and roll is still a gambler's game and that the safe, easy courses aren't always the ones that would work. Their own old hits are at number 3, hardly a predictable occurrence.

After all these years, Cliff Richard has cracked it in the States with "Devil Woman" and to an audience who assume he's some kind of British Bob Seger. Yet Alec Galloway still lurks in The Shadows.

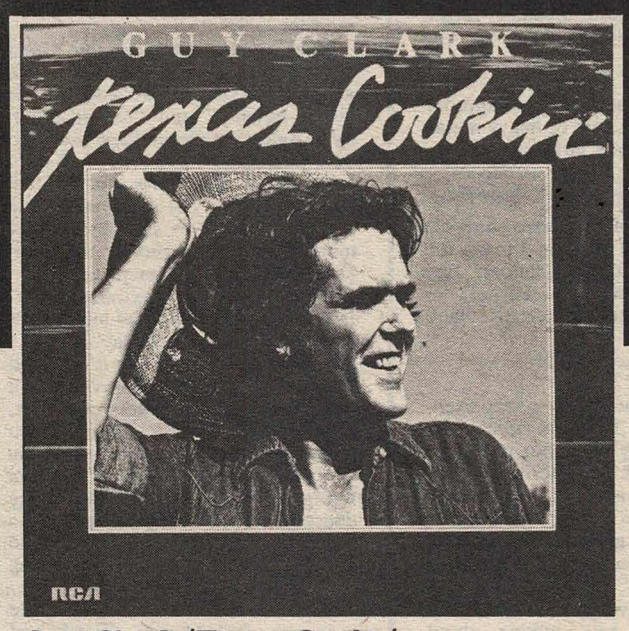
Surely the lesson to be drawn isn't to play it safe, but that anything can happen in the wonderful world of rock and roll.



"If someone told me that by recording twenty Bert Weedon tunes, I'd be in the charts next week, I'd do it."

Guy Clark & Steve Young on the subject of life

Urban influences and contemporary music especially have had their effect on these two singer/songwriters, who express through their music a lyrical and melodic content that places them on a par with the great writers of today.



Guy Clark/Texas Cookin' PL 1097

From the same group of singer songwriters that bred such names as Emmylou Harris, Waylon Jennings and Rodney Crowel, comes Guy Clark **'. . . singer songwriter par excellence'** *(Sounds)* You'll find the aforementioned guesting on Guy's latest album 'Texas Cookin' on which Guy transcends the qualities that made the critically acclaimed 'Old No. 1,' so popular **'. . . establishing him as the most versatile and authoritative writer to have emerged from the contemporary country movement'.** *(Melody Maker)*

Steve Young/Renegade Picker PL 11759

Like Guy Clark, Steve Young originates from the same school of contemporary music that has proven so successful in the past year. On 'Renegade Picker', his latest album, he proves himself a force to be reckoned with **'. . . refreshingly free from the melodrama we have come to expect from Nashville'.** *(Sounds)* **'. . . an individual and versatile performer'** *(Melody Maker)*

Guy Clark/Steve Young-Breaking the border line

RCA

Left: MICK BRABHAM. Right GARY BROOKER and KEITH REID.

The worm was so greedy it ate more each day
And each day it ate more the tree shrank away
The worm was so loathsome it felt no disgrace
The birds had been silenced the sun shunned that place
And all of the forest grew fearful to see
What terrible fate lay in store for the tree

OUCH! Keith Reid's agony lies naked in the "The Worm And The Tree", the lyrically symbolic poem set to music that occupies the whole of the second side of Procol Harum's new album.

"Really, it's about how the press nearly caused the band to break up," Reid states, with a hint of bitterness in his voice. "That was three years ago, but we've been on the point of disbanding many times."

Typewriter torment?

But this lyrical hostility is hardly what you'd expect from Procol's writer. After all, his main concern over the years has seemed to be in creating elaborate tapestries of imagery, or what those people not so well disposed towards the band describe as high brow classical sea shanties, like "Whaling Stories".

Now this worm squirms uneasily as Reid scrutinises him through thick-lensed spectacles. The glare is almost as chilling as having the cold steel nozzle of a double-barrel shotgun inches from your face.

The conversation started off idly enough. Following Procol's concert at the Pavilion de Paris we've all gone along to the opening of a new nightclub. Selfconscious of our scruffiness as the fashionable French feigned enthusiasm for the live music of Al Jarreau and his group, the band, myself, and small entourage have formed a conspicuous bunch near the door.

There's Chris Copping, now appointed bassist since he moved off organ to make way for the new recruit Pete Solley, standing at the bar wearing an incongruous woolly hat, guzzling the free champagne and excitedly talking about football, or the aphrodisiac qualities of the caviar he's also scoffing liberally.

Guitarist Mick Grabham and drummer Barrie Wilson reconnoitre the club half-heartedly; Solley, wearing a crisp, black velvet suit, quietly sits watching Jarreau on the close circuit TV screen, Gary Brooker and his Swiss wife have popped off to talk with chanteuse Christianne Legrande; and I inadvertently touch a sensitive nerve of Reid's by asking why he always travels with the band although he doesn't play on stage.

"The press," he snaps irritably, "always ask me to justify my role . . ." He pauses, a trifle exasperated, to collect his thoughts. "Without me . . . and Gary . . . Procol Harum wouldn't exist. *There would be no Procol,"* he emphasises.

"*We* are Procol Harum."

Ooops. He's frostier than the champers glass.

REID, HOWEVER, is not being unduly immodest. Together with vocalist-pianist Brooker, he has been the virtually unchallenged creative fulcrum of the band. This year marks the completion of a decade in the music biz for Harum, and the coincidental celebration is the release of their tenth album, "Something Magic", and an extensive British tour.

Even though Procol have had a distinguished career as one of the few bands able to marry their inclinations for orchestral scores with rock music, producing a notable series of albums, to the British public they're still an enigmatic ensemble.

Not surprisingly their public character reflects their reticence to divulge much about themselves. For instance, last year bassist Alan Cartwright resigned, and the only explanation that Brooker offers is; "It's just one of those things. He wanted a change. Change is as good as a rest."

And then to ask Copping whether he prefers being back on bass rather than keyboards results in a curiously terse response. "Do you *have* to ask *that?* As long as he's on drums," he indicates Wilson as he whispers, "it's great. But *shhh.* Don't tell him. He'll get bigheaded."

In fact, Procol are a peculiar band of seemingly mismatched personalities, as is revealed when they're backstage at the Pavilion for the third concert of their Euro-tour.

Reid's role goes beyond just the lyricist, and he occupies himself as a somewhat severe disciplinarian organising the others for the stage, and generally acting the part normally associated with a manager. It's only to be expected that he's sometimes the target of some lighthearted ridicule from Wilson, Copping and Grabham, who huddle together around a table, cracking jokes and rolling smokes.

Brooker, on the other hand, has the bearing of a rather conservative headmaster. He wears a navy blue cord suit, shirt and Robin Day dickie bow, and holds a pipe. When being interviewed he remains genial, but about as animated as a portly bullfrog soaking the sun, as he enjoys a light meal of fish and wine supplied in the dressing room by the promoter.

You're never really sure whether or not you're being subjected to Brooker's quiet, sardonic sense of humour. For example, he unexpectedly insists that being on the road on such an extensive schedule is far from being a pressure.

"Lately I've been finding it very relaxing," he croaks. "Most people think it's good to get home and relax, but I do it the other way round. Now, I get more knackered staying at home."

Overall Procol exude a casual, almost uncaring attitude; an approach which has justifiably led to their reputation as a veritable musical institution.

"Ha," cackles Brooker ambiguously, "it should be an *institution.*

"It's always been pretty much to itself, though. It's members have come and gone, but, unlike some groups, it hasn't really been a lifting ground for anybody to start solo careers; although one or two people have done that."

Robin Trower and Matthew Fisher are two notable former members who now have solo success.

Procol Harum triumph over worms

That seems to be the gist of it. Like, if you're attacked by worms, here's some good news from a bunch of lads who've suffered badly. TONY STEWART reports...

"We've always been a pretty solid outfit for usually three or four years at a time," he continues. "I wonder when we'll stop.

"We're going great guns at the moment. We're really enjoying it. We've definitely got a new lease of life with this album. It sounds fresh, and it sounds as if we're doing what we're interested in. Which we are."

And *that* sounds like a cliched bunch of platitudes he's just expressed.

But Brooker's tone belies the real importance of this stage of their career. Solley, formerly of Snafu, who joined the band last summer, has yet to fully establish himself with them on stage. And their latest set, "Something Magic", is their first recent attempt to produce themselves, following the severance of a long working relationship with Chris Thomas, and a shorter spell with Leiber and Stoller for "Procol's Ninth".

The reason for this, Brooker explains without any noticeable regret, was because they were dissatisfied with what was becoming an increasingly tedious, and unrepresentative, recording process.

"I think we worked better in the studio on the last one — 'Ninth'. 'Exotic Birds And Fruit' was the last we did with Chris Thomas, and we'd just about come to the end of the road with him, and that came over on the album. I didn't like the production. To me, it was very disjointed.

"There was no amimosity or anything, we'd just been working with Chris too long. He knew the band too well, because he'd been our sound man on tours for three or four years. There was nothing fresh about going in the studio. We'd been in the same studio at the same time for the third year running with the same people, and that wasn't what we needed really.

" 'Ninth' was a reaction against that, because, for a start, we changed our situation by going to a different studio with different producers.

"Then we realised we were going into the studios with all the ideas, and very often the ideas were just being blocked or changed, because that was what a producer was *meant* to do. Really, the albums weren't coming out how we wanted them. We'd made nine albums and obviously we knew enough about it to be able to go in and sort it out. Which is what we did."

Although Procol had a large repertoire of new material from which to draw for "Magic", the actual recording sessions seem to have been undertaken with the characteristically leisurely air of the band. There was no deliberate attempt, for instance, to make a stylistic change with the inclusion of "The Worm And The Tree", recited by Brooker. And the story behind it sounds like a happy accident.

"Well, it came like a bolt out of the blue," guffaws Gary. "When we went in there it could have turned out to be like 'Exotic Birds' or 'Ninth'. We didn't even know we were going to do 'The Worm'.

"We just played it one morning. Nobody knew it and it was very much improvised on the spot. Whereas if you go in with producers, after six weeks you end up doing only the numbers you told them about on the very first day.

"But I think we're more aware of what the songs are like and how they should sound. So, because we were producing, this album is much more what we're like."

He's hardly standing on his head with verbal confidence, but then that would probably upset the digestion of his fish. Actually, however, "Something Magic" has more satisfying qualities for the listener as well, coming across as Procol's most positive musical statement since "Grand Hotel", the album which broke them in Europe.

Yet side two, the story of the worm trying to destroy the tree only to be killed itself, will doubtless draw adverse criticism from those sceptics who consider the subject, or it's symbolic connotations, pretentious or tiresomely trite. The fact that it is spoken will also be thought a dubious affectation.

Brooker, however, seems unconcerned.

"If I'd worked another year," he says, "I could have probably worked out how to sing it as well." And any analyzing, he explains, will be in the mind of the listener, because he claims it's merely about, "the infinity of things. Although something will get ruined by some outside influence, and be spoiled, it can be saved, and it's not really dead."

Further inquiries into the theme he charmingly averts. "Keith's probably more qualified to speak than I am, because he wrote the words."

He then smiles affably, less perturbed about potential disfavour than his partner, Reid. Instead, he's content to answer questions in an almost perfunctory manner, and the conversation drifts over him uncontroversially, like ... well, water off a bullfrog's back.

"Yeah, it is pretty casual," he agrees. "We don't discuss anything. I think it's just one of those groups where we all respect each other as musicians."

Or, could it be that this reluctance to make public proclamations about Procol's worth is rather subtle defence mechanism?

"We don't make a spectacle of what we do," Brooker continues mildly. "We won't make a spectacle of this album either. Perhaps we should scream at the world that there's a long, talking side on it, but we'd much rather have people buy, find it on the B-side, and them decide for themselves if they like it. See what happens.

"If," he adds with a crafty twinkle, "they don't like it they can't say we *pushed* it on them."

All they're trying to do musically is, "stir something somewhere", he says vaguely.

Perhaps it's as well they don't rely on Brooker's conversational conviction for this. Few people would have heard about them.

THE MYSTICAL power of Reid's 'Tree' is when the dead wood (during interviews) is planted on the Pavilion stage, and then over the course of almost two hours gradually grows into a sturdy musical oak, from which comes the delightful little acorns of their best compositions.

This worm riggles with delight from the dilapidated floorboards of the mammouth hall: the 'Tree's' greenhouse, containing a few thousand frogs and snails. (*Ouch!* Again.)

There's a decisive air about the group, which more than compensates for their lack of verbal aggression, as they open with a brand new song, the title track of the album. That it doesn't come across so well is due to no lack of enthusiasm on their part, but merely because, by tradition, Procol's sound and music is usually unsettled during the initial stages of a concert.

They run through two oldies, "Conquistador" and "Beyond The Pale" before the music develops into something with a little more sensitivity on another new song, "Skating On Thin Ice". This has all the qualities of a Procol classic, with a strong melody and excellent, systematic instrumentation behind Brooder's stout voice and fragile piano figures.

And then the show opens up properly with an elaborate version of "Grand Hotel", allowing a more positive contribution from Solley on organ, which with its humour, with snatches of such dance songs as "Fernando's Hideaway", draws the audience closer to the band.

In effect the show develops into the almost perfect epitome of Procol's character, revealing more depth and aspects than their somewhat redundant image as a neo-classical band, which dates *bach* (oops) to their '67 hit, "A Whiter Shade Of Pale".

With that purpose they juxtapose "Mark Of The Claw", yet another song from "Something Magic", which features the vulgar blues guitar lines of Grabham, and a rock 'n' roll track called "I'm Drunk Again", with the eerily melodic "Strangers In Space".

Then comes the complete performance of "The Worm And The Tree", which is received with some confusion by the French fans, and no doubt because of the nature of the set they doggedly attempt to clap along as soon as the number reaches the second of its three movements. It's a decidely fruitless attempt at participation, as they soon realise when Brooker once again begins to recite the words.

Those unfamiliar with the breadth of Procol's style are no doubt even more bewildered when the precision of "The Worm", with its growing intensity, is then forsaken for the hard rock of "Pandora's Box", followed by an explosive drum solo by Wilson on "The Unquiet Zone", followed by a return to the former musical eloquence for "A Salty Dog".

It is, of course, a deliberate shift of moods, allowing each musician his own, individual vehicle, while collectively the songs retain common characteristics, largely stemming from Brooker's voice and his somewhat deliberate piano style, and from Solley, who moves about on organ and synthesiser with imaginative zeal.

Not surprisingly Procol confound the situation even further when they encore, first with a simple pop ditty, their new single, "The Wizard Man", then a country tune called "I've Had Too Many", on which Solley plans an excellent fiddle, and witholding the penultimate "A Whiter Shade Of Pale" until the very end.

The set is not without fault, like occasional manifestations of ragged timing and the odd lethargic rhythmic base from Copping and Wilson, but overall it's the kind of show which reaffirms the masterly musical and lyrical colour of an undoubtedly talented Tree ... I mean, *Band!*

And it's in this set, with the last two lines of "The Worm" that Procol's aphorism is stated with more defiance than they're even able to do in conversation.

The worm can be killed yet the tree be not dead
*For from the roots of the elder a new life will spread**

Ouch!

** Lyrics of "The Worm And The Tree" reprinted by kind permission of Bluebeard Music.*

MICHAEL NESMITH
New Single
RIO
WIP 6373
From his forthcoming album "From a Radio Engine to the Photon Wing" ILPS 9486
ISLAND

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Starting a record shop

MY FRIEND and I are planning to open a small record shop. We have premises and are going to have them fitted out — but our problem is that we have no knowledge of the procedure for purchasing record stock. We would be grateful if you could help us in this respect. — **ROBERT SMITH, Linthouse, Glasgow.**

● **Frankly, the way things are nowadays, anyone starting his own record emporium needs all the help he can get. So here's Louis Raynor, of Flyover Records, to explain how he managed to get his shop off the ground:**

"I had very little bread initially, but most of the companies expect you to have a large amount of money — and some said they'd only deal with bona-fide established dealers. But how can you be established when you're just starting out? To deal directly with the major companies meant depositing a cheque for maybe £300 with one company and making a large initial order — then you had to do the same with all the rest, Decca, Phonodisc, CBS etc., each of them wanting a different amount upfront.

"The total outlay was more than I could afford so I had to go to a well-known wholesale company and open a £300 account with them. This meant that I could obtain a supply of new records — but the snag was that they invariably came a week or two after all the other shops got their supply, which was useless.

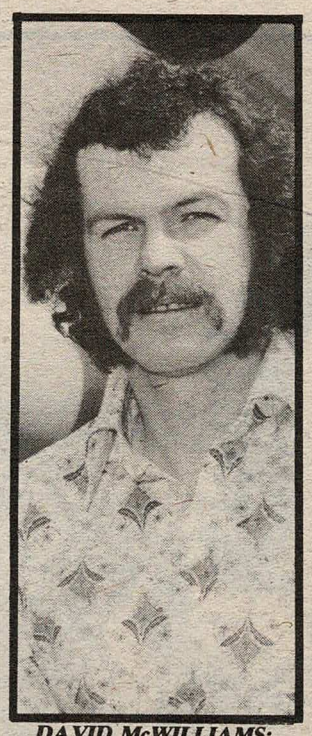
"Luckily I knew someone else in the record business who could help me — another retailer who was prepared to order for me and then let me have the discs for a marginal profit. This helped me to get established and I gradually signed first with one company, then with another, until — nearly two-and-a-half years after I'd begun — I was able to place a cheque for £800 with EMI, the last of the accounts I needed. But even then there was the usual four of five week delay while my credit rating was checked etc.

"So the thing is, you've got to be patient when you first open a record shop. But if you really believe in something, then go ahead and do it. That's the only way to succeed."

WHAT'S HAPPENED to David McWilliams? Has he made an album since "Living Is Just A State Of Mind", which came out nearly three years ago? How many of his albums are still in the catalogue? — **V. BALLARD, London W.11.**

● **It seems that McWilliams has been hibernating in Ireland for quite a while — but he recently returned to work and has been cutting tracks for release by EMI. A four-track sampler of his latest songs was being touted around the Midem Music Biz Festival in Cannes and it's probable that one of the songs on the disc, "By The Lights Of Cyrian", will be released as a single very shortly. A new McWilliams album is expected in late March-early April.**

At the last check, there were two McWilliams albums still to be found in the British catalogue — "Days Of Pearly Spencer" (Starline SRS5075) and "Lord Offaly" (Dawn DNLS3039).



DAVID McWILLIAMS: recording again

WOULD YOU settle an argument and let me know *exactly* the length of time that Bill Haley's "Rock Around The Clock" was top of the charts, and how long it was in the top 20. — **B. J. CROSS, Wimbledon, S.W.19.**

● **Overall, "Rock Around The Clock" — which has entered the British charts on no less than five separate occasions between 1955 and 1974 — has occupied Top 20 space for 36 weeks in all, dominating the No. 1 spot for between five and eight weeks throughout the winter of 1955-56 (depending upon whose charts you followed, ours or Record Mirror's — the only two charts then operating). It's longest stay in the British ratings (17 weeks) occurred during the same period, while in the States, the disc occupied Top 20 positions for 22 weeks during 1955.**

HAS NEIL Sedaka an appreciation society or fan club from which I can learn more about him? Also, are there any pre-"Solitaire" albums available — not including the 1959-65 material, that is? — **J. JAMESON, New Cross, London.**

● **There are two albums that fit into the required category, these being "Emergency" (RCA SF8248), the first of Sedaka's come-back albums and a worthwhile one, plus a dreadful made-in-Australia job that originally was released as "On Stage" (RCA INTS1486) but, or so I believe, is now available on a budget label at your local Woolies.**

Sedaka's official appreciation society is run by a guy called Mel Kirtley, of 3 Hawkesley Road, Sunderland SR4, 8AT, who says: "I'll write to any *NME* reader who wishes to know more about Sedaka, his music, availability of records, future appearances, the annual convention etc. All they've got to do is drop me a line and an SAE and I'll gladly send them all details free of charge."

Meanwhile, back at the Brill Building . . . .

CAN YOU tell me if the Pete Seeger / Arlo Guthrie "Live" double-album, which I saw in France, is available in this country? — **H. THOMPSON, Peterborough.**

I'VE JUST acquired "The Night Tripper" by Dr. John, but have been unable to obtain any other of his early "gris gris" recordings from the same era. Can you help? — **A. P. WILSON, Hutton, Brentwood, Essex.**

SOME TIME ago, *NME* reviewed "The Hobbitt", a boxed set containing the full reading of the text — but I can't find that review, so I'd appreciate details of the label, number, price, etc. Also, did anyone (God help 'em!) ever attempt or complete a similar project on "Lord Of The Rings"? — **HUMPHRY C. EARWICKER, Howth Castle, Dublin.**

● **Right, eyes down for quickie corner . . . Seeger and Guthrie's "In Concert" is alive and kicking on Reprise K64023, while a highly recommended portion of early Dr. John can be found on a cheapo album titled "Cut Me While I'm Hot" (DJM DJSLM2019). Finally, the touch of Tolkien was provided by that amazing guy Nicol Williamson, on Argo ZPL 1196/9, a four-album set that'll cost you around ten quid. And although I can't trace a completed "Rings" project, some excerpts can be found on Caedmon albums 1477 and 1478.**

I HAVE just come across an album called "Aztec Two Step", by a duo of the same name. I think the LP is really fine, but I've never heard of Rex Fowler and Neal Shulman, who comprise the group. Have you any info? — **DAWN ROSS, Troon, Ayrshire.**

● **The album you've found is a well-regarded Elektra item dating from 1973. I can't tell you much about Messrs Fowler and Shulman that cannot be gleaned from the sleeve of that Jerry Yester-produced elpee, except that they had one song, "The Persecution And Restoration Of Dean Moriarty", that was much played on the John Peel Show a few years back, and that they swiped their name from a line in a Ferlinghetti poem.**

A second album, produced by Paul Leka, eventually showed on RCA RS1034 in March, 1976. Titled "Second Step", and featuring such back-up folk as John Tropea, Ken Ascher, Don Payne and Don Elliott, it proved somewhat disappointing.

COULD YOU LIST all the albums made by The Raspberries, including their reference numbers, and tell me whether they're still available? Could you also list the line-up of the group on each album? — **S. WORMALD, Leeds.**

● **The Raspberries had four true albums released (all on Capitol) during their brief sojourn on the rock scene. The first, titled "Raspberries" (SK-11036 USA; EST-11036 GB) came our way in April, 1972; this was followed by "Fresh" (ST-11123 USA; EST 11123 GB) in November, 1972; "Side 3" (SMAS-11220 USA only)! September, 1973; and "Starting Over" (ST-11329 USA; EST-11329 GB), September 1974, the release dates being the American ones.**

The band originally comprised Wally Bryson (lead guitar), Eric Carmen (guitar, keyboards, lead vocals), Dave Smally (bass and guitar) and Jim Bonfanti (drums). Smally and Bonfanti left in December, 1973, to be replaced by Scott McCarl and Mike McBride. The final break-up occurred in March, 1975, with Carmen, the Rasps' main songwriter, going on to become a solo hitmaker on Arista.

Since the band's demise, American Capitol have released a "Best Of" compilation (ST-11524) but while all five albums are still available in the States, only "Starting Over" remains in the British catalogue.

MY MATE and I have been arguing for a week now. Could you settle this argument and tell us whether it was Emmylou Harris or Linda Ronstadt? Love and Peace. — **DEREK AND CLIVE, Cotham, Bristol.**

● **Yes, it's definitely crunchy—but on the other hand it's also chewy. God—no wonder you've been arguing for a week. Even Tobler couldn't answer this one! Happy Silver Jubilee anyway.**

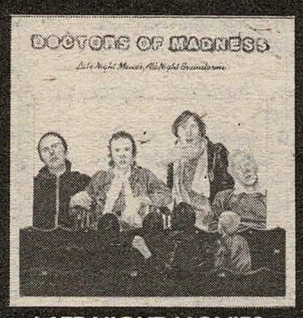
ROUTE 77 tour

FEBRUARY
16 Salisbury, City Hall
17 Middleton, Civic
18 Bridlington, Spa Royal Hall
19 Leicester Polytechnic
20 Redcar, The Coatham Bowl
21 Stafford, The Top Of The World
23 Tunbridge Wells, Assembly Rooms
24 Leeds, Polytechnic
25 Newcastle Polytechnic
26 Loughborough University
27 Canterbury, Kent University
MARCH
1 Penzance, The Gardens
2 Plymouth, The Fiesta
3 Eastbourne, Winter Gardens

Bath University 4
Reading University 5
St. Albans City Hall 7
London, The Marquee Club 8
(Doctors of Madness Only)
Keele University 9
Glamorgan Polytechnic 10
Retford, The Porterhouse 11
Northampton, Cricket Club 12
Sheffield, Top Rank 13
Doncaster, Outlook 14
Cleethorpes, Winter Gardens 15
Bournemouth Town Hall 17
Cromer, The West Runton Pavillion 18
London, The Rainbow 19
(Pat Travers Only)

Tour arranged by Cowbell Agency

DOCTORS OF MADNESS



FIGMENTS OF EMANCIPATION

LATE NIGHT MOVIES, ALL NIGHT BRAINSTORMS

polydor Records & Tapes

PAT TRAVERS

MAKIN MAGIC available soon

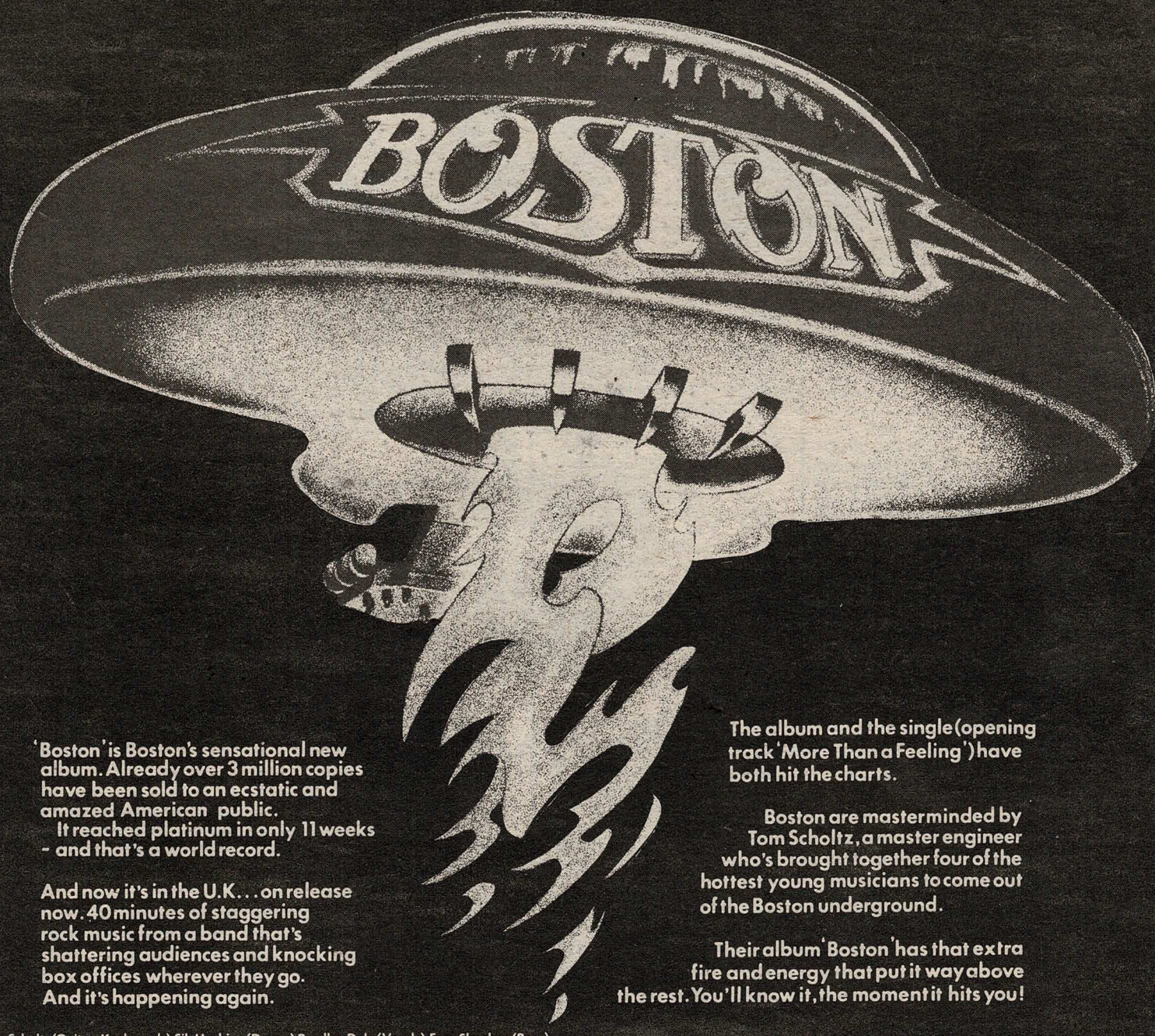
PAT TRAVERS

polydor Records & Tapes

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS THE TYLA GANG

Boston

flying high...



'Boston' is Boston's sensational new album. Already over 3 million copies have been sold to an ecstatic and amazed American public.
It reached platinum in only 11 weeks - and that's a world record.

And now it's in the U.K... on release now. 40 minutes of staggering rock music from a band that's shattering audiences and knocking box offices wherever they go.
And it's happening again.

The album and the single (opening track 'More Than a Feeling') have both hit the charts.

Boston are masterminded by Tom Scholtz, a master engineer who's brought together four of the hottest young musicians to come out of the Boston underground.

Their album 'Boston' has that extra fire and energy that put it way above the rest. You'll know it, the moment it hits you!

Barry Gourdreau (Guitar). Tom Scholtz (Guitar/Keyboards). Sib Hashian (Drums). Bradley Delp (Vocals). Fran Sheehan (Bass).

Album: 'Boston' EPC 81611
Single: 'More Than A Feeling' EPC 4658

on Epic Records & Tapes

It's sold 3 million in the U.S. - now it's flying high in the charts here!

SINGLES

Have tearful Texan turkey. Will transform.*

Above: The great archivist of North American popular musical culture hisself — RY COODER, B.A. (failed)

by
ROY CARR

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (Wishful Thinking Department)

RY COODER: He'll Have To Go (Reprise) Though this isn't available as a single in Britain, it's already charted with all the velocity of a Saturn 5 interplanetary rocket in Holland.

The severest test of Cooder's idiosyncratic talent as an interpretative artist has been his ability to remove the wince from Jim Reeves' all-time tearful turkey and transform it into a song full of great warmth and poignancy. Set against what can be best described as a Tex-Mex rhumba rhythm, Cooder croaks out the lyrics with heartfelt sincerity whilst accordionist Flaco Jimenez and the rest of the Chicken Skin Band decorate it with atmospheric old-world charm. What's more, it's great to dance to. If WEA release this in Britain, it'll be a hit and a big one at that. I have spoken.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: American Girl (Shelter) Dunno if British radio is geared to enable this record to realise its genuine chart potential, but simply because it might not blitz the nation's airwaves doesn't mean it has to die the proverbial. One of the freshest and most invigorating new American-based bands to have emerged in the last year or two, Tommy and The 'Breakers, if they're half as good in person as this record suggests, have got it well and truly made. Replete with aggressive no-nonsense slap drumming and a fusillade of Byrds-inspired guitars, it doesn't come as too much of a surprise to discover that when Tom Petty steps up to the mike he sounds like a rejuvenated Roger McGuinn. Producer Denny Cordell and The Heartbreakers have both done each other proud with a superbly arranged hard-rock song that vividly reflects living in The Biggest Cheeseburger In The World. Joint Single Of The Week.

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THERE HOLLYWOOD HILLS...

ANDREW GOLD: Lonely Boy (Asylum); ERNEST GOLD: Steiner's Theme / Main Title From 'Cross Of Iron' (EMI) The most powerful track from "What's Wrong With This Picture", "Lonely Boy" is as near perfect a single you're likely to hear for the rest of '77. Not only is Andrew Gold a strong contender as one of the late Seventies' most enjoyable songwriters, but he's also a singer, guitarist, pianist and arranger of infinite good taste. There was a time when one would say a record like this was too good for the charts. I would like to think that this theory no longer applies. Joint Single Of The Week. Meanwhile, Andy's dad skillfully juxtaposes the sound of Teutonic tinytots-a-trilling with the occasional menacing Gothic shimmer and a Gentleman's Excuse-Me Goose Step for Sam Peckinpah's latest dive into madness and mayhem. "Steiner's Theme" is a stock-in-trade wide-screen melodrama.

BARBRA STREISAND: Love Theme From 'A Star Is Born' (CBS) Hooray For Hollywood!! Seems Tinsel Town has suddenly discovered what it assumes to be the true ethos of rock 'n' roll in the dusty script of one of Babylon's all-time showbiz tearjerkers. Streisand gets Judy Garland's old lines to repeat whilst Kristofferson is cast in James Mason's old shoes. Together, they strip to the buff, gargle with Listerine and pose nose-to-nose for one of the most ludicrous publicity stills since Rudolph Valentino got to clutches with his leading lady in "The Sheik". If that ain't sufficient to make you bust your britches with howls of derision, then take a listen to these excerpts from The Most Expensive Single Album Ever Retailed. If this is some Hollywood joker's idea of the future of rock 'n' roll then truly, the music is dead. The Theme, sorry, The Love Theme is pure schmaltz of the worst possible kind, whilst the flip (complete with estatic rock audience noises) wouldn't cut it at chorus line fodder in Las Vegas Show Room. Needless to say that Stateside it's moving faster than shit off a shovel.

SHE: "Ever blow your nose, big boy?" HE: "If I want any crap from you, I'll squeeze your head."

STEPTOE & SON

DAVID BOWIE: Sound And Vision / A New Career In A New Town (RCA); MICK RONSON: Billy Porter (RCA) You can't be complacent about Bowie and his music. At worst, he can drive you to exasperation and, at best, totally re-orientate your thinking. The controversy surrounding "Low" is almost as intense as when he publicly killed-off Ziggy and portrayed Thomas Jerome Newton. Everyone, including myself, has his own theory concerning Bowie's present phase of activity and one that can't really be condensed into a single review. What's your opinion? Answers on a postcard. Ronson's cut is more Bowiesque than The Man himself, a Vintage '74 cut from "Play Don't Worry", released (as they say) by popular demand. Seems that this has been causing unbridled excitement amongst the remnants of the Northern Glitter Kids Revival Society.

HOW TO CRAM A QUART INTO A PINT POT:

THE BEST OF AMERICAN PUNK ROCK featuring TUFF DARTS: All For The Love Of Rock And Roll / Head Over Heels; THE SHIRTS: Poe; MINK de VILLE: Let Me Dream If I Want To (Atlantic) I've lost count of the times it's been suggested that, aside from Dylan's "Blonde On Blonde", there's not a double album that couldn't have been artfully trimmed back to one volume. Well, WEA's Dave (The Rave) Walters, truly a most wonderful and sensitive human being, has gone one step beyond and streamlined the double "Live At CBGB'S" double album into an EP! Of the four cuts, Tuff Darts weird synthesis of early Who and Alice Cooper on "All For The Love Of Rock And Roll" is the most immediate. The full-colour safety pin through the ear-lobe pic sleeve will make this a memorable artifact of 1977 A.D.

WINGS: Maybe I'm Amazed / Soily (EMI). One of Fab Paulie's finest hours and a truly majestic cut from Wings' "Bird Droppings Over Baltimore" triple-decker layer-cake. Almost as good as Rod Stewart and The Faces' unsurpassable in-concert rendition. The hitherto unrecorded "Soily" depicts Wings toying most effectively with The Feelgoods familiar "Roxette" ridhem. A true hit. What else!

TYLA GANG: Suicide Jockey (Skydog) That notorious deep-throated ballroom bully Sean Tyla appears to be springing up on more record labels than the late-lamented Jimi Hendrix. In recent months, he's enhanced his reputation with "Styrofoam" (Stiff), "Amsterdam Dog" (Dynamo) and third time around, the Tyla Gang manifest themselves quite favourably on an uncompromising head -on - down - the - highway truckers anthem. One of the best releases of this week, "Suicide Jockey" not only benefits from oodles of tastey acoustic rhythm figures and voice-bag guitar licks but a dance beat that could enable it to infiltrate all territories.

AL JARREAU: Rainbow In Your Eyes / Spirit / Glow (Reprise) The much-vaunted Mr Jarreau sings in an intimate clipped half-breathless sophisticated funk style where each and every syllable is either bent or distorted like a flexible metal coat-hanger. Through circumstances beyond my control I missed Jarreau's stint last April at Ronnie Scott's Fun Palace, but listening to his records I assume that half the pleasure is to be garnered from his in-person performance. If you can't get to see him try this as an appetizer.

No, no! I'M Ry Cooder! You made a mistake, I tell you . . .

MOTHER'S FINEST: Rain (Epic); HUNTER Rain (Penny Farthing) Not to be confused with Fab Johnny Rhythm's psychedelic classic of the same name, Mother's Finest come on so damn heavy that, even when played at half volume, it's possible to drive six-inch steel nails into masonry without the aid of a steam hammer. On the flip side of their debut single, Hunter tackle the Johnny Rhythm song as though it had been arranged for them by Supertramp. On the top deck, "Don't Walk On By" confirms that they need to check out both Andrew Gold and The Eagles on how to arrange their music.

T' be confused with some defunct MOR hick! The HUMILIATION of it . . .

★ *And other fables of Show Business . . .*

RESURRECTION RE-SHUFFLE:

LES GRAY: Groovy Kind Of Love (Warner Bros); BILL BOWDEN: Help (Rocket); SHIRLEY & JOHNNY: Chapel Of Love (Decca); DEAD END KIDS: Have I The Right (CBS); DEODATO: Peter Gunn (MCA) Without detracting too much from The Mindbenders' transatlantic hit version of "Groovy Kind Of Love", Mud's mainman Les Gray breathes sufficient life into this groper to ensure that this, his first solo excursion, gets added to almost every radio station playlist. In complete contrast, Bill Bowden's limp revival of The Fabs' "Help" is pointless — likewise Shirley and Johnny's "Chapel Of Love". The fact that The Dixie Cups original hit version of this perennial Barry, Greenwich and Spector opus is currently available on Charly won't help its chances or the undeniable fact that Shirley and Johnny sound like The George Mitchell Singers trying, without any success, to get down. Sadly, the Dead End Kids don't live up to their name with "Have I The Right", the old wimp hit by The Honeycombs. Some songs *don't* mature with the passing of time, they just sound worse. Finally, Deodato turns in a predictable disco-fried rehash of Duane Eddy's old showstopper.

NO UNAUTHORISED TIPPING ON THIS SITE:

THE CHAPLIN BAND: Let's Have A Party (EMI / HMV); CERRONE: Love In 'C' Minor (Atlantic); ALFIE KAUN SOUND ORCHESTRA: Law Of The Land (Atlantic) One of the most distressing aspects of being part of the EEC is that we're now subjected to the unpleasant practice of disco-dreck dumping. Truthfully, there ain't anything the least bit funky about people who eat frogs and snails or sauerkraut and sausages or chomp on cheese, wear wooden clogs and stick their fingers in dykes. Depending upon which side of a 12-inch disco-cut single you play, "Let's Have A Party" is either five or 10½ minutes of cliched Dutch clogging. Cerrone is a French drummer who makes his records in London. "Love In 'C' Minor" is fast flying cymbals, deep breathing and thoroughly vacuous. "Law Of The Land" is this week's German entry and this re-work of The Temptations / Norman Whitfield standard is so lame that it makes James Last sound like The Mothers Of Invention.

BARRY WHITE: I'm Qualified To Satisfy You (20th Century)
Oh no you're not, sailor!

Supercharge

HORIZONTAL REFRESHMENT

Buster Keaton. The Average White Band. Little Feat. Frank Zappa. Steely Dan. And Queen.

Together they make Supercharge.

Supercharge are seven supremely versatile musicians. And their new album Horizontal Refreshment is a guided tour of their phenomenal skills.
But it ain't just clever.
It's aflame with enthusiasm and excitement. It's an album (in the words of Evelyn Waugh) that'll make your party go.
It's Horizontal Refreshment.
The brand new album from Supercharge.

In concert at VICTORIA PALACE with special guests THE SURPRISE SISTERS

Sunday 27th February

TICKETS ON SALE NOW
Available at the box office and Virgin Records stores

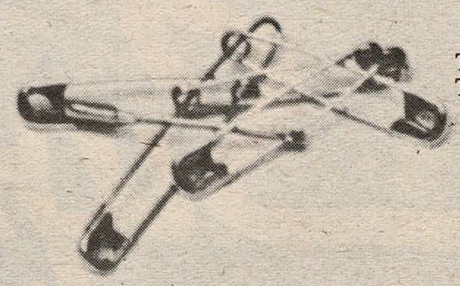
SUPERCHARGE YOURSELF!

New album out now on Virgin. V2067

NME Readers POLL

BEST GROUP
1. **Led Zeppelin**
2. **Genesis**
3. **The Who**
4. Thin Lizzy
5. Little Feat
6. Rolling Srones
7. Dr. Feelgood
8. Lynyrd Skynyrd
9. Queen
10. Pink Floyd
11. Eddie And The Hot Rods
12. Eagles
13. Yes
14. Fleetwood Mac
15. Wings

As last year, Zeppelin all but clean up in whatever category they qualify for. Genesis, meanwhile, don't get any firsts — but otherwise can feel pretty pleased with themselves. Here they take over the No.2 slot from Queen, who drop in the ratings along with Yes, 10cc, Roxy Music, and Bad Company. Also on the up: Little Feat (not bad for a group with no new album in 12 months), Thin Lizzy, Feelgoods and Skynyrd.

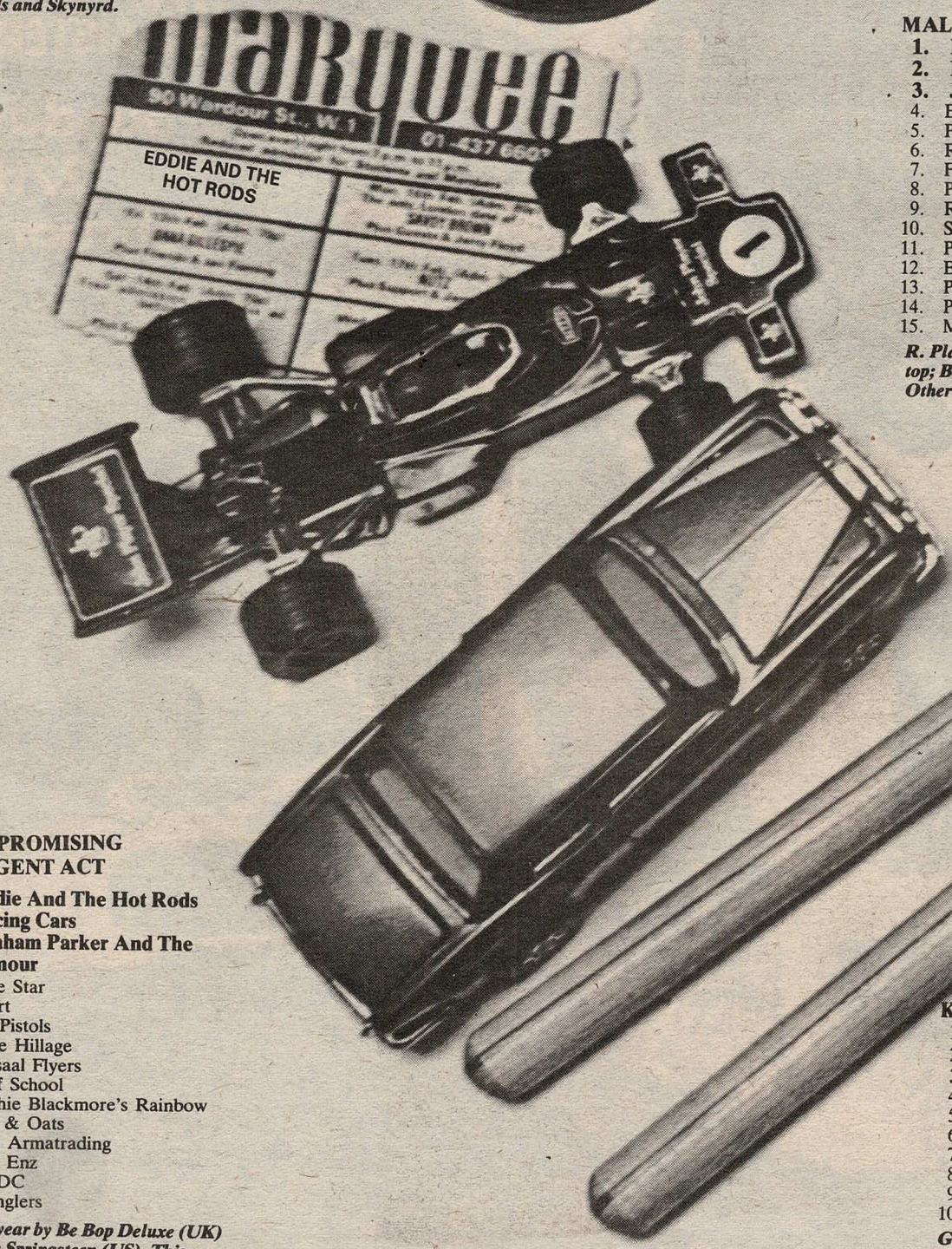


TURKEY OF THE YEAR
1. **Sex Pistols**
2. **Johnny Rotten**
3. **Punk Rock**
4. Bay City Rollers
5. Bill Grundy
6. Queen
7. Peter Frampton
8. Patti Smith
9. Britt Ekland
10. Freddie Mercury

At least Punk/Pistols/Grundy pushed the BCRs off the national front pages for a spell. Predictably they've done the same in the Turkey stakes. The rest speak for themselves, ho hum.

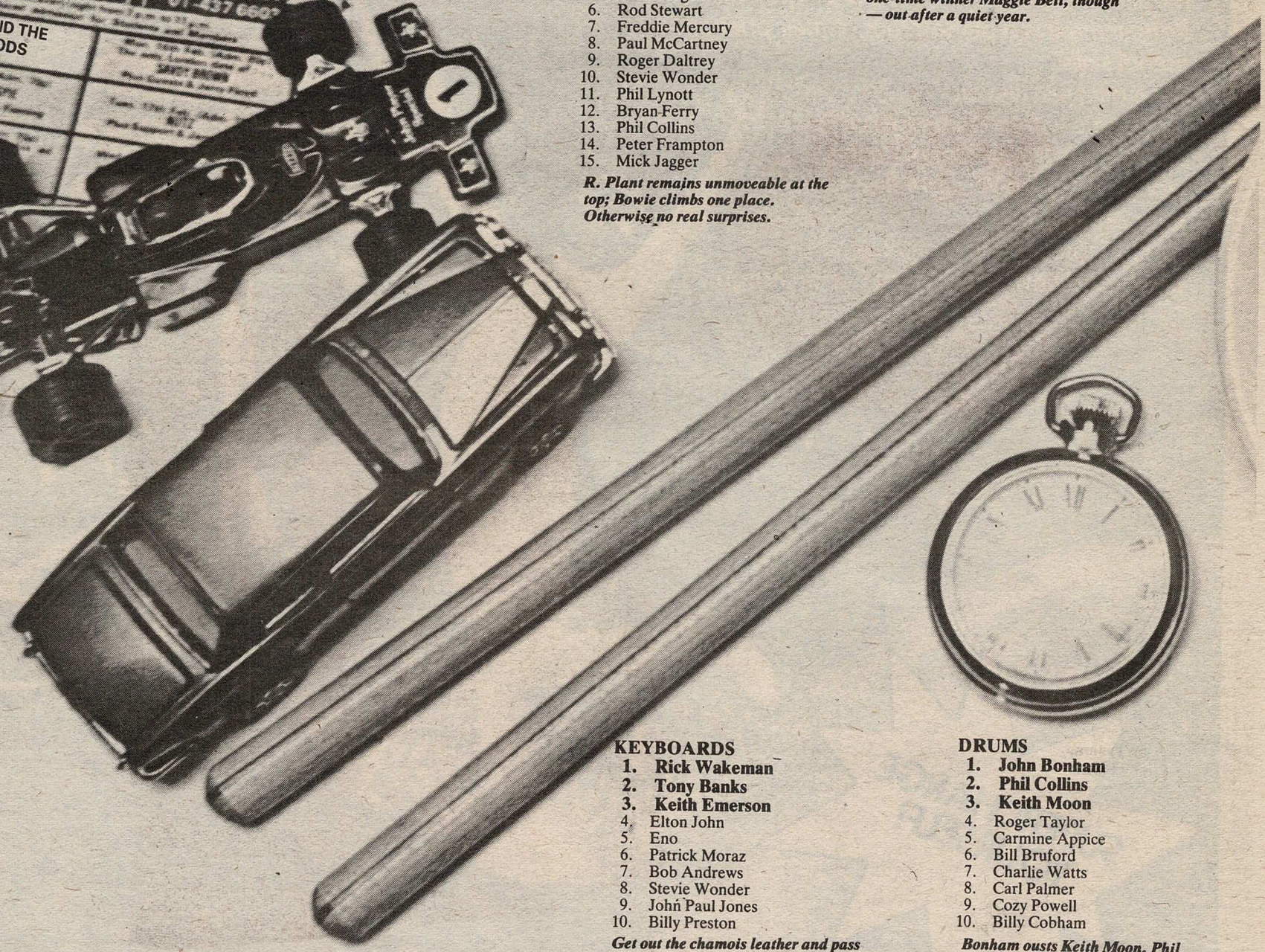
FEMALE SINGER
1. **Linda Ronstadt**
2. **Joni Mitchell**
3. **Joan Armatrading**
4. Kiki Dee
5. Patti Smith
6. Annie Haslam
7. Grace Slick
8. Emmylou Harris
9. Maddy Prior
10. Ann Wilson
11. Sonja Kristina
12. Janis Ian
13. Linda Lewis
14. Yvonne Elliman
15. Diana Ross

Neck and neck stuff this, with La Ronstadt and La Mitchell separated by only a split ends' breath, and Joan and Kiki similarly close in contention for places three and four. . . Exit one-time winner Maggie Bell, though — out after a quiet year.



MALE SINGER
1. **Robert Plant**
2. **David Bowie**
3. **Jon Anderson**
4. Bob Dylan
5. Paul Rodgers
6. Rod Stewart
7. Freddie Mercury
8. Paul McCartney
9. Roger Daltrey
10. Stevie Wonder
11. Phil Lynott
12. Bryan Ferry
13. Phil Collins
14. Peter Frampton
15. Mick Jagger

R. Plant remains unmoveable at the top; Bowie climbs one place. Otherwise no real surprises.



MOST PROMISING EMERGENT ACT
1. **Eddie And The Hot Rods**
2. **Racing Cars**
3. **Graham Parker And The Rumour**
4. Lone Star
5. Heart
6. Sex Pistols
7. Steve Hillage
8. Kursaal Flyers
9. Deaf School
10. Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow
11. Hall & Oats
12. Joan Armatrading
13. Split Enz
14. AC/DC
15. Stranglers

Won last year by Be Bop Deluxe (UK) and Bruce Springsteen (US). This year, by a convincing margin, live from The Marquee . . . Eddie And The Hot Rods. Teenage Elation . . .

Photography
CHALKIE DAVIES

KEYBOARDS
1. **Rick Wakeman**
2. **Tony Banks**
3. **Keith Emerson**
4. Elton John
5. Eno
6. Patrick Moraz
7. Bob Andrews
8. Stevie Wonder
9. John Paul Jones
10. Billy Preston

Get out the chamois leather and pass the concept Rick, you're still No.1. But watch out for eager young T. Banks.

DRUMS
1. **John Bonham**
2. **Phil Collins**
3. **Keith Moon**
4. Roger Taylor
5. Carmine Appice
6. Bill Bruford
7. Charlie Watts
8. Carl Palmer
9. Cozy Powell
10. Billy Cobham

Bonham ousts Keith Moon. Phil Collins hauls himself up from last year's No.9.

LORD take this BADGE off o'ME
I can't USE it anymore
Gettin' DARK too dark t'SEE
Feel LIKE I'm dying on the FLOOR
Knockin on HEAVEN's DOOR

SONGWRITER/COMPOSER

1. **Bob Dylan**
2. **Stevie Wonder**
3. **David Bowie**
4. Pete Townshend
5. Jimmy Page/Robert Plant
6. Paul McCartney
7. Jackson Browne
8. Phil Lynott
9. Elton John/Bernie Taupin
10. Graham Parker

New category won convincingly by young R. Zimmerman of New York.

TELEVISION SHOW

1. **Old Grey Whistle Test**
2. **Fawlty Towers**
3. **The Muppets**
4. The Sweeney
5. Happy Days
6. Dr. Who
7. Rutland Weekend
8. Swap Shop
9. Match Of The Day
10. M*A*S*H

Cheeky we thought, opening up the TV category to non-music shows. Still, OGWT stayed there with an only slightly reduced majority. But what happened to Top Of The Pops??

GUITARIST

1. **Jimmy Page**
2. **Ritchie Blackmore**
3. **Steve Hillage**
4. Brian May
5. Steve Howe
6. Pete Townshend
7. Keith Richard
8. Rory Gallagher
9. Steve Hackett
10. Eric Clapton
11. Nils Lofgren
12. Carlos Santana
13. Phil Manzanera
14. Wilko Johnson
15. Ry Cooder

Page, under no real threat, holds onto No.1 with Blackmore moving up and Steve Hillage making his poll debut.

DISC JOCKEY

1. **John Peel**
2. **Alan Freeman**
3. **Nicky Horne**
4. Noel Edmunds
5. Kenny Everett
6. Johnnie Walker
7. Bob Harris
8. Kid Jensen
9. Anne Nightingale
10. Paul Gambaccini

One and two positions a repeat from last year. Nicky Horne changes places with Noel Edmunds.

MOST MISSED DEAD ACT

1. **Jimi Hendrix**
2. **Paul Kossoff**
3. **Deep Purple**
4. The Beatles
5. Free
6. The Doors
7. ELP
8. Roxy Music
9. The Faces
10. King Crimson

A newie for the '77 Poll and we really didn't know what you'd make of this. Good to see you still remember Jimi'n'Koss, plus there's a few pertinent hints there to some deceased acts still (presumably) in control of their own destinies.

MOST WONDERFUL HUMAN BEING

1. **Johnny Rotten**
2. **Jimmy Page**
3. **David Bowie**
4. John Lennon
5. Robert Plant
6. Linda Ronstadt
7. Pete Townshend
8. Bob Dylan
9. Elton John
10. Freddie Mercury

Now come on, you didn't really take this seriously did you. Did you?

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENTALIST

1. **Mike Oldfield**
2. **Ian Anderson**
3. **David Bowie**
4. Jon Anderson
5. Eno
6. Andy Mackay
7. Stevie Wonder
8. Brian May
9. Lee Brilleaux
10. Bob Dylan

Master Oldfart romps home with a huge margin over second-placed Ian Anderson. Back to the calculator Mike.

SINGLE

1. **The Boys Are Back In Town(Thin Lizzy)**
2. **Live At The Marquee EP (Eddie And The Hot Rods)**
3. **Fool To Cry (Rolling Stones)**
4. Anarchy In The UK (Sex Pistols)
5. Don't Fear The Reaper (Blue Oyster Cult)
6. If You Leave Me Now (Chicago)
7. I'm Mandy Fly Me (10cc)
8. Mystery Song (Status Quo)
9. Haitian Divorce (Steely Dan)
10. Somebody To Love (Queen)

The Guinness boys leave their mark with the single that also came top in the NME writers' choice of 45s from '76.

ALBUM

1. **The Song Remains The Same (Led Zeppelin)**
2. **A Trick Of The Tail (Genesis)**
3. **Desire (Bob Dylan)**
4. Station To Station (David Bowie)
5. Wind And Wuthering (Genesis)
6. Stupidity (Dr. Feelgood)
7. Heat Treatment (Graham Parker)
8. Jailbreak (Thin Lizzy)
9. L (Steve Hillage)
10. Cry Tough (Nils Lofgren)

"The Song Etc" replaces "Graffiti". Genesis score twice.

RADIO SHOW

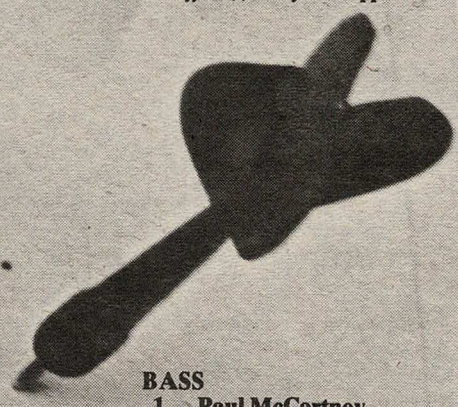
1. **Alan Freeman's Saturday Show**
2. **Nicky Horne/Your Mother Wouldn't Like It**
3. **John Peel Show**
4. Anne Nightingale Show
5. In Concert/Sight And Sound
6. Kenny Everett Show
7. Noel Edmunds' Breakfast Show
8. Paul Gambaccini
9. Dave Cash
10. Radio Caroline

Alan Freeman holds onto the No.1 slot, the first three places remaining the same. Last year's No.4 was Johnnie Walker, now sadly absent from these shores.

BEST DRESSED SLEEVE

1. **The Song Remains The Same (Led Zeppelin — designed Hypnosis/Hardie)**
2. **Olias Of Sunhillow (Jon Anderson — designed David Roe)**
3. **A Trick Of The Tail (Genesis — designed Hypnosis/Colin Elgie)**
4. Jailbreak (Thin Lizzy — designed Jim Pitzpatrick)
5. The Royal Scam (Steely Dan — designed Ed Caraeff)
6. Rainbow Rising (Blackmore's Rainbow — designed Fin Costello)
7. Teenage Depression (Eddie & The Hot Rods — designed Michael Beal)
8. Stupidity (Dr. Feelgood —designed Paul Henry)
9. Songs In The Key Of Life (Stevie Wonder — designed —)
10. Story Of The Who (Designed Tony Mackertich)

Last year Zeppelin ("Physical Graffiti"), this year Zeppelin.



BASS

1. **Paul McCartney**
2. **Chris Squire**
3. **Phil Lynott**
4. John Paul Jones
5. John Entwistle
6. Stanley Clarke
7. John Deacon
8. Bill Wyman
9. Mike Rutherford
10. Geezer Butler

Macca roars up to replace Chris Squire. But who are the 17 jokers who voted for Charringtons??

THE DA

Album o
Play it at y

32 Alexander St
"The sound is

MINED

ut now.
our sister.

eet London W2
n the plastic"

SILVER SCREEN

SUPER COLLOSSAL MOVIE CONSUMER GUIDE

There are 1,800 cinemas in the UK — and they're all out to get you

Koo Stark in Emily. Which one gets your quid.

No wonder the ones who make it — Sinatra, Bennett, Martin — flaunt understatement like wealth. More than Charlie, Tony or Michael, Johnny Boy exemplifies this emotional hothouse of volatile impulses.

Robert De Niro's performance steals the film, sidetracks the theme. His entry into Tony's bar, a chick on each arm, overcoat, stingy-brim hat, spearpoint shirt and, inexplicably, no trousers, is pure bravura. He owes money to everyone, most significantly to Michael who is only kept from collecting by the collateral of Charlie's friendship. Shifty, amoral, anarchic, Johnny Boy is a bad risk and then some. He wakes up the neighbourhood by firing his .38 into the night, and spreads his handkerchief before sitting down with a nice regard for appearance. Charlie's attempts to keep his friend in line soon resemble masochism, a point astutely recognised by Johnny Boy who has just burned his boats by offering ten bucks and violence to Michael on a three thousand dollar debt: 'Now you got what you want."

Charlie's balancing act — grace on the vig — winds up in disaster as Michael exacts his pound of flesh. "Now's the time" says Michael, and his hit-man kisses off that dream of a restaurant, respect and reputation in a hail of gunfire.

Scripted and directed by Martin Scorsese, *Mean Streets*, like *Taxi Driver*, never quite makes it on the schematic level, but drives straight and true at the emotions. An American Visconti, his talents are up the La Scala end of storytelling where the plumage — the fall of a neck-tie, feel of a monogram, ritual unfurling of a killer's hair before the kill — will always eclipse the bird. A poet of the extremes, Scorsese tracks with sumptuous movements the freewheeling brio of his pimps and players, but lacks the Jansenist iron for his spiritual theme. You'll come out whistling the quarrels though . . .

Brian Case

Cross Of Iron

Directed by Sam Peckinpah

An Anglo-German production ostensibly to show the ragged retreat of the German army from the Russian front — *a la* Sven Hassell — but in reality merely a movie playing on the box office attraction of slow motion gore, with the attempted meaningful commentary on the horror, futility and waste of war. It's so glib, facile and unconvincing that you keep expecting AUTHOR'S MESSAGE! AUTHOR'S MESSAGE! to be flahed on the screen . . .

Sam Peckinpah is the absolute master of romantic sadism. This means that his camera dwells lovingly on the physical horrors of war — slow motion shots of brains and blood being spilled, corpses frozen and crushed flat by advancing enemy tanks, wounded soldiers with gory stumps instead of legs and arms — while retaining a very Hollywood naivety in a belief not so much of the dignity of the Human Spirit as the necessity of the Good Guys - Bad Guys cliche.

So, although in *Cross Of Iron* James Coburn may play the role of a battle-hardened German sergeant in command of a crew of filthy trained killers playing their part in the Aryans ragged nightmare retreat from the Russian front in 1943, we are expected to believe that this Sergeant Steiner is a man who has seen eyeball to eyeball every assorted horror that edited highlights of World War II has to offer.

Peckinpah *also* expects us to swallow the line that here is a man who, despite all he has been through, will still risk a firing squad to prevent the execution of a Russian child soldier who minutes before had been wasting his Nazi buddies in the field of combat, will, after complaining about how much he needed a woman, stumble across a Russian women's unit and strip them naked to steal their uniforms while making *absolutely sure* that none of his men lay a finger on the female foes (most of whom, coincidentally, resemble *Vogue* models), will say how much he hates war and yet, after being sent home because of battle wounds, return to to the front instead to be with his comrades . . .

Hi, fellas! It's good to be back!

God, Peckinpah should have just stuck a white stetson on Coburn's close-cropped head and got scriptwriters Epstein and Asmodi (nice Jewish boys?) to stick in lines like, "Ach, how I miss Gerda und der children . . ."

The plodding plot revolves around a spineless Prussian aristocratic Battalion Commander who arrives on the battered front with but one intention — to go home to *mutter und fater mit der* Iron Cross pinned to his chest. Maximilian Schnell is most unconvincing in his role as glory starved Captain Stransky.

Cross Of Iron is merely a sadistic war movie celebrating violence as much as any Spaghetti western. But when the mock profundities are being forcefed to you so often and so facilely alongside the clip of film where the German soldier has the end of his manhood bitten off by a Russian girl who he is forcing to have oral sex with him, then you realise that anyone lusting after both box office and artistic acceptance can really only end up in one place — flat on his face. Which is where Sam Peckinpah is now.

Tony Parsons

Charlotte

Directed by Roger Vadim

And hot on the tail (and we do mean tail) of Sylvia Kristel as *Emmanuelle*, Annie Belle as *Laure*, and Koo Stark as *Emily*, we present Sirpa Lane as *Charlotte*, yet another glossy Froggie excuse to spread (and we do mean spread) even more luscious female thighs across your local magic lantern emporium.

Roger Vadim's latest contemporary moral tale deals with the gruesome death of a cute brat who had a finger (or something) in too many pies. Shot through what could be the eyes of some cunning voyeur, the camera lingers in true *verite* style over shoulders, overhead, from below. In a decidedly *un verite* manner, however, certain sex scenes appear to be filmed through gauze, and fade outs are the order of the day. Vadim seems in danger of becoming the Blake Edwards of cafe society.

Despite this, *Charlotte* is a pretty film, tasteful almost to the point of sterility with an essentially Gallic *laissez faire*; not so much a whodunnit as a whocareswhodunnit. Vadim, as the only interested party, pursues clues with all the fervour of a punk chasing employment. Everyone else poses around like the parents of Roxy Covent Garden patrons, looking elegantly dissipated and waiting for the movie to be through.

Sirpa Lane as Charlotte is obliquely beautiful in the tomboy manner of a Max Factor California cosmetic commercial, and Mathieu Carriere as the decadently lovely sapphire-ice-eyed playboy Eric von Shallenberg (who once rode a motor cycle through the Sistine Chapel) does a good imitation of Helmut Berger. The dialogue (English subtitles) is occasionally curiously sexually reticent, extraordinary for a movie of such *dolce vita sang froid*.

"Why me?" enquires Vadim tenderly, just after deflowering the sweet Charlotte.

"Because *you know*," she replies straight faced, gazing mistily into his eyes. Gee — Fraternity Pins Rule O.K.

On another occasion, Charlotte suggests: "Let's play Lady Chatterley's Lover".

Fun and games, eh kids?

But on a superficial level Vadim captures well the Parisienne suburbs of 1968, the prosperous overview of the Rimbaud meets Jean-Jacques Lebel just a few miles away for an action replay of the French Revolution. Charlotte, fighting the good fight not for political conviction but for her love of disorder and physical danger, could strike a chord in the minds of many of the so-called Blank Generation.

"She was trying to find in sex the goodness she couldn't find elsewhere," a friend of Charlotte's reflects wistfully (good excuse to use when your parents arrive home earlier than you anticipated).

"Exclusivity is a shopkeeper's ideal. It has nothing to do with love," whimpers Charlotte's fag husband, Serge.

But there are certain moments of picturesque piquancy; Charlotte, dropping priceless pearls over an aquaduct, marvelling that pearls and drops of vomit make the same ripples: Charlotte, in front of her lover on a white marble balcony overlooking the ocean, jerking off exquisitely with slim sunburnt hands.

"One day I'm going to kill you while we're making love," says the selfsame lover to Charlotte as the movie commences. Like a gentleman he keeps his promise, and Charlotte comes and goes (for the last time) in perfect sync. Even as she quits respiring, she resembles a *Marie-Claire* mannequin, her eyes bulging like she's demonstrating a new smudgeproof mascara.

In the final analysis it's just a re-run of the old Oshima *Empire Of The Senses* / Hesse *Steppenwolf* hypothesis that ecstasy and death are inextricably linked and, like a horse and carriage, you don't get one without the other. Which is all very sensible, but filming it like a lip gloss commercial just don't cut it. Contrary to what Roger Vadim may believe, people don't look cute with their eyes falling out.

Julie Burchill

EMILY

Directed by Henry Herbert

Coming (snigger) after the bronzed, brown, black and yellow *Emmanuelles* (and the rest) is pale pink *Emily*. Must be something to do with our inclement weather. For this belated British entrant in the "tastefully erotic" stakes isn't even pale blue. The closest it gets to that colour is with the blood of the director (who happens to be the Earl of Pembroke) and one of the actors (Sir Jeremy Child).

However, devoid of any of the specious philosophising which disfigures her Gallic counterpart, *Emily* is good value for a few scurrilous chuckles. And since the eponymous heroine is played by Koo Stark (Koo *who*?), these begin with the credits. She's sweet 17 in the naughty 1920s, returning home from a European finishing school, sexually precocious and raring to have someone teach her about . . . things.

Who'll the lucky person be? That beastly Victor Spinetti, perhaps, a smarmy playboy ever-ready with a pout or leer. Or the young, innocent, "terribly naice", graceless, gormless Richard Oldfield. Surely not Ina Skriver, the tasty foreign bint with artistic leanings, or her husband, Constantin de Goguel, the respected and respectable doctor.

Anyway, no one manages it until Emily has had a couple of masturbatory flourishes — one on her bed, alongside a golliwog (ah, very symbolic), another with a bi-plane joystick (flying, huh?).

Lovely to look at — cinematographer Jack Hildyard's resolutely soft-focus autumnal shadings are redolent of a movie's worth of margarine commercials; delightful to hear — coupled with her knowing eyes, Koo Stark's totally inappropriate

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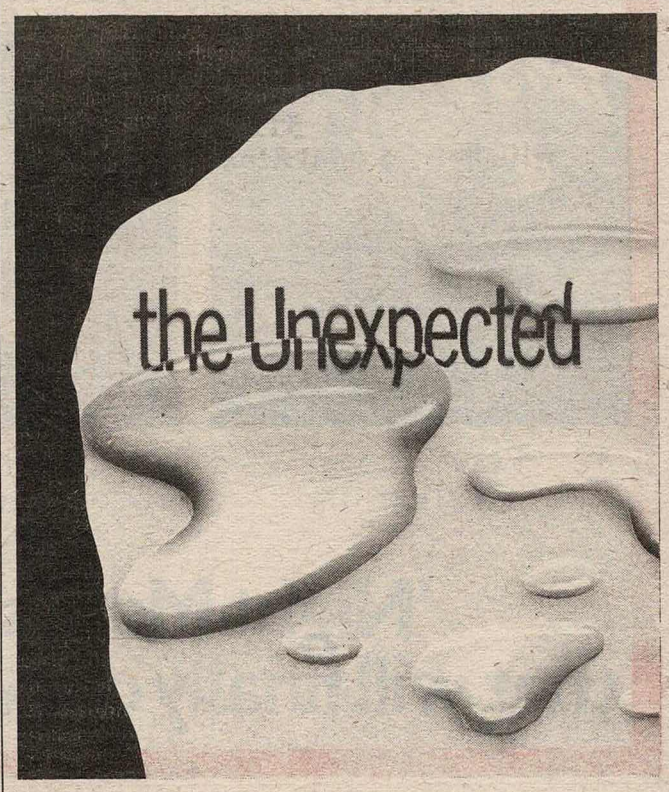
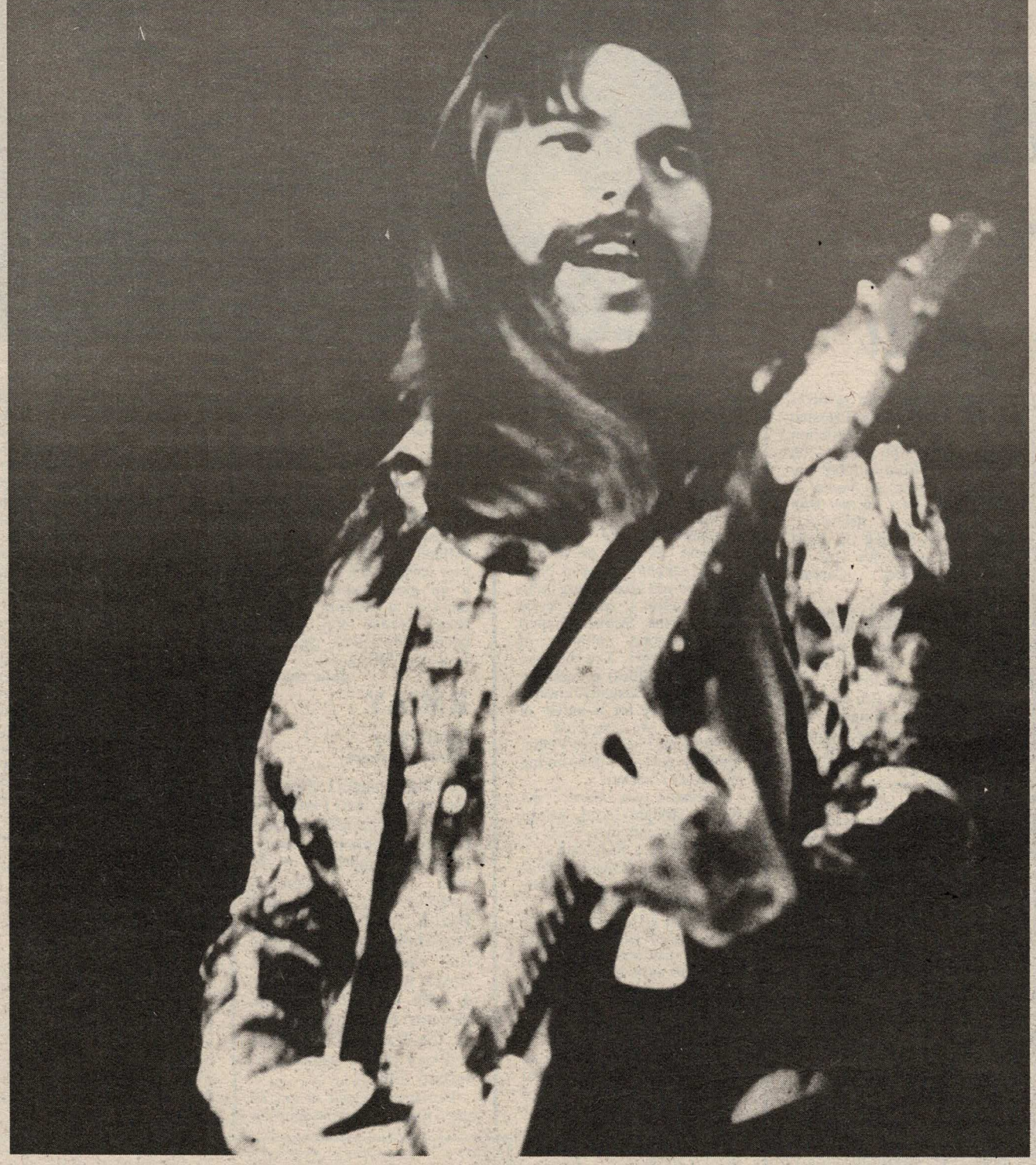


If you're only going to buy one single this year, make sure it's

BOB SEGER'S 'NIGHT MOVES' CL 15904

–a rock'n'roll love song.



Beautiful Loser
ALBUM E-ST11378

Night Moves
ALBUM EA-ST11557
CASSETTE TC/EA-ST11557

Live Bullet
ALBUM E-STSP16
CASSETTE TC2/E-STSP16

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From over page

SILVER SCREEN

inflection when delivering the line, "Ummm, cucumber sandwiches, how delicious!", turns a daft line into a mildly salacious one, making it even dafter; and dire to listen to — Rod McKuen wrote the music and, gulp, sings the words.

It'll go down great with a boozy Saturday night audience in Scunthorpe. The things those aristocrats get up to . . .

Monty Smith

Grizzly

Directed by William Girdler

Drive In

Directed by Rod Amateu

If there was any justice left in this world, *Grizzly* would be immediately consigned to the late, late show in Peru, Indiana and completely forgotten. As it is, this dire Hollywood dreck is currently flaunting itself around the circuits picking up fast bucks on the basis of totally misleading movie machine publicity.

This tale of a monster bear who rampages through a national park eating people indiscriminately is inept in every respect. Its one saving grace is the magnificent bear who deserves better treatment than getting blown away. In fact if he had eaten the whole cast I'd have been much happier.

Drive-In, the other half of this double bill is worth your money though. Filmed entirely on location in darkest Texas with a cast of unknowns, it's a peach among B-films which deserves a better billing. The action follows the antics of a varied bunch of small town Texan youth in a whole number of subplots which are all played out against the backdrop of the Alamo Drive-In and its featured movie *"Disaster '76"*, a kind of apocalyptic sandwich of everything from sinking liners to towering infernos to jumbo jets out of control.

Everything can and does happen when a stoned vigilante, a hold up gang, a spade doctor, local heavy boys The Widow Makers, a carload of divinity students and some real jailbait meet up. It's true to life and very funny and I could sit through it again. Nuff said.

Dick Tracy

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

TOWERING INFERNO (A)
Great White Heroes Newman & McQueen tackle multistory flareup in a hamfisted fashion. Worth it for the special effects.
(showing ABC/Embassy at Ealing, Edgeware, Waltham Cross, Ilford, Woodford, Romford, Staines, Esher, Croydon).

CROSS OF IRON (X)
Macho mudbath frolics from gore king Sam Peckinpah (Reviewed this week)
(Showing ABC's at Luton, Halifax (from 17th); Cambridge, Birmingham, Nottingham, Coventry, Oxford (from 20th).

WHEN THE NORTH WIND BLOW (U)
Early 20th Century adventure tale of a guy and his Siberian tigers. One to take your mum to.

(showing ABC's in South London and Basildon, Bournemouth, Brighton, Canterbury, Chatham, Dover, Eastboune, Gravesend, Newbury, Portsmouth, Reading, Southampton, Tonbridge, Gosport).

I WILL, I WILL . . . FOR NOW (X)
Elliott Gould digs himself deeper in the mire with creaky sex comedy.
(N. London Odeons and Gaumonts plus Leeds and Cardiff)

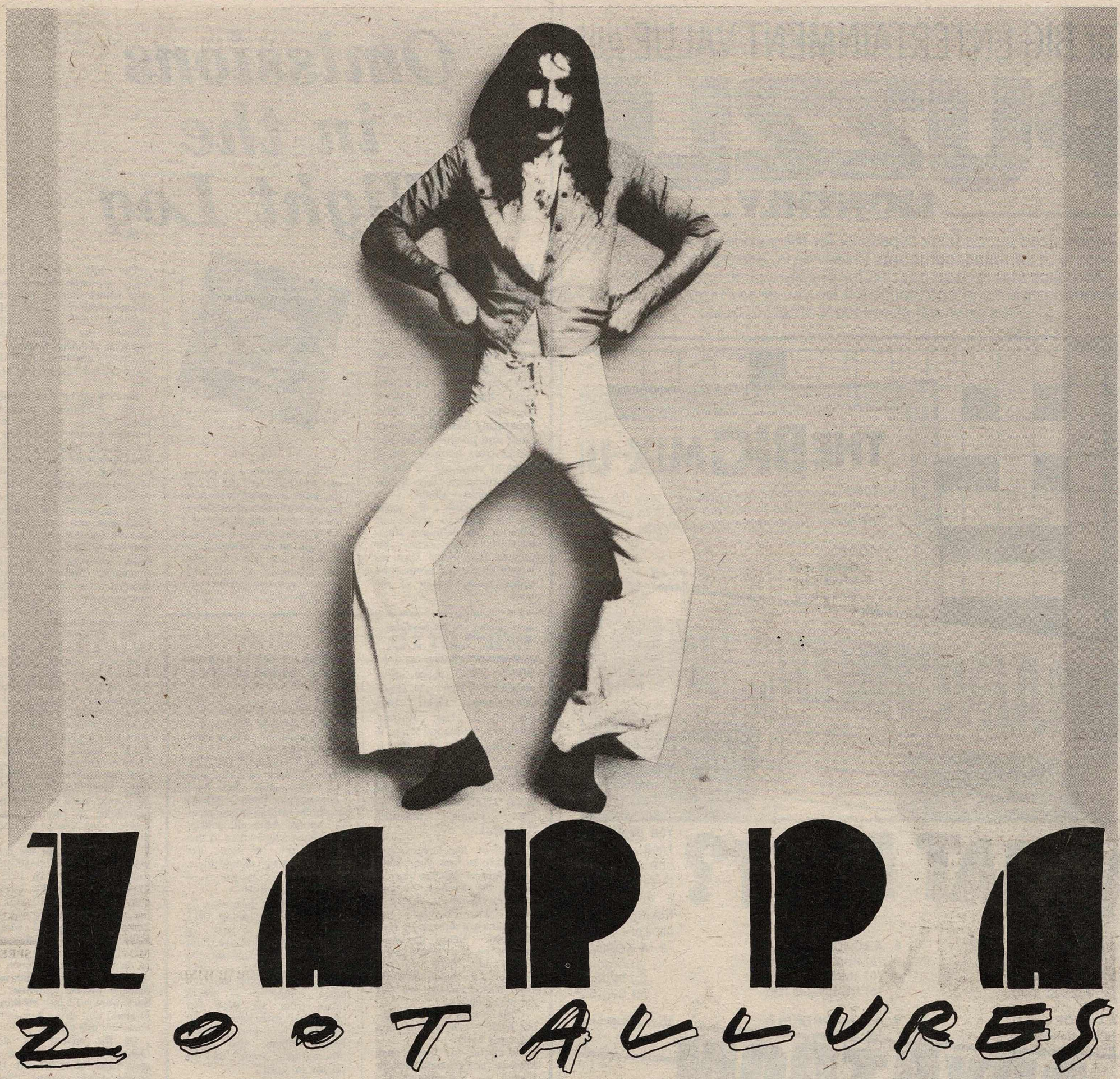
TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE (X)
Only Londoners, it seems, are hardy enough to see this cut meatt classic.
(N. London Odeons & Gaumonts)

MOTHER JUGS & SPEED (AA)
Sex queen Rachel Welch combines with Harvey Keitel and Bill Cosby in Loony Ambulance Movie.
(S. London Odeon's & Gaumonts)

CARRIE (X)
Telikinetic teenager wreaks havoc and gore.
(Odeons/Gaumonts at Newcastle, Manchester, Bristol and Brighton).

PINK PANTHER STRIKES AGAIN (U)
Peter Sellers maintains tax exile status with Clouseau rerun. Reputedly a bundle of laughs.
(Odeons/Gaumonts in Scotland, Newcastle, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol.

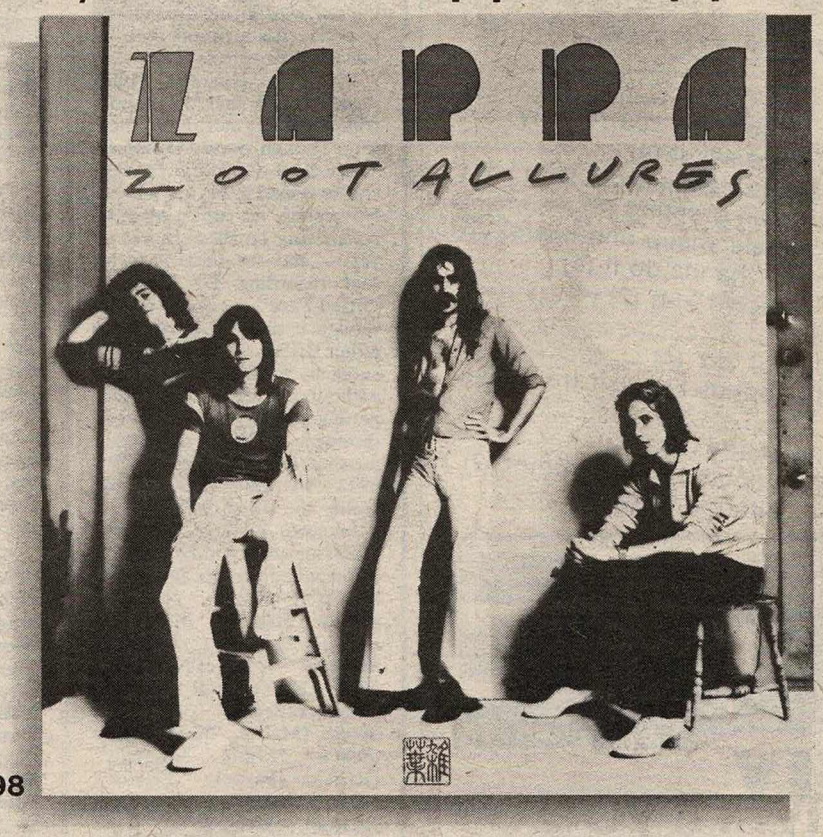
on the first Peter Gabriel album



ZAPPA

ZOOT ALLURES

The continuing story of Frank Zappa Zappa Zappa Zappa Zap



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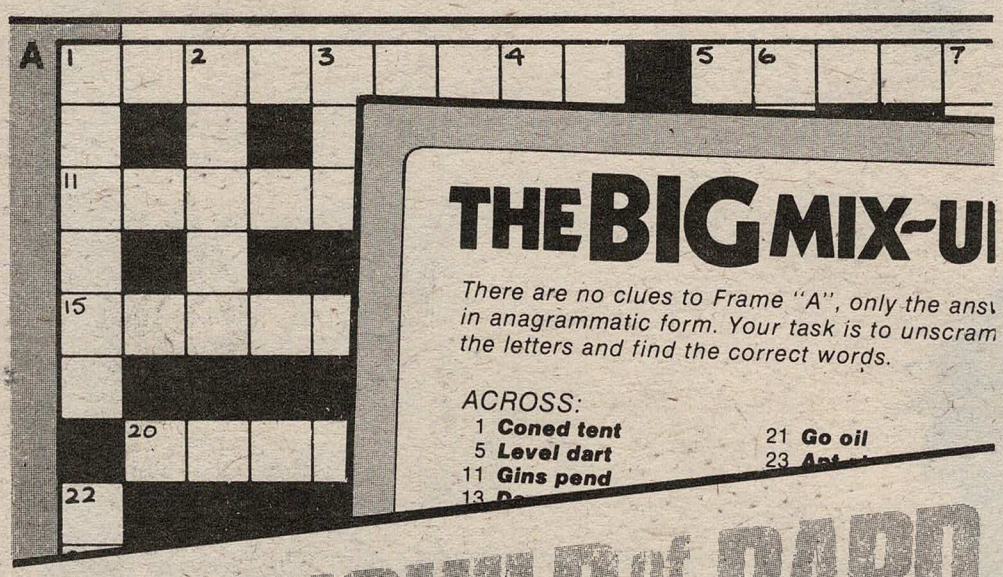


THE BIG MIX-UP

There are no clues to Frame "A", only the answers in anagrammatic form. Your task is to unscramble the letters and find the correct words.

ACROSS:
1 **Coned tent**
5 **Level dart**
11 **Gins pend**
21 **Go oil**

BRAINCHILD of the BARD

1 **SPEED, a clownish servant**
2 **DOGBERRY, a constable**
11 **MALVOLIO, a steward**
12 **LAVACHE, a clown**
13 **CASSANDRA, a prophetess**

WHAT IS IT?

You don't know? Then you have one chance in three of making a good guess by ticking your choice.

A HURST is:
(a) sandbank in sea,
(b) foxes' lair,
(c) farming tool.

A DELICT is:
(a) wrecked ship,

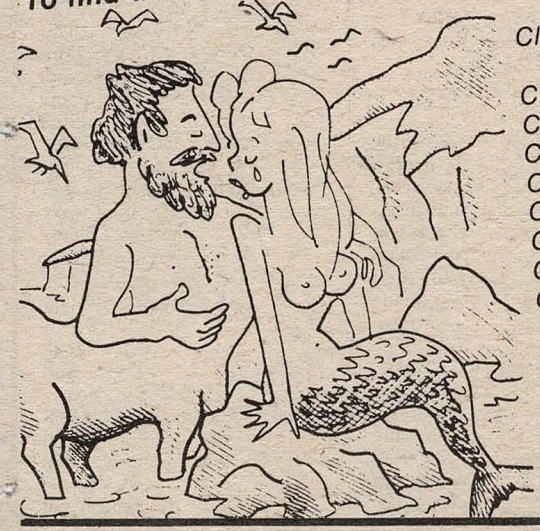
5. ***A LOACH is:***
(a) honeycomb section,
(b) soldier's buckle,
(c) freshwater fish.

6. ***A COLPORTEUR is:***

9. ***A GORAL i***
(a) Arabian
(b) Indian
(c) Scottish

CRYPTOON

To find the caption to the cartoon, answer the following clues:-



Clue (1) this money is sheer blackmail (
Clue (2) 1976 (3).....
Clue (3) . . . said the sparrow (1) .....
Clue (4) ladies say it (4) .....
Clue (5) judge hands it out with ice (
Clue (6) Indian greeting (3).....
Clue (7) female sheep one hears? (3)
Clue (8) your hands do it (4) .....
Clue (9) a crowd? (4) (2) (4) .....
Clue (10) not 'do' (4) .....
Clue (11) sounds like exit from hive .....
Clue (12) nearly local (2).....
Clue (13) humans without point (2)
Clue (14) alternative (6).....

PUZZLE MONTHLY

make sure of your copy this month and every month . . .
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Omissions in the Flight Log

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
Flight Log 1966-76
(RCA)

WELL, OBVIOUSLY, it all comes down to choice and who's doin' the choosing, right? Compilation works should be great and often are when put in the right hands and pieced together thoughtfully, separating past wheat from chaff and proportioning the tracks over however many sides of vinyl are at hand.

Unfortunately, this Jefferson Airplane album — a decade's worth of toons grafted down to grace four sides of the definitive statement — is unsatisfactory for reasons that would seem to mostly be centred around the compromising nature of the work.

The compromise is strictly half and half. As I see it, half the desire seems to be presenting a literally best of the Jefferson Airplane, the other half a crafty, marketing ploy to cast a spotlight on the bleaker intermediary years when the band had splintered off into individual projects under the Grunt banner.

The best Airplane work really appeared over a two-year stretch starting with the tentative folk-rock psychedelia conclave of "Surrealistic Pillow", the inspired acid scramble of "After Bathing At Baxter's", and best of all, the sophisticated "Crown Of Creation".

By 1969 the band had turned rigidly, deliriously, political, pontificationg anarchy and revolution with "Volunteers", and, a live album later, the band splintered into democratic shreds — Paul Kantner hepped up on half-baked sci-fi anthem-penning, Grace Slick the tough cynical Iron Maiden, Kaukonen and Casady heavy into cocaine hootenanny rock, and Marty Balin, forlorn and bitter, slinking off into the mountains, finding only cold comfort for his heady melodious romanticism and leaving the band to pursue their own self-indulgent bents.

The solo stuff started pouring out in the early 70s — Kantner's awful "Blows Against The Empire" first, then the first of a host of inconsequentially 'pleasant' Hot Tuna albums, "Sunfighter" (Kantner / Slick plus supergroupies Garcia, Crosby and Co.), Slick's "Manhole", "Baron Tolbooth" — thick and fast they came, each a bigger more bloated parody of the former until in 1974 some semblance of internal unity was founded with the Jefferson Starship's "Dragonfly".

This was still not the cat's whiskers as far as revitalized calls-to-arms go ("In 1975 / This whole world's gonna come alive" indeed!) But it had an ace-up-the-sleeve in the one-off presence of Marty Balin, whose impassioned "Caroline" was doubly striking in direct relation to much of the coulourless whimsied faddism present (Kantner & Slick were well into all things Oriental and Bruce Lee influenced by this time).

By the advent of "Red Octupus", Balin was back to stay, and both it and the comparatively recent "Spitfire" have scored dramatic triumphs within the M.O.R. rock confines of A.M/F.M cross-over audiences who seem to have developed a insatiable hunger for male / female rock units — Fleetwood Mac, Heart, you name it.

Enough has already been written about the discomforting switch-overs of style, and content — from the hysterical call-to-arms of "Volunteers" to the positively 'comfy' M.O.R. blush that hides much of that original Airplane primal sting today — and the social symbolism therein. The angle's all become rather tedious.

Musically the band did have some incredible moments, mostly as I said, in the beginning before experimentation was shafted to fall into face with the incredibly stylised, predictable composing mannerisms of predominantly 70's Kantner and Slick — the drippy drab 'anthems' of the former and the equally drab piano-chords and brash bogus sexual threats of the latter.

The first two sides are OK — not perfect by any means owing to some glaring ommissions, principally "Today" from "S.P.", the magnificent Larcaesque jam "Spare Chaynge" from "Baxter's", also Slick's greatest-ever song, the savage Joycean analogies and free jazz bent of Rejoyce"

IMPORTS

WHO ARE these guys yodelling "I've got these dee-ey-eep river blahooos" in best Jimmie Rodgers tradition? Can it be? Oh, surely not? But it is! . . . it's yer actual John and Daryl, doing their circa 1971-2 thing on an album titled **"Hall And Oates** — Past Times Present" (Chelsea).

Two of the tracks are claimed to be from Hall's days with Gulliver (though they're not on the "Gulliver" album once release here by Elektra) while "The Provider" and "Angelina are supposedly Hall solo jobs — though the backings on the latter sound suspiciously like those on the Gulliver LP, which featured Tim Moore outfront on this particular number.

Could it be a Gulliver backing track — or are my ears deceiving me?

No matter, for "Past Times Present" is a pleasant enough release — and though it's hardly where H&O are at today, I guess there'll be a whole host of far less distinctive albums than this one heading our way during the months to come. It's a rip-off then — but not a disastrous one.

My own personal Philip Agee reports that the import companies are not doing their job. Though **Stevie Wonder's** "Jazz Soul Of Little Stevie" was re-issued in France back in November, no copies seem to be arriving on these shores as yet — and the same is to be said regarding **Dr Hook's** "Fried Face" ,a release which, though it didn't materialise in either Britain or the States, has suddenly turned up in Holland without any of our importers getting within clog throwing distance. The catalogue number of the latter is CBS 69225 so will someone now rectify the situation?

Meanwhile there are still plenty of other goodies coming in including **Valerie Simpson's** "Keep It Comin' " (Tamla), **Bobby Bare's** "Me And McDill" (RCA), **Horace Silver's** "Silver'N'Voices" (Blue Note), **Bill Monro's** "Sings Bluegrass, Body And Soul" (MCA), **Main Ingredient's** "Music Maximus" (RCA), **Freddie Fender's** "Out Of Reach" (Starflite), **Rhythm Heritage's** "Last Night On Earth" (ABC) and "Gate Of Dreams" (Warner), a **Claus Ogerman** affair which started life as a ballet but now serves as a vehicle for the talents of such featured musicians as **George Benson** and **Joe Sample** — which ain't exactly off-puttin'.

I find it a mite off that **City Boy's** "Dinner At The Ritz" (Mercury) and **Mr Big's** "Photographic Smile" (Arista) should be making appearances as imports. After all, neither band has really broken in this country yet, let alone the States — so why should these albums be the subject of a Stateside super-rush?

EMI supplied the answer on behalf of Mr Big, stating: "The band **were** due to make an American tour and Clive Davis wanted to release something to coincide with the trip — so he's issued 'Photographic Smile' an elpee comprised of tracks taken from Mr Big's last album, plus some new material which will form part of a new British album, also called 'Photographic Smile', due for release in April."

So now you know.

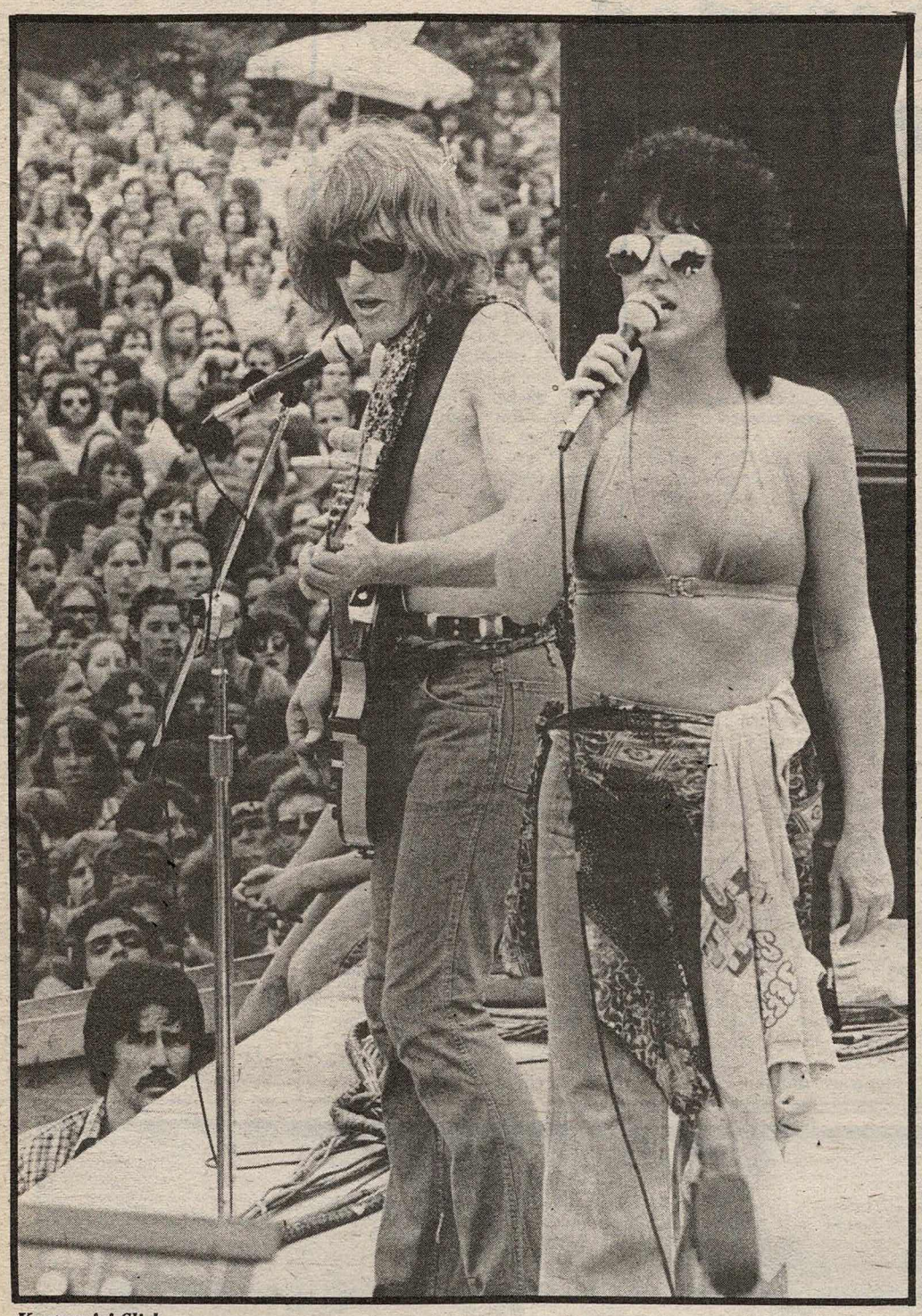
Muddy Waters has a new album in "Hard Again" (Blue Sky) on which **Johnny Winter** gets credit for "guitar and miscellaneous screaming," while **B. B. King** turns up on **James Talley's** "Blackjack Choir" (Capitol) thus ensuring that it's even tastier than the usual savoury serving of Talley.

Praise for Sire now, with the news that the label's come up with "The Vintage Years", the best **Troggs** compilation I've yet laid eyes on. A double-album, containing 28 tracks in all, it utilises just about every worthwhile track that Reg the Pres has ever wrapped hes tonsils around. Replete with exhaustive notes by Bomp's Ken Barnes, it's the kind of re-issue job that puts most of the rest to shame. Congrats to Seymour Stein and everyone involved!

Also starring . . . The Kinks "Sleepwalker" (Arista), **Henry Gross** "Show Me To The Stage" (Lifesong), **Mike Bloomfield** "If You Love These Blues, Play 'em As You Please" (Guitar player), **Mel Tillis** "Heartbreaker" (MCA), **David Allen Coe** "Rides Again" (Columbia, **James & Bobby Purify** "The Purify Brothers" (Mercury and the soundtrack to **"Scott Joplin"** (MCA).

FRED DELLAR

PLATTERS



Kantner 'n' Slick

(also from "Baxter's) and David Crosby's last great song, "Triad", a Slick performance of incredible steely potency from "Crown Of Creation".

The tracks featured seem thrown together somehow — running the gamut from the obvious "White Rabbit" to the unexpected but great inclusion of "Greasy Heart" *(He's given up on drugs because his veins are getting big / He wants to see his painting but the market is too high / They only pay two grand now / for a one-man abstract / ... Woman with Greasy Heart / Automatic Man')*.

"Greasy Heart", for example, positively emplifies just how great Slick could be — witty, abrasive, earthy, a fearsom madonna, while the band some madonna, while the band ing with mighty aplomb, Kaukonen's stinging guitar-lines making the current soloist Craig Chacuico sound a positive fretboard dunce by comparison.

Balin is featured in full stride with "Comin' Back To Me" — the perfect lover in agony over imperfect romantic enclaves — while Kantner's actual rising domination of the band's songwriting which came to full strength with "Creation" and "Volunteers" really isn't acknowledged.

The inclusion of "C.O.C." 's "In Time" would have more than adequately amended that state of affairs, though its replacement, the wild "China Breaking", is no dud by comparison.

Sides three and four are unfortunately pretty slight in comparison to the sheer melodic verve and plethora of ideas hinted at through that first instalment. "Bark" boasts a fair rocker in Kaukonen's "Feel So Good" but falls flat with deputized drummer Joey Covington's dire dirge-like "Pretty As You Feel", while "Long John Silver", the Airplane's most threadbare studio swansong, comes out with only the vaguely menacing inverse sexual braggadoccio of Grace Slick's "Mild Train".

Thereafter, it's every man for himself.

True, tracks picked from the solo offal are amongst the better moments — though why "Sunflower" 's contribution is "Sketches Of China" as opposed to the bracing, vivid "When I Was a Boy I Watched The Wolves" is beyond me. Hot Tuna are featured strongly — and Kaukonen's one-off solo gets an airing also, which is a nice gesture, I guess.

But the album finds an unsettling conclusion by choosing the awful "Ride The Tiger" over Balin's vital "Caroline", missing out "Red Octopus" and "Spitfire" altogether and concluding instead with one new track — a live performance of Ron Nagle's ne'er recorded-afore "Please Come Back", a song of minimal consequences performed on well as can be expected by Balin.

So there you go. I've said it all, really. The unsatisfying compromise this album represents may have a beneficial effect on Grunt's coffers, turning prior non-converts on to a lacklustre Airplane, but aesthetically the album really doesn't do the band at their best justice. Approach with care, therefore.

Nick Kent

CHARLIE DANIELS BAND
High Lonesome (Epic)

IF COWBOY songs ever come back, Charlie Daniels will be right up there with the best of them. Just as "High Noon" has mutated over the last 20 years into "Outlaw Josie Wales", the western melodrama ballad has to undergo the same kind of transformation.

The parallels between this record and the current genre of western movies are quite amazing. Just as the best cowboy films these days seem to be set in the tequila-tinged dust of the Texas/Mexico border, Charlie employs a hard driving, TexMex rock and roll sound to get his point across.

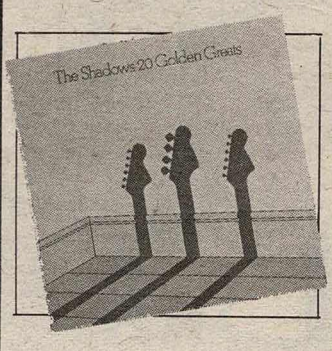
And what's his point? Well, that itself is another meeting point with the cinema. Charlie's songs carry a strong trace of the horny handed environmentalist sentiment that's so prominent in fashionable westerns — the "this must have been a hell of a country before men started messing with it"kind of thing.

To some extent, "High Lonesome" echoes some of Bob Dylan's attempts to become the Marty Robbins of the 70s ("Durango", "One More Cup Of Coffee", "Knocking On Heaven's Door" etc.), but what do you expect? Before striking out on his own, ol' Charlie was one of Bob Johnson's regular session pickers. He played on "Nashville Skyline" and "Self Portrait".

I've got to confess I love this album. If there's any small complaint about it, it's that it's slightly larger than life, but isn't that the way that cowboy records are supposed to be?

Mick Farren

'Irridescent spiv' sound encapsulated



THE SHADOWS
Twenty Golden Greats (EMI)
BILLY FURY
The Billy Fury Story (Decca)

THE SHADS were cool. Notwithstanding their irridescent spiv suits, cheesy grins, dance step routines and disastrous lead singer, there was some kernel of Geordie cockiness, something about their casual competence that made them such natural Boys Own Paper material.

The Shads proved the attraction of this simple skill with five number ones and innumerable top ten hits during the Indian Summer of Tin Pan Alley before the Beat Boom swept it away for good. Eschewing boy-girl scenarios, they exploited cheap fiction, the adventure story, the endless fascination with Westerns recalled through the sinister, rousing appeal of Saturday morning pictures.

Thus, under the direction of Norrie Paramor, they cranked out hit after instantly memorable hit, characterised by range-riding backcloths from rhythm, bass and drums while Hank nonchalantly picked out military lead lines remarkable for their lack of feeling and flatness of tone. Every one came complete with atmosphere; "Apache" with corny reservation drumming, "Guitar Tango" with a flamenco swagger that has more Torremelinos than Andalusia, "Man of Mystery", "FBI", "Stingray" and so on.

They're all here and, if you're of a certain age you're bound to find it heady stuff. If you're younger, don't expect to be rivetted. But remember that their influence on the Beat Boom should not be underestimated.

Whereas Marvin and Co. won out through sheer Englishness, Billy Fury, born Ronald Wycherly in Liverpool in 1941, was one of the many who experienced limited success and then capsised under the weight of the bad advice from management and producers, and the tidal wave the Beatles brought with them.

Still, he tried; he wrote most of his material and twisted himself up a treat on stage, his petulant sneer and glitter suits strong favourites on "Thank Your Lucky Stars". And that he could *sing* much of the rockabilly material on the first album of this cheap double set attests to his talent in that direction.

But most of the time it got buried under inappropriate arrangements and instrumentation. The fourth side is really sad; it documents his attempts to get in on Merseybeat with versions of "Hippy Hippy Shake", "Glad All Over" and "Baby What Do You Want Me To Do" that seem transparently Too Little, Too Late. With more sympathetic handling and the freedom to follow his instincts he could have survived.

David Hepworth

My best friend told me . . .

THE STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Rollin' On (Polydor)

BEFORE WE proceed any further, let me make it quite clear that I really do like The Steve Gibbons band. They are the kind of consistent workmanlike band that has to be the backbone of any domestic rock scene. The trouble is that this crowd-pleasing reliability just doesn't translate to on record.

There isn't actually anything wrong with this, their second album. It's been put together with care, taste and considerable expertise. There are even points where the instrumental work gets close to inspired, and you can't find fault with Gibbons' vocal delivery.

If records sold on account of merit and hard work, the Gibbons band would have a certain hit. Unfortunately this isn't the way it works. The punters slap down their hard-earned quids because a particular record grabs their imagination. And that's exactly what this doesn't do.

The mainly self-penned songs just aren't memorable enough to push the album towards any kind of bright future. There's an undercurrent of macho posturing, but it never really solidifies into anything you can get to grips with.

Even the band's influences seem to be against them. It's natural that any musician of the Gibbons Band's generation (I doubt if any of them will see 25 again) should come through with noticeable traces of Dylan, Presley, the Stones and Traffic, but in this case, the influence doesn't add power and lineage to the songs. It simply makes them sound somewhat dated.

It really does seem to be time for the Steve Gibbons Band (and a clutch of other bands, for that matter) to face the fact that it takes something more than two sides of well-played tunes to make a great record.

Mick Farren

They promised, they recorded, they delivered.

THE DAMNED
Damned, Damned, Damned (Stiff)

IT'S TIME to pay off. No more time for talking about the old farts in The Rock Establishment, no more time for talking about Princess Margaret and backstage cocktails with the Stones, no more time for talking about Townshend singing that he hopes he dies before he reaches 40 . . . No more time for talking *at all.*

The recording contracts, the studio time and all the rest are here at long last and it's time for every New Wave band to put up or shut up. We should be on by now.

The Damned have delivered the goods. Stiff Records has been a guarantee of quality 45s, with Lew Lewis, Nick Lowe, Richard Hell, The Damned and more — and it looks as though, if "Damned, Damned, Damned" is indicative of future product, there will be no lowering of standards as the label moves via its licensing deal with Island into the big league of albums. Right!

Nick Lowe's superb production has harnessed the essential good-time raw power that The Damned are all about — and why they are less than popular with the more politically minded New Wave combos — and channelled it into the twelve songs that make up the album, most of them performed better than I've ever heard them before, convincing me that The Damned will (with Lowe producing) have no trouble retaining the excitement of their live act on cold black vinyl in much the same way that their last Roundhouse gig proved to me that they could transcend the small club circuit into the larger halls without losing their guts, their spirit, and, yeah, their *energy*.

That's very important; there's no point having the energy of a dexie addict who has been listening to far too many Stooges, Dolls and MC5 albums only to be at a loose end what to *do* with said energy.

On this album The Damned show that they know exactly what to do with it. They don't spill a drop.

"Neat, Neat, Neat" is the opening cut, a wise choice for the new single, another Brian James song (he will collect songwriting cheques for 10 out of the 12 tracks on the album).

The song falls somewhere between the cacophonic teenage wasteland noise of two New York Dolls songs (James' debt to that band as both a songwriter and guitar player is enormous), namely "Pills" and "Trash", and the chanted hookline psychosis of the Stooges' "Now I Wanna Be Your Dog".

Musicianship on this cut and throughout the album is superb: James' guitar playing a healthy blend of incessant Keef-riffs and screeching solos, Rat Scabies thrashing hell out of his kit in the *donner and blitzen* style that has endeared him to such luminaries as Phil Lynott and Robert Plant, and Captain Sensible's bass line proving that he's really not as dumb as he looks. (Anyway, nobody could be *that* dumb).

Dave 'Tombstone Eyes' Vanium's vocal is his usual distinct deadpan, but it's a drag that the lyrics will be mostly unintelligible to those not cognisant with the band's repertoire because it's one of the best songs James has written . . .

The second cut, however, is *the* best song penned by The Damned.

It's called "Fan Club" and is one of the most perceptive songs written this decade about the dressing - room - camp - follower - females that another generation knew as groupies . . .

You can hear all the words on this one, great lyrics that will prevent it ever being played on Radio One. All about waiting in the pouring rain, just another one night stand, and feeling sad as hell because you can't figure out who's using who.

My praise for that track brings me to my main criticism of "Damned, Damned, Damned."

Brian James can write brilliant songs that would have been worthy of any of his heroes, but, as he carries such a heavy songwriting burden in The Damned his material is sometimes erratic — songs like the first two on the album plus the frantic "Fish", the Ramones-like "Messed Up" or the first single "New Rose" are simply in a different class from weaker numbers like the downered "Feel The Pain" or the undistinguished "I Fall", the only two cuts on the album that I felt like skipping over.

"Born To Kill" is the malevolent vehicle for Vanium to work out his Hammer Horror persona, one of their best live numbers, and "Stab Yor Back" is the extremely short Rat Scabies-penned song, or rather chant, that could well turn into a North Bank favourite as huge as Rod Stewart always hoped "Sailing" would be.

That Rat Scabies should develop as a songwriter is necessary, in fact imperative to the future of The Damned.

The reason why The Clash write better songs than anyone else in the New Wave is because they have both Mick Jones and Joe Strummer writing as though '70s London life is suffocating them and they've got to write to unload their heads while always having the other to bounce ideas off . . .

If Rat can turn into a songwriter of the same quality as Brian undoubtedly is, then The Damned will be more than a fine rock'n'roll band — they'll be world-beaters.

"See Her Tonite" is an Urban love song, although *West Side Story* was never like this, and "One Of The Two" should be taken as a pointer for future directions because it sees James interplaying the basic chord structures of his songs with some guitar runs that burn through your brain the way an acetylene torch slices the top off a parking meter . . .

The last track of the album is without doubt the finest, a superlative, relentless interpretation of the Stooges' "I Feel Alright". Iggy never had a finer tribute to him than this.

If you buy this album your parents will undoubtedly tell you to turn it down because "we're trying to watch the telly down here".

That's because The Damned's music is as provocative as the cover that depicts them smeared with cream, jam, baked beans and other nameless gunge all over their faces.

You are forced into either taking them to your heart or turning away repulsed.

The choice is yours. I've made mine. **Tony Parsons**

RUFUS
Ask Rufus (ABC)

MY PASSION for Chaka Khan is rivalled only by my passion for Max Bell, so you can imagine my chagrin on discovering that some wimp has plastered her face instead of her stomach across the sleeve fold-out!

Front cover features Miss Khan looking curiously like a

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nice Jewish girl — dig that nose!

With a piece like Chaka Khan fronting (and I do mean fronting) them how could Rufus be anything but music to get hot to? Their relentlessly sensuous version of Bobby Womack's "Stop On By" scores even more on the *frisson*-o-meter than Juliet Prowse's legs in *G.I. Blues*.

Sadly, there's nothing to compare to their Big Moment here.

"At Midnight (My Love Will Lift You Up)" is an evasive itchy twitchy bit of brassy Third Reich discomat, big production horns pulling down what is potentially a neat song.

The words are irrelevant but the overall impression is one of tight, fast, slightly overblown funk, which is probably what Rufus fans want anyhow.

The mood set here and fulfilled (albeit sketchily) throughout the album is one disarmingly close to Labelle's "Pressure Cookin'" album — the sleeve's in a black and white down-market edition, *naturlich*. None of the compositions here can touch those by the inimitable Nona Hendryx, and Chaka comes over like a mildly anaemic Sarah Dash.

"Close The Door" is a boring, pretty, pretty boring little etching with similarly trite lyrics, but if you're having hassles with your boy/girl/duck you'll dig this.

In fact if you're a romantic this whole album will appeal to you, as the songs deal with Love (offered), Love (lost) and Love (gained). Hardly original content, but it's what makes the world go round. Thing is, the Jelly Beans said it all so much better.

The alluringly-named "Slow Screw Against The Wall" doesn't live up to its promises (doing it to Albert King is much nicer, anyhow), being a rather lacklustre little instrumental straight off the soundtrack of "Doctor Kildare"; music to splice craniums to.

Side Two opens with "Hollywood" (as in "Can I Speak To You Before You Go To . . ." from "Pressure Coolin'"), a winsome ditty about a kid in search of the Big Time (what else already, with a title like that?)

The melody is non-existent and makes Side One sound like a veritable killer.

"Magic In Your Eyes" is a weak exercise in smouldering-by-numbers and "Better Days" can only get better. A sluggish little song trying hard to be lively, it nevertheless drags its feet considerably, Chaka attempting to keep sync with a real messy backing track. Still, you can do a real slow bump to it, so it isn't altogether redundant

"Egyptian Song" tries to conjure up visions of Cleopatra basking on the banks of the Euphrates, but instead presents images of five rather tired Rufuses (Rufi?) scratching their collective head in a recording studio wondering how to fill the remaining 5.10.

Strings soar like they've somehow been forced at gunpoint to record in a *tres* crumby Hungarian restaurant.

But basically it's mood music; you'll like if you're having luck persuading that sweet young thing of either gender to come across.

Julie Burchill

CHUCK BERRY
Motorvatin' (Chess)

FOR THE last 20 years, almost every new development in rock 'n' roll has, in one way or another, been directly influenced by the music of Chuck Berry.

The definitive all-purpose rock 'n' roller, Berry established himself not only as poet laureate with a series of perceptive and articulate vignettes about Living In The USA, but also as guitarslinger supreme.

Fronting a glorified Southside Chicago bar-band that invariably consisted of Johnny Johnson (or Lafayette Leake) on piano, Willie Dixon slapping bass and Fred Barlow (or Eddie Hardy) on drums, Berry synthesized what has become the universally accepted sound of hard-ass rock 'n' roll music.

Sure, Presley's original crew and Gene Vincent's Bluecaps were each great sources of inspiration to their contemporaries, but ultimately their original sound proved to be strictly limited to its own time.

When blasting out at full throttle behind Berry, the Johnson-Dixon triumvirate produced a no-holds-barred approach that almost everyone from The Beatles and Stones right on through to many of the current new wave bands have found a most satisfactory launching-pad for their own bag o' tricks.

To this very day, nobody else has ever quite managed to reflect The Great American Teen Dream with the same accuracy as Chuck Berry.

He was to encapsulate every nuance of the adolescent lifestyle in songs that dealt with attitude, angst, frustration, parental control, love, sex, patriotism, the drudgery of school, dead-end day jobs and the release to be obtained in rock 'n' roll anthems celebrating cars, making out and having fun American-style.

The thing that made Chuck Berry's music so accessible was that he was able to express himself in a much more articulate manner than those kids who were buying his records.

As a guitarist, Berry's solo work is now acknowledged as being second to none. Over the years, it has become regarded as a test of one's instrumental prowess to be able to xerox Berry's chugging rhythm patterns, licks, breaks and leads that actually clang like a-ringin'-a-bell.

To deviate from the original, to fluff a note-for-note solo, is to fail utterly.

Indeed, Berry's intros and solos to such songs as "Johnny B. Goode," "Bye Bye Johnny," "Carol," "Roll Over Beethoven" and "Sweet Little Sixteen" are as memorable as the melody lines and lyrics.

That Chuck Berry's repertoire has been covered more times than the collective works of Lennon & McCartney or Jagger & Richard hardly needs stressing.

Not only did the Beatles and Stones cover many of Berry's songs, but went so far as to pay their respective tributes by emulating his style in "Back In The USSR" and "Star, Star."

Similarly, Dylan may not have released any Chuck Berry covers but if "Subterranean Homesick Blues" ain't "Too Much Monkey Business" (revisited) then I don't know what is! Furthermore, the Beach Boys didn't score their first real hit until they took "Sweet Little Sixteen", added new lyrics and re-titled it "Surfin' USA".

The 22 songs contained on this single album are all much too familiar to be dealt with in depth; when the going gets rough, many a band's ass has been saved with an encore of either "Roll Over Beethoven" or "Johnny B. Goode."

The music certainly hasn't frayed, even if the man himself hasn't worn as well.

This is a collection that transcends time and space and nostalgia, to the extent that these songs are still as vital as almost anything else currently being produced in the name of rock 'n' roll.

It has been suggested that if you took a bunch of rock musicians who had never met and didn't speak each another's language, the one thing they'd have in common is the ability to play together on any one of at least half a dozen Berry songs.

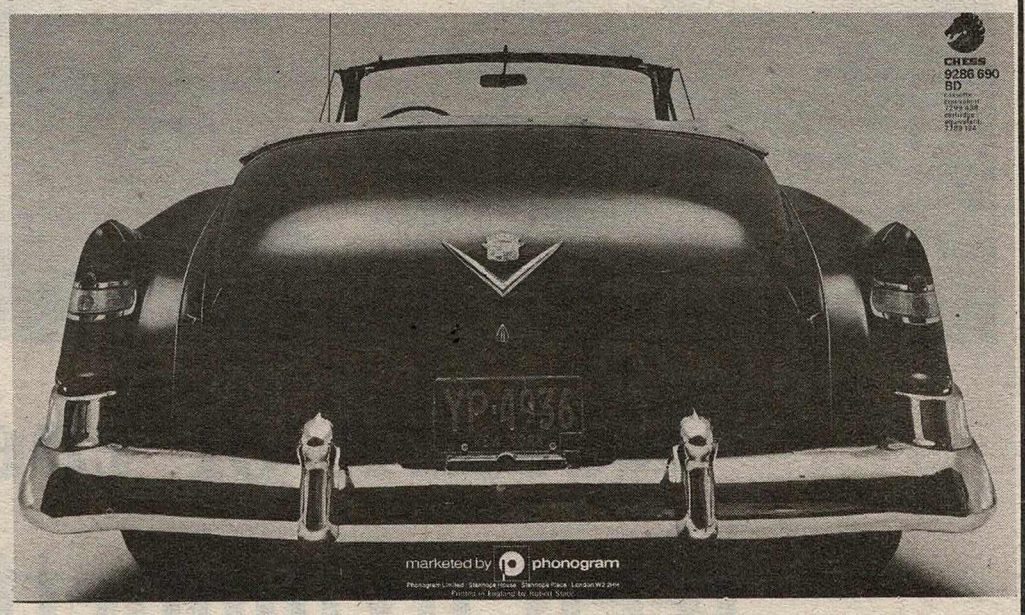
Indeed, if there's one thing you can always rely upon, it's a Chuck Berry song. Over the last few years, both James Taylor and Elvis have notched up elusive hits with "The Promised Land," ELO revamped "Roll Over Beethoven" to their profit and the Beach Boys staged their recording comeback with "Rock And Roll Music".

And, at this very moment, no lesser talent than Emmylou Harris is hoping to chart with her interpretation of "You Never Can Tell".

Sure, I know many writers have used this particular gambit, but if asked to recommend an album . . . just one, that would epitomise the true ethos of rock 'n' roll, then it would have to be "Motorvatin' ".

Without Chuck Berry, rock 'n' roll would never have been invented.

Roy Carr



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Return of the teen nymphette

BLONDIE
Blondie
(Private Stock — Import)

EVER SINCE Janis Joplin cashed in her chips prematurely, the majority of star-struck girl rock singers have practically all adopted a (tired) stance that's a hybrid of a terminal dipsomaniac, a bull dyke and the proverbial golden hearted hooker.

With few exceptions, all have been blessed with an embarrassing sense of melodrama and a voice that would put a regimental sergeant major to shame. At the other extreme, there's a multitude of folksy lank-haired vestal virgins!

Then suddenly, there's Blondie. Or to be more precise, Debbie Harry, singer and focal point of a band called Blondie.

In the face of bands like The Ramones, Television, Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, Talking Heads and Richard Hell, Blondie represent the more melodic and less frenetic aspects of New York's hard-rock bubble gummers. They debut with a self-penned album of *11 songs* — not the same song performed 11 times with a five-second break every three minutes.

It's a collection in the very best tradition of Brill Building Bop.

With Blondie as support, the luscious Debbie has chosen to skillfully resurrent the role of the All-American thumb-sucking nymphette. Rooted in the time-honoured tradition of such teen queens as Shirley Alston of The Shirelles, the Shangri-Las' star-crossed Mary Weiss and the incomparable Ronnie Spector, she (and the band) has taken the very best elements of these legendary 60s Noo Yawk girlie groups and streamlined them to meet both their very highly distinctive talents and the mood of the late 70s.

Emmitting the kind of WASP coolness one associates with Karen Carpenter, she smoulders beneath the ice-cool exterior with a presence that must eventually elevate her as one of the best of the new song stylists.

Debbie knows all the tricks of the trade and then a few more of her own. She can take an archetypal teen dream doo-wopper of absence-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder like "In The Flesh", innocently yearn for the return of her boyfriend, and guarantee he hops aboard the next Greyhound Bus with the promised payload — *"I can't wait to touch you in the flesh"*.

Lesley Gore, eat your heart out!

In the provocative "Look Good In Blue", she picks out her prey and beats out any competition with the ultimate offer of hospitality. *"I can give you some head and shoulders to lie on"*. Most definitely an offer you can't refuse.

The single "X-Offender" (a truncation of "Sex") — a head-long collision between the songwriting styles of Barry & Greenwich and Springsteen — finds Debbie casting herself in the role of Happy Hooker, while The Leader Of The Pack is a member of the vice squad with a predilliction for bondage.

"In The Sun", a token surf's up amphetamined rush, "Kung Fu Girls" and "The Attack Of The Giant Ants" are examples of how the band *really* know how to talk trash. And "Rip Her To Shreads" shows Debbie's ability to put her hands on her hips and play Queen Bitch. She ain't no Runaway Cherry Bomb but Bette Davis at her most vicious. One of the ultimate put-down songs, not only is it on a par with anything that Jagger & Richard have ever scribed, but the fact that it's one chick trashing another chick makes it that more lethal.

If ever directed at any specific individual (apparently she sometimes inserts Patti Smith into the lyrics), it could inflict permanent damage. Watch out!

Enough of Debbie Harry, because this ain't a one-woman show. Chris Stein (guitar), Gary Valentine (bass), Clement Burke (drums) and, in particular, James Destri (Farfisa, synthesizer and keyboards) supply a series of most effective backdrops which run the gauntlet from The Ventures, Question Mark, The Velvet Underground and The Floyd.

The end result is pure unadulterated Blondie. Though they rely upon the sheer sparseness of their arrangement for maximum affect, production-wise they could do with some beefing-up. Richard Cottehrer has done a commendable job, but what Blondie need to enable them to achieve their obvious potential, is a bright young producer with the creative flair of a Shadow Morton, a Phil Spector, even a Bjorn and Benny.

At this time, any band who can persuade Ellie Greenwich into the studio and up to a microphone have got to have something extra special going for them.

I think it's called talent!!

Roy Carr

BANDIT
Bandit (Arista)

THE MIGHTY John Alcock, the producer who brought Thin Lizzy their success, performs here the most masterly musical illusions, which assist Bandit to deliver an unquestionably excellent debut album.

Preliminary plays, for instance, give the impression that the outfit has a crude, renegade enthusiasm, raw energy, and a burly brashness that result in the kind of rambling, hard-hitting rock music that has the same kind of influences common to many British bands.

You even imagine that this aura of slightly vulgar spontaneity was indiscriminately committed to tape, and Alcock was left to cut and chop the music into shape with the astute flamboyance of a Japanese chef. But that's a deceptive assumption, which only proves to be a blatant untruth.

Formed just a year ago Bandit have not yet established a reputation as a live band and so with their debut album they had the (unenviable) task of creating a musical image that represented their approach on stage, and also stated their abilities. Guided and encouraged so expertly by Alcock, a particularly strong character emerges for them.

They have a very *live* studio feel, but beneath this is extreme production care, and such discipline that one suspects there's a severe penalty incurred by any musician who plays, or sings, an unnecessary note. Placing aside Alcock's superb direction, the credit for this debut rests on the vocal powers of the distinctive lead singer Jim Diamond, a repertoire of extremely strong material, the excellent arrangements, and finally the manner in which the band interpret the songs.

It's the resolve of the band and their empathy which belies the fact that both bassist Cliff Williams and guitarist Jimmy Litherland have both served time with several successful professional outfits (Home and Colosseum respectively), while the other three — Diamond, Danny McIntosh (guitar) and Graham Broad (drums) — are virtually unknowns. But they play like they've been together for five years.

Diamond is an inspired and remarkable vocalist who projects himself well, displaying not only a passion for the music but a staggering range which he uses fully, but always with great control. On several occasions ("Dance When You Boogie" and "All Coming Back To Me") he needlessly contorts his voice beyond recognition.

It's also Diamond who's the creative stimulus of the band, contributing five of his own compositions that vary greatly in style; from the acoustic rush of "Ohio" to hard rock with "Hard On A Loser" and lastly a soulful ballad called "Love And Understanding".

With the exception of Williams, the others write too, adding substantial strength to the Bandit cause, but really their main attributes are as inspired musicians; abilities which are heard continuously building the songs and creating musical moods, but never better than on "Pulling Them Punches" which has Litherland and McIntosh working through some elaborate guitar chordings that would even perplex members of Little Feat.

I can only conclude that "Bandit" receives my first Gold Star Award of the year. You won't —if you'll excuse the pun — be robbed if you shell out for it.

Tony Stewart

BURLESQUE
Live — Acupuncture
(Arista)

FED UP? You need Burlesque. Really. Pulp Rock. Stylish, shammy, wonderfully worthless, totally devoid of any socially redeeming factors. Disruptive, perceptive, capable — 'easy listening' doesn't have to be a derogatory term.

What Burlesque have built up for themselves in a short, rewarding life on the road is a useful set of songs that are at the same time as being gloriously point blank and sprawling, energy contracted and physically direct. Bamboozled? . . . sure . . . you try to pin this lot down. They're addictive collectors of styles, ranging through Roxy, Quiet Sun, Henry Cow, Flo and Eddie, Des O'Connor, here there and everywhere.

The album has been recorded live, which may seem odd for a debut, but it makes sense for a band like this, who need slozzled audience reaction to spark on. They roped in Muff Winwood to direct, to give a clean, 'sterile' sound and, voila — one throwaway album of derivative over-ranged and generally excessive fun.

Bassist Steve Parr and Paul Warren on drums form one of those unspectacular but capable rhythm sections, giving just enough swing to get by. Steve Hughes on keyboards can be fancy, straight, loose and a little bland. Ian Trimmer, as well as singing with cultured, disarming, deadpan soft soap cynicism, plays a groovy spiralling rockola sax. Billy Jenkins has his tongue in his cheek but still manages to combine the work of my four favourite Anglo-guitarists, Lenny Kaye, Marc Bolan, Phil Manzanera and Fred Frith. Can he be this good?

Their songs are cohesive, corny, sometimes abandoned and sometimes restrained. "Elsie Petunia", the attractive opening number typifies their crass harmony hooks, vocal interplay, and stupidly vamped melodies. It also has a couple of crafty Jenkins solos fighting up through the mix that say, yeah, maybe he is that good.

Elsewhere, the tunes are varied and breezy, with archly self-conscious lyrics that raise a smile or two on early listens.

No hit singles anywhere, no masterpieces, but so what? This album is disposable. It's appeal is spontaneous — by the tenth play there's a yawn or two.

The vocal weakness is eventually annoying. But, again, so what? It's a little impermanent, that's all. Let's not get visionary about this, just live from day to day. Straight fun for a month's better than no fun at all.

Paul Morley

SCROUNGER
Snap (Anchor)

SCROUNGER ARE Paul Lewis and Ian Gurnow and their publicity blurb says they have written "hundreds" of songs. I'd guess that a few years ago they'd have been trying to write material for the likes of Manfred Mann or The Hollies — but with the disappearance of that era they now have to make their own album.

The main problem is a basic lack of inspiration which no amount of arrangements, studio musicianship or Mike Hurst's production can disguise. The subdued approach doesn't help any either.

The songs are too one-paced (medium-slow at that) and too choppy in construction. This can be effective if used sparingly but when used throughout kills feel and flow.

The promise of beginnings like that of "Platform 9" never materialises in the main body of the song and interest is lost through lack of recognisable melody. There are nice moments, like the ending to "Me I'm Pretending", and some neat touches scattered through the album but nothing consistent enough to gel into something solid.

The exception is the single "Parisian Cafe Blue", a deft little song which has everything its companions lack — good melody, flow, jaunty approach, a sense of direction and ear-catching tricks in the backing.

Ian Cranna

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WELL, THEY say you always remember the first time. And **COCKNEY REBEL** were the first band I ever saw, back in 1973 at the Colston Hall, Bristol. I was really taken with them, especially Steve Harley because his bones stuck out and I'm a sucker for bones. But in retrospect, maybe the reason I liked them so much wasn't because of the music, but because they were the first Famous People I'd seen In The Flesh. I was blinded by the light, I guess.

Now, without the benefit of rose coloured pre-pubescent glasses, Cockney Rebel seem adequate but not hot. They're also a little silly, especially Harley done up like Co Co the Clown. And a bit sick, showing slides of bombed out Ulster. But they sang some good if predictable songs: "Sebastian", "Mr Soft" and "Come Up And See Me", with Linda Lewis singing a chorus or two. Also lots of newer stuff, real boring, and one of the most irritating songs of all time, "Red Is A Mean, Mean Colour", Harley coming over like some benzedrined Joe McCarthy.

Still, he looked okay in the white suit he wore for most part of the evening, and the band sounded happy. Which is more than can be said for support group Nutz, who almost made my ears bleed.

JAZZ DIARY

OSCAR PETERSON tour, Part two : last week we left the burly virtuoso of the keyboard in the clutches of leek-eating punters in Cardiff. Will his Svengali-like promoter spring him, or will he be forced to switch to voice , and settle? New readers now read on . . . With one bound, our man is appearing at the Albert Hall, Nottingham on 15th March; Colston Hall, Bristol on 17th; Princess Theatre, Paignton on 18th; Cliff Pavilion Southend on 20th; Winter Gardens, Bournemouth on 21st; The Dome, Brighton on 24th; The Congress, Eastbourne on 25th; Theatre Royal, Norwich on 27th; Kelvin Hall, Glasgow on 29th; Usher Hall, Edinburgh on 31st; and the Yacht Marina, Hayling Island on 3rd April.

Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band continues its tour with Witney Jazz Club on 1st March; Town Hall, Crawley on 2nd;Town Hall, Huddersfield on 6th; The Tramshed, Woolwich on 7th; and the New Victoris, London on 12th.

Jazz Centre Society have secured a new venue on Saturday nights at the Star & Garter, Putney. Australian alto man, Ken Schroder's Quartet will be playing there on 19th February, and the following Saturday, Quadrant, featuring ex-afro-jazz-rock guitarists Steve Byrd and John McCoy. Shrove Tuesday 22nd February, JCS are presenting a special concert featuring Alan Skidnore, Elton Dean, Chris Lawrence and Louis Moholo.

Tenor giant Dick Morrissey is planning to return to the UK from the States this summer, and his one-time partner Terry Smith is cutting an album in March for the new Lee Lambert label. Those Bulls Head regulars, the Tony Lee Trio, have made the first album for the label, and will be supporting Terry Smith.

Brian Case

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LET'S WORK TOGETHER

(So sez cuddly ROY CARR, The Man Who Survived The Hat Transplant.)

THE CHIMES in the backstage bar gently signal the four minute drink-up warning to showtime, at the same time alerting the squad of dark-blue T-shirted security guards who congregate in the corridor beneath the arena, shuffling nervously from one foot to another, like a troupe of army gymnasts.

Outside, in the biting wind, the touts play cat and mouse with the police. Lean pickings for an opening night, they bemoan to one another. "Hope it's better on the last gig," grumbles one tout as he pulls his brown leather coat around his beer gut and swiftly heads for a waiting cab, " 'Cause I've got 66 pairs of tickets!"

Inside the vast auditorium, except for a few '40s styled bright satin cocktail dresses, a dustbin bag T-shirt, a couple of white summer-weight suits and the occasional flash of stiletto heel, this is by far the most uncharacteristic audience ever to have been assembled under one roof. And most of them know it.

Just before the house lights grow dim, the audience has a final flick through the 50p souvenir programme which resembles an early Biba's mail order catalogue and, after reading that Bry "remains an elusive and intriguing figure who strongly resists all attempts at categorisation", gaze at portraits of Bryan with a moustache; Bryan without a moustache; Bryan smiling, Bryan looking pensive; Bryan in a tuxedo, a satin shirt and leather jacket; Bryan reclining at the piano; Bryan reclining on top of the piano; a camel in profile with Bryan sat on its back; Bryan smoking like a chimney, leaning awkwardly against a window frame, a ladder and on the back cover, Bryan looking positively shagged out.

As the lights flicker and die, heads turn in desperation, eyes meet momentarily and then look away as if in search of some hope of a familar reflection. No longer, would it seem, is the Ferry / Roxy affair a celebration for fashion plate fancy dress, for all that can be seen are hordes of polysomething rally car coats, turtleneck sweaters, tank-tops and tweeds. That's correct, you're in the Willoughby Tailoring Generation!

In the gloom, eleven musicians and singers grope around the stage. Three horns take up their positions on a rostrum stage right, in front of them the three singers. To the left, the rhythm players. Bass and drums suddenly detonate and everyone lurches headlong into the self-explanatory "I Like The Sound Of Funky Music". As the battery of stage lights brighten, the familiar figures of Chris Mercer and Mel Collins (saxes), Martin Drover (trumpet), the Kokomo Kidz (vocals), the attractive Ann Odell (keyboards), The Great Paul Thompson (drums), the indubitably pre-eminent John Wetton (bass) and Phil Manzanera (guitar) are readily identified. And there, standing in front of such a magnificent line-up, dressed in black and perched upon cuban-heel boots with the self-assured coolness of a matinee idol, his slicked black hair glistening like crude oil, the star of the show, none other than Chris Spedding. With style to spare, Spedding hunches over his guitar and fires off a quick burst of white hot rhythm.

Hold on a minute, who's that figure that's suddenly moving from the backstage gloom and into Spedding's spotlight, his hair flopping over his right eye and dressed in an ill-fitting one button charcoal grey silk suit that even Eden Kane wouldn't have been seen dead in?

Jeez, I always thought promoter Mel Bush ran a tight operation. Seemingly no so, because one of those badly dressed Bryan Ferry lookalikes who loiter around the stage door trying to pull stray birds has slipped past security and is trying for his one solitary moment of fame. And it looks as though he's actually gonna make it. The band is already ploughing into "Let's Stick Together", the goon's grabbed the microphone and would you believe it, he seems to know the words. But that's about all, 'cause this kid can't move. Maybe it's stage fright, but his right leg has become rigid whilst he seems to have crooked his left one to awkwardly tap out the beat. Precisely what he's doing with his arms is anyone's guess! Hey, won't someone get this bum outta here and bring on Ferry!

What the hell is going on? Every one seems to be oblivious of his presence for the band has thundered into Jimmy Reed's "Shame, Shame, Shame", the Kokomo Kidz are executing one of their many nifty little dance routines and chanting "Can I Get A Witness" and Spedding is way out in front busily strafing the atmosphere with sonic slide guitar dives on his flying arrow. A third song — I believe it's called "All Night Operator" — is expertly filed away by the band, and then this bloke begins to address the audience to announce that *his* next song, "Party Doll" (or was it "Party Dog"?) is from *his* next album. Did *he* say *his* next album? Oh my God!! Can it be? It *is*! Last time I saw him, he was GI'd Tulsa McLean, and now . . .

VISIONS OF AN immaculately tuxedoed Bryan Ferry bound and gagged and crammed into a dusty backstage broom cupboard disintegrate. The guy standing up there on stage, looking like the runner-up at The Young Liberals' Tennis Club Dance Contest, happens to be *the* Bryan Ferry. Well, he and me fooled — and I'm a devotee. And the way he proceeds to struggle through "You Go To My Head" doesn't help dispel any doubts.

Something is drastically wrong. I've always felt Gary Glitter and Bryan Ferry to be kindred spirits. Having both realised their limitations as bona fide rock'n'roll performers, they came to the conclusion that after years of teen idolatry the correct course for their respective talents was to become Masters Of Parody. Whilst Gary Glitter lumbered around as an endearingly gotesque caricature of the accepted rock sex symbol, the debonair Mr Ferry put aside his copy of *Tatler*, choosing to dabble with more sophisticated kinetic imagery which, when employed within the context of Roxy Music, proved to be most sublime.

With the future of Roxy Music in the balance, it would seem that, as far as Ferry is concerned, the masquerade is over and he is now taking himself seriously as the epitome of those images and sophisticates he once parodied.

FOR THE FIRST of his three Roxy songs, Ferry warbles "Could It Happen To You" from "Siren". Manzanera takes over the guitar lead, but it still doesn't evoke memories of a once great band. And semblance of Roxy is further dispelled with the title track from Ferry's new solo album, "In Your Mind". The new album is self-penned. Whether this and the other titles were ever intended for Roxy's repertoire is purely speculative. One thing is certain, the music is much funkier than before, it's almost as if he were on a neo-"Station To Station" kick. Nevertheless, Ferry's performance of "In Your Mind", like so many others, is overshadowed by Chris Spedding, whose solos shake one rigid.

Credit where much credit's due. Ferry has assembled such an experienced crack unit that if they ever fully opened-up they'd blow him or, for that matter, most any other singer, into the fourth row of the stalls. As it is, with Thompson and Wetton in command, they're content to cruise at half-speed. But you can sense the suppressed reserve energy.

Indeed, I've become so enthralled with the way in which this band is working that I'm not concentrating on Ferry. Another brand new song slips pleasantly by, then "Casanova" from "Country Life" and then "Tracks Of My Tears" — a song which I've always felt to be beyond Ferry's technique and one which tonight is flawed by suspect pitching and sloppy phrasing.

Truthfully, most of the time Ferry gives the impression of being extremely uncomfortable on stage. His movements are stilted, his mannerisms inelegant. Somehow this never seemed quite as apparent within the framework of Roxy Music as it appears this evening. Tonight Bryan Ferry is trying desperately to make it with the minimum flash, but what he doesn't realise is that he *needs* the decorations, the bizarre costume changes, the dinner jackets, the potted palms, exotic ladies, the whole surrealistic carnival that's so much a part of his imagery. Without these props, he looks like someone in a charcoal grey silk suit and a pink tie doing a rather poor impression of Bryan Ferry.

Must be that Ferry is not overly-concerned with *The Man*, but *His Music*. Of the new songs he's premiering, "Tokyo Joe" is indicative of Ferry's most imaginative aspects as a songwriter. On just one hearing, it gives the impression of being as strong as anything he's written of late, but like I said, I'm only going on first impressions. Skilfully arranged and exquisitely performed by the band, it's one of the rare moments that he appears to be in full control of the situation. However, he prefers to let the urgency slip through his fingers as he camps through "It's My Party", during which the Kokomo Kidz perform a frenzied Young Conservatives' Twist.

Yet again, he returns to "In Your Mind" to warble the sombre "One Kiss", which segues most effectively into the spirited "Rock Of Ages" and concludes with the new single, "This Is Tomorrow" — a concoction of familiar licks smeared over a "Honky Tonk Woman/Brown Sugar" swagger and laced with a horn bridge which owes more than a passing nod to "In The Midnight Hour."

AT THIS JUNCTURE, Ferry tries to cut loose. Seems that inside this man there's a hard-nosed rocker trying to break out of the constrictions of the hush-puppy shoes of the late Laurence Harvey. The unfortunate result is that while the band rumbles through "This Is Tomorrow", "Love Is The Drug" and finally "The 'In' Crowd", Ferry's attempts at being the epitome of Mr Cool manifest themselves as a stiff haemorrhoidal stomp, which is passed off as some kind of funky frozen chicken. The Fonz Ferry ain't. And the more he tries to shake a tail feather the more embarrassing the whole spectacle becomes.

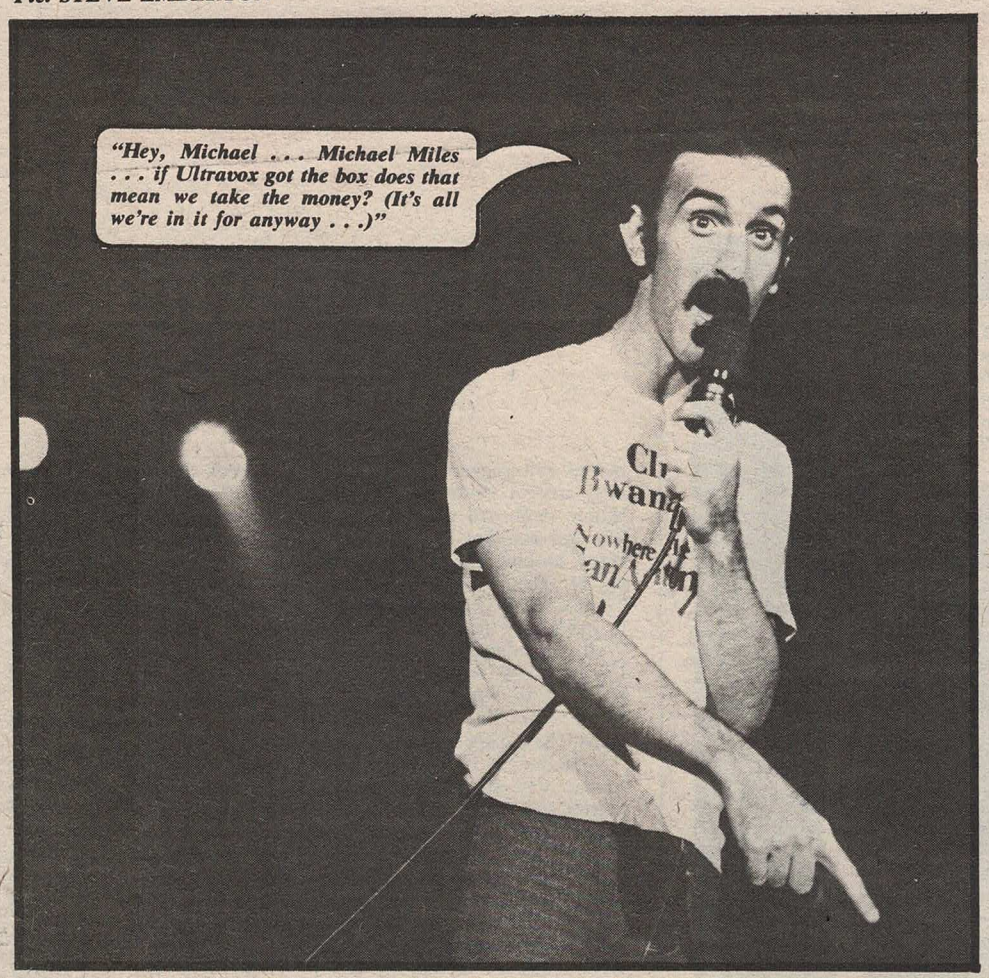
How can Chris Spedding fail to impress in the face of this? Though he just stands slightly hunched over his axe, firing volley after volley of guitar licks that richochet around Royal Albert's, Spedding oozes the kind of charismatic cool that just cannot be ignored. His mere presence is sufficient to gain your undivided attention; the fact that he also plays some of the best guitar in town is added compensation.

The band suddenly cut loose, take command, the audience carried away by the momentum, and encore with "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" and the riff-heavy "The Price Of Love".

Always love 'em and leave 'em with your best number. Finish on an upper — and that's precisely what "These Foolish Things" isn't. Whatever adrenalin rush "The Price Of Love" motivated is subdued by the limp-wristed rendition of "These Foolish Things".

Bryan Ferry has now taken up permanent residency beside a Hollywood swimming pool. They should both be very happy together. Meanwhile, back home Chris Spedding. . .

Pic: STEVE EMBERTON



TORTURE MAMA & THE OPEN BRAIN

MILES gets his time organised

Frank Zappa

HAMMERSMITH

"OH CHRIST!" sobbed someone near to me as Frank sloped on to the stage. It had been a long time.

Frank's musical apprenticeship goes back to the doowop groups and bands, and in the Johnny Otis tradition he opens and closes his act by introducing the members of the band:

Eddie Jobson on multiple keyboards and violin, ex-Roxy Music, "bringing to the group a sort of damp English charm, smothered in rosy-cheeked appeal". Eddie got a chance to work out almost immediately as the group kicked off with "Peaches En Regalia" from the "Hot Rats" album. Frank picked his way nimbly through the two solos but he was a little stiff.

He was supported brilliantly by bass player Patrick O'Hearn. Formally a jazz player, O'Hearn's technical skill enables him both to do time keeping work and to scamper round the beat like a duck round a pond. Terry Bozzio, "together in leather", has been with Zappa for about two years and seems to know instinctively when Frank is going to sustain a note, coming in with just the right length of drum roll.

"Peaches . . ." segued straight into "The Torture Never Stops" which, being a much slower, extended piece, gave Frank a chance to stretch out a little and to fool around, demonstrating various heavy-metal guitar stances and at one point extending his foot for Patrick O'Hearn to bow and kiss. In almost every instance Frank's playing was better on the second night than the first. He may have been tired, having only arrived the day before from a heavy European tour schedule, but I think he was nervous.

England has always been special to him — he even moved here to make *200 Motels* — but his recent experience has been very unfortunate: the fall from the stage of the Rainbow which put him in plaster for a year, and then the absurd Albert Hall court case. But Frank need not have worried. He has a large cult following of older fans and, judging by the audience, a new generation who follow and enjoy his work.

The show was very varied, a balanced mixture of the various Zappa musical histories. He did "Big Leg Emma", an unsuccessful single from back in 1967, and settled back to tune up while Terry Bozzio took a solo. Bozzio first rolled round the kit like thunder rolling in mountains then built up some hostile war drums. It's

Ultravox

NASHVILLE ROOMS

AS ULTRAVOX took the stage at The Nashville, their lead singer visually screamed Lou Reed before they'd even plugged in (in fact, when the lights are on, it is Kim Fowley that he resembles). His name is John Foxx and he is the visual focus of the group, as well as their lyricist.

They are a five-piece combo, seething with ideas, and just emerging from a severe dose of Bryan Ferryitus. Their numbers are reminiscent of early Roxy Music; that was why Island Records asked Eno to produce some of the tracks on the album. Eno speaks: "This album sounds very much like the early Roxy one — not in terms of sound, but in terms of juxtaposition of things that are definitely going somewhere very interesting with things that are the remains of something else."

Onstage black is the colour. They announced each number as if it was an election result, enunciating carefully. The drummer, Warren Cann, bared his teeth like he might bite the head off your pet budgie; the bass player, Chris Cross, wears a plastic mac. The lead guitarist, Stevie Shears, is a young Phil Spector look-alike.

Strangely for a band with a 'punk' image, they can all play. In fact they are fine technicians. Shears can pack a concise and economical solo into just a few bars, then snap right back into playing old Duane Eddy riffs as a rhythm track.

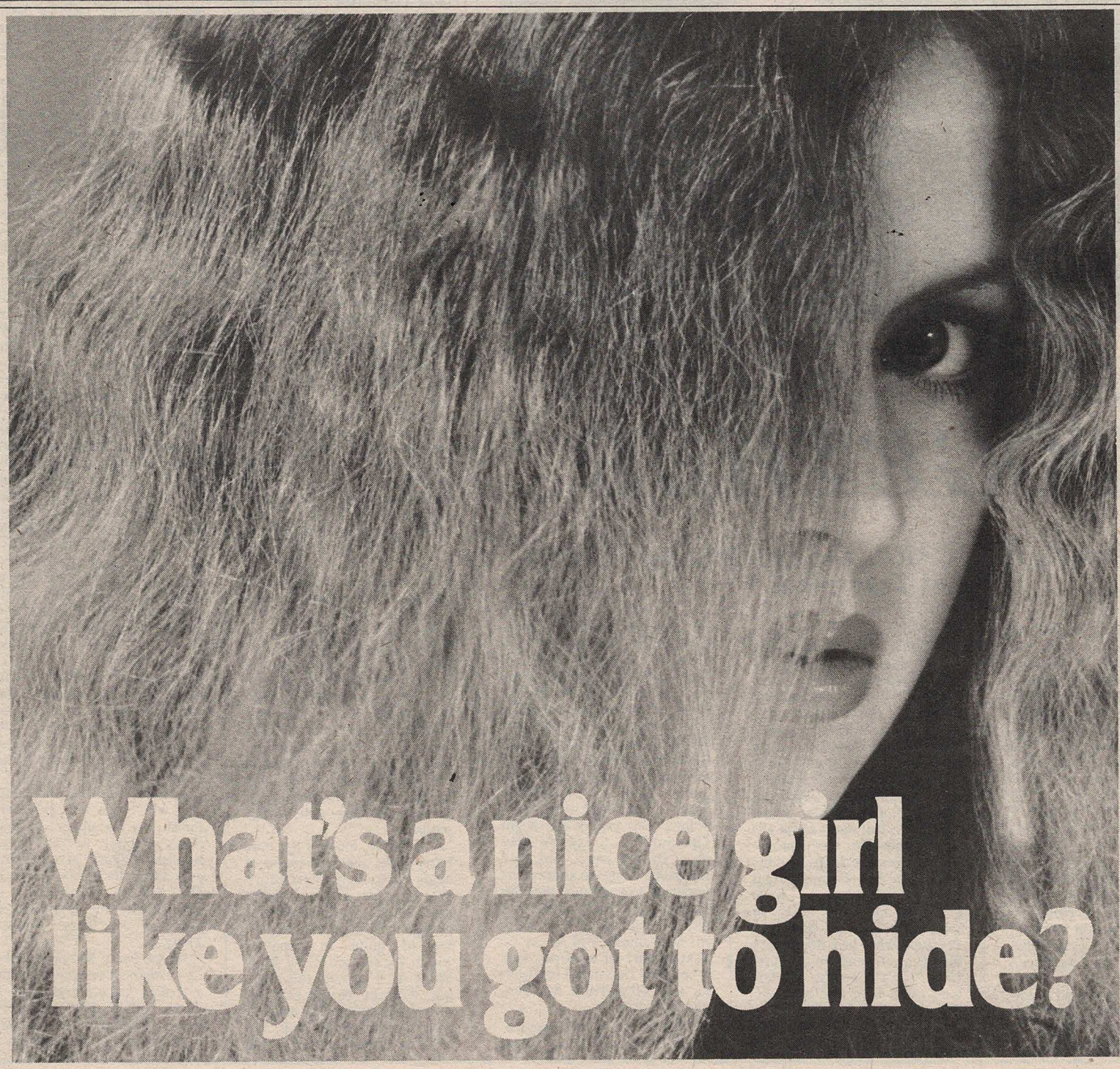
Keyboard player Billy Currie is one of the few people I've heard to use early Rick Wright riffs. Sometimes he whipped out his violin and laid a little cat-gut on us. This was particularly successful on the sad and melancholy dirge "I Want To Be A Machine" where he played with all the lugubrious solemnity of Nico's harmonium solos.

The words to that, and all the other songs, are surrealistic images juxtaposed with traditional lyrics of alienation and punk angst such as "TV Orphans": repeat the title line twice then a two-bar break . . .

In case it seems odd that a group should materialise from nowhere, as if beamed down from the Enterprise complete with original material, arrangements, a record contract and an album, the answer is that they've been around for three years, working under the slightly wimpish name of Tigerlily.

If the new wave of rock is going to produce bands as good as Ultravox then it looks like 1977 might be as good as 1967 for modern music.

Miles



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hard for a drum solo to keep the interest of the audience, but Bozzio can.

There's not a band in the country that couldn't learn from Zappa as far as stage presentation goes. There are no breaks between numbers — everyone tunes with electronic strobes (so that they can't be heard) while someone is soloing.

Frank's been around long enough to begin to rewrite his own history, just like Dylan. He performed another '60s classic, "My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Momma", but in a slowed-down bionic funk version — except for a brief soaring '60s solo to show that his fingers still remembered the 1966 curfew riots on the Strip. It's on numbers like this that the fifth member of the group, Ray White, comes into his own. Formally with a San Francisco funk outfit called Aztec, he brings the Wattstax scream and some hard driving guitar to the group. He sings lead on a number of songs and is a valuable front line addition.

When soloing Frank adopts a question-mark stance, leaning backwards and head forward like a turtle. He likes to look funny and do funny footwork but usually, when you think about it, the joke's on you.

On the first night he played one totally misconceived solo — there was no way that anyone could have resolved it — though he did his best. The same solo spot on the second night he excelled himself, playing a solo so strong and inventive that the other guys were all laughing with him as more and more riffs appeared and were developed. Even Frank was smiling.

It was a real Zappa concert, so there were sections in which Frank prowled about the front of the stage singing lyrics which insulted the audience and also a theatrical break of the kind first developed when Flo and Eddie were with him.

One of the problems is that there just aren't to many taboo subjects anymore for Frank to sing about. Gone are the days when explicit mention of sex or a few four letter words could shock — though the word "cock" was censored from "Father O'Blivion" on the "Apostrphe" album. Frank makes do with a long song about anal sex, "You're An Asshole", the "Torture" song, and a long dialogue in which he attempts to sell his soul to the devil for "titties and beer" after the devil, in the guise of Terry Bozzio in a mask, has eaten Frank's girlfriend and his six-pack just as Frank was going to get ripped and ball.

Just as Godard likes to constantly remind you you are watching a film, so Frank always defines his relationship to the audience. He is on stage trying to "organise your time interestingly for you", but you've got to do your bit too. As an encore he did "Dynamo Hum" and insisted the audience sang along "just like at a big ol' rock'n'roll concert". He knelt at the edge of the stage and on both nights was able to find a few people to sing directly into his microphone.

He berates his audience. He called them "stodgy, tense, neo-Victorian, hung-up, and more concerned with clothes than what's happening out in the world". They are gonna have to loosen-up! The ecstatic reception given him restored his confidence. He encored with "Camarillo Brillo" and "Muffin Man" on the first night, and spoke to the audience about his accident at the Rainbow and his law suit — he was genuinely moved.

There was no Nuremberg Rally, no glitter, smoke bombs, dry ice or laser display. Just sheer professionalism. A show which has been worked on to make sure everything is perfectly spaced and balanced, played by five guys who really know how to play their instruments.

What more could you possibly want?

Miles

FLASHES

THERE is little to say about **Jethro Dull's** Hammersmith Odeon performance not already covered in Ian Cranna's review of thé Glasgow show printed in last week's ish.

The overriding impression of this entirely desultory affair, which seemed to produce little joy from the mechanically responsive audience, is that apart from being a money making machine Jethro Tull have little point. Anderson's attitude to his band and audience alike is patronising, and his onstage raps and jokes are riddled with cliches. Even the old songs were performed with something less than maximum commitment by a band that lacked fire. These days Tull are living proof that autocracy doesn't work.

Steve Clarke

CBGB & OMFUG is the place to go in New York, right. But as I stagger in there at 1.00 am Saturday morning, having been on the road and in the air almost nonstop day and night since arriving in the city four days ealier, with my flight to London leaving in nine hours' time, I have my doubts.

THE MUMPS are on their last three numbers. Five pretty teenage mobsters playing the slick end of punk, maybe a stripped down Sparks; it's pigsty packed and too dark to make out how the audience rates on the weirdometer. Joe Stevens tells me The Mumps' singer first found fame in one of those TV shows where the camera team spends six months living with a randomly selected real life family. To the network's horror, he turned homosexual onscreen.

After a long delay, and me failing to find a comfortable corner to squeeze into, **John Cale** brings out his band for their second set on their second of four days here. Radiating fierce intensity, Cale takes the fiddle to "Memphis" and, slightly unexpectedly, turns out to be in fine form. The tubby, football sweatered man has a really tough guitar / bass / drums / keyboards group with him. Well rehearsed and muscular, they feature one of those super-enthusiastic propellent young drummers and an able rock guitarist.

A slowish "Waiting For My Man", Cale on keyboards generating great hard funk, leads to a slow Welsh ballad ("Sitting In The Midday Sun"?), and then into the opening track to "Paris 1919", "Child's Christmas In Wales", taut and unadorned. This is an excellent set.

My head is spinning from lack of sleep, and as photographers jostle past where I'm crouched, and with Cale continually seeming to turn that frantic gaze my way, he moves into a version of "Guts" which pisses on the silly track on "Slow Dazzle". That's followed by a grinding version of that LP's "Darling I Need You" . . . and then just as I'm beginning to feel more at ease he destroys me.

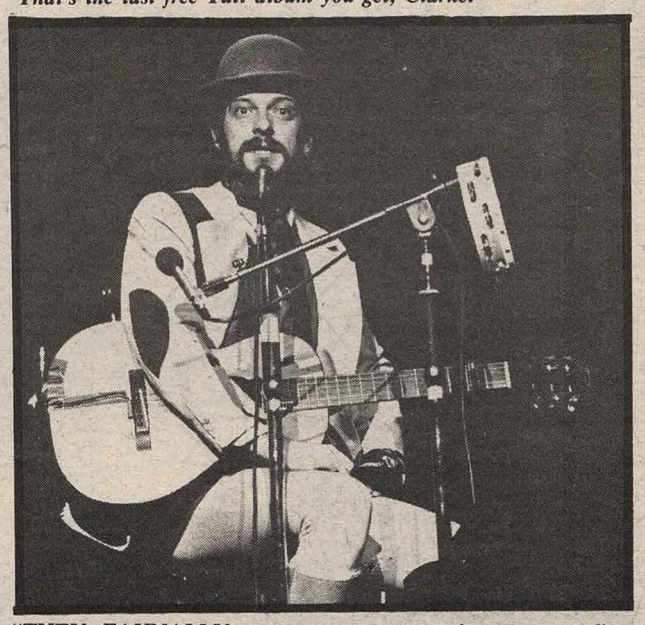
God knows what the song's called, but with Cale now struggling dementedly with a guitar that's out of tune and won't stay strapped on, the band move through a pulverising number that just escalates and escalates and escalates . . . and you know how it feels, like your brain is exploding . . . Well, mine did.

David Byrne from the Talking Heads stepped up to play semi-acoustic on the next song, but I had to take the fragments of my head off to hallucinate in bed for a couple of hours before heading for home.

Thanks a lot, John. I suppose you were great.

Phil McNeill

"That's the last free Tull album you get, Clarke!"



"THEY FAHNALLY gave us queens up here a recording contract," **JOHNNY THUNDERS** drawled from the stage of the Roxy, packed out for benefit night. Then **THE HEARTBREAKERS** tore into "Chinese Rock", the Dee Dee Ramone song that will be their first Track single, great lyrics that have got nothing to do with Mao Tse Tung singing "Summertime Blues" — white powders, not yellow men . . .

The band were very slightly off peak form, but even so they played a set of rock 'n' roll that few combos on either side of the Atlantic could match for sheer attack, panache, vitality and natural / unnatural energy. They've really done it — The Heartbreakers are now better than the Dolls *ever* were.

"We got a treat for all yew *punks* out dere," Thunders Sneered, before bringing on a *saxophone* player! Really! "The first New Wave band with a saz player," Mick Jones smiled after the gig And it worked perfectly, Dave the Sax Man blasting sweet and tru around the chiv-artist Les Pauls from New Yawk City. The Heartbreakers are not so much innovators as boys who don't give a shit for what they're *supposed* to do. A sax player with a New Wave band who sing love songs for objects . . . why not?

CHELSEA, the band three-quarters of Generation X left because of, uh, musical differences, played a set before The Heartbreakers that was competent if unspectacular. Gene October handles vocals, Bob Jessie on bass looks like he just escaped from somewhere, Marty Stacey is a capable guitarist who sounds as though his one and only influence is "Loaded" by the Velvets (that's a compliment, by the way) and Carey Fortune is solid enough on drums.

I can't comment on the lyrical content of the songs because I couldn't understand a word of it (we gonna have to work something out about this problem) but titles include "High Rise", "Curfew" and, best of all, "Got To Go". Chelsea have got a long way to go but, if they don't OD on gutter rock press twelve-page A-to-Z punk-rock pull-outs, they will be worth watching.

Tony Parsons

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

TED NUGENT is due back, following the success of his debut appearances here last year, and this time he's playing nine concerts — the first of which is in Manchester next Wednesday. He's accompanied by his regular backing outfit, and the Steve Gibbons Band are the support act.

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: GAFFA
BARNSLEY Civic Hall: LONE STAR
BARROW Maxim's Disco: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: GABERLUNZIES
BELFAST Polytechnic: FLYING ACES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP-SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: FOUNDATIONS
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks;THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Old Moseley Arms: FRANKIE CROW
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Old Blackburnians F.C: BRIAN DEWHURST/SILLY WIZARD
BLACKBURN ABC Theatre: GENE PITNEY/BONNIE TYLER
BRADFORD Princeville Club: LEE KOSMIN BAND
BRIGHTON Dome: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BRISTOL Arts Centre: HOT VULTURES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
CANTERBURY College of Art: S.A.L.T.
CARLISLE Twisted Wheel: PETE QUIN
CASTLETON Cheshire Cheese: VIN GARBUTT
COLCHESTER Essex University: ROY HARPER & CHIPS/ALBION DANCE BAND
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: SLIK
COVENTRY City Centre Club: SURPRISE SISTERS
COVENTRY Warwick University: RALPH McTELL-/MAGNA CARTA
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: VAL DOONICAN
CROYDON Red Deer: LITTLE BOB STORY
DERBY Shottle Railway Hotel: KEITH MANIFOLD
DUBLIN Stadium: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
DUMFRIES Technical College: DEAD END KIDS
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: BUDGIE/SIDEWINDER
FAREHAM Collingwood Club: BREAKER
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: BELOW THE BELT
GRIMSBY St. James House: McCALMANS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
HIGH WYCOME Nags Head: ROOGALATOR
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON BRIXTON Clouds: MATUMBI
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STREAMLINER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SCREEMER
LONDON GREENWICH Borough Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SMITH
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: VIBRATORS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: SAXON-/JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: CADILLAC
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON RICHMOND Beehive: STRING JAM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: FOXEY LADY
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: DANGEROUS RHYTHM
LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: MOMENTS/RIMSHOTS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY
LONDON W.6 Prince of Wales: BOB DAVENPORT
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
MANCHESTER Opera House: BRYAN FERRY
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: TOMMY HUNT
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NORTHAMPTON Silver Cornet: ABBOTT
NORTHAMPTON Sunnyside Hotel: APPLEJACKS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
OXFORD New Theatre: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONDS / WILDCATS
PLYMOUTH Castaways: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
PLYMOUTH H.M.S. Drake: TRAX
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: BERT JANSCH
SALFORD University: HARVEY ANDREWS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER Re-scheduled gig, postponed from February 8
SHEFFIELD University: MARTIN SIMPSON
SLOUGH Fulcrum Theatre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
STAINES Pathfinder Club: NOEL MURPHY & WIZZ JONES
STOURPORT Civic Centre: MOON
SWANSEA Circles Club: BURLESQUE
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: SUN SESSION/FLIGHT 56
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: DAVE TURNER
WEST BROMWICH Steering Wheel: STAGE FRIGHT
WORCESTER Bankhouse: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
YEOVILTON Heron Club: J.A.L.N. BAND

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN University: MEDICINE HEAD
ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONS / WILDCATS
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: SPARROW
BATH University: ROY HARPER & CHIPS / ALBION DANCE BAND
BELFAST Whitla Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
BIRMINGHAM Aston Rugby Club: APPLEJACKS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarells's: F.B.I.
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM The Old Crown: PETE & CHRIS COE
BLACKBURN Old Blackburnians F.C.: BRIAN DEWHURST
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
BRAINTREE 2J's Club: CADILLAC
BRENTWOOD College of Education: NUTZ / CLEMEN PULL
BRIGHTON Sussex University: KEVIN COYNE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BRISTOL University: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
BURTON 76 Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
CAMBRIDGE Lady Mitchell Hall: HARVEY ANDREWS
CARDIFF University: PROCOL HARUM
CARLISLE Cosmo Club: JIGSAW

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS headline a one-off concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday. If you are into this band, you'd better make sure of catching them this time, because we're assured that they won't be playing any more British gigs until the summer.

CHATHAM Central Hall: VAL DOONICAN
CHELTENHAM Pavilion : MOON
CLACTON Institute of Technology: CALEDONIA
COLCHESTER Technical College: ROOGALATOR
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: RACING CARS / WARREN HARRY
CRAWLEY Technical College: THE STRANGLERS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: YETTIES
CROMER West Runron Pavilion : WIDOWMAKER / REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
DEWSBURY Shoulder of Mutton: JOHN GOODLUCK
DORCHESTER Clay Pigeon: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
DUBLIN Trinity College: FLYING ACES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: BANDY LEGS
DUNDEE Technical College: THE HEROES
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: MANHATTANS
EDINBURGH Traverse Theatre: IVOR CUTLER
EDINBURGH University: AC/DC
FARNBOROUGH Recreation Centre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS
GLASGOW Strahclyde University: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND / GORDON GILTRAP BAND
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: AL MATTHEWS
HARROW Technical College: DIRTY TRICKS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Old Town Hall: HOT VULTURES
HORNCASTLE Town Hall: MATCHBOX
HULL University: BILL CADDICK
ILKLEY College of Education: JENNY HAAN'S LION
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: STREETWALKERS / FOSTER BROTHERS
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: STAGE FRIGHT
LEEDS Grand Theatre: ALAN PRICE / LAMPLIGHT
LEEDS Polytechnic: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: PRISM
LETTERWORTHY Royal Oak: KEITH MANIFOLD
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: THE McGARRIGLES / FIVE HAND REEL
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
LONDON BRIXTON Loughborough Hotel: FLIGHT 56
LONDON BROCKLEY Rivoli Ballroom: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HIGH SPEED GRASS / HOLY INNOCENCE
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: STRIKE A LIGHT
LONDON DOWNHAM Northover: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MOTORHEAD
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: MOWREY JNR. & WATSON
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON N.17 White Hart: SUN SESSION
LONDON Queen Mary College: BAMBOO
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: TROGGS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: IRON MAIDEN
LONDON University Union: BURLESQUE
LONDON University: DARTS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SILENT SISTER
LOUGHBOROUGH University: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
MARKET HARBOROUGH Welland Park College: GLYDER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: LITTLE BOB STORY
MORECAMBE Bowl: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
MUSSELBURGH Brunton Hall: CAFE JACQUES / IGNATZ
NEW BRIGHTON Floral Pavilion: SLIK
NEWCASTLE City Hall— RORY GALLAGHER Re-scheduled gig, postponed from February 9)
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: LONE STAR
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: CASINO
PONTARDAWE Folk Club: JUNE TABOR
RETFORD Porterhouse: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS / MUSCLES
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE DAMNED
SLEAFORDSouthgate Black Bull: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: LEON ROSSELSON
STAFFORD North Staffs. Polytechnic: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
STIRLING University: NATIONAL HEALTH
STOKE The Highwayman: TOBY
SUTTON COLDFIELD Belfry Hotel: ACKER BILK BAND
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: MOMENTS / RIMSHOTS
SWINTON Hotpoint Social Club: BEANO
TAMWORTH The Unicorn: STEREO GRAFFITI
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: JOHN MARTYN
WAKEFIELD Bretton College: LEE KOSMIN BAND
WAKEFIELD Newton House Club: HELLRAISERS
WALLSEND Arts Centre: PETE QUIN
WHITREBURY Fox & Hounds: McCALMANS
WORCESTER Zetter's: THREE'S COMPANY
YORK Derwent College: SASSAFRAS
YORK Lowther Hotel: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

SATURDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: GENE PITNEY/BONNIE TYLER
ABERDEEN Motel: CHARLIE
ABERDEEN Rothlienorman Town Hall: DEAD END KIDS
ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: VICTOR BROX BLUES TRAIN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SURPRISE SISTERS
BIRMINGHAM King Of The Road: THREE'S COMPANY
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: NOEL MURPHY
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: KILROY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI—POLLOI
BIRMINGHAM University: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
BOLTON Institute of Technology: LITTLE BOB STORY
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: MUSCLES
BRACKNELL Poys Club Hall: HEARTBREAKER/ ALIEN BAND/GREEK STREET/OLD GREY BEAR
BRADFORD University: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
BRIDLINGTON 3B Theatre Club: ACKER BILK BAND
BRISTOL Bailey's: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
BRISTOL Granary: DIRTY TRICKS
BROMSGROVE North Worcs. College: ROY HARPER & CHIPS/ ALBION DANCE BAND
BUCKLAND Memorial Hall: McCALMANS
CAMBRIDGE Portland Arms: FLAKY PASTRY
CANTERBURY Kent University: GREAT EASTERN
CARDIFF College of Education: UNCLE POL
COLCHESTER Essex University: COUNT BISHOPS/TRUNKLES
COVRNTRY Warwick University: DAVE CARTWRIGHT/SILLY WIZARD
COVENTRY Zhivago's: APPLEJACKS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS / CALEDONIA
CROYDON Red Deer: DRAGONMILK
DONCASTER Bentley Bay Horse: BRIAN DEWHURST
DUBLIN Bellfield University: FLYING ACES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: ALKATRAZ
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: MOMENTS/RIMSHOTS
DURHAM University: PETE ATKIN
EDINBURGH Heriot-Watt University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
EDINBURGH Traverse Theatee: IVOR CUTLER
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: BURLESQUE
EXETER University: PROCOL HARUM
FARNBOROUGH Technical College: GONZALEZ
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: CASINO
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: RACING CARS/WARREN HARRY
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: National Health
GLASGOW University: AC/DC
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: ROKOTTO
GOOLE Victoria Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
KELSO Queen's Head: CASPIAN
KINGSTON Gypsy Hill College: ROOGALATOR
LEEDS Grand Theatre: BRYAN FERRY
LEEDS University: THE DAMNED
LEICESTER Polytechnic: DOCTORS OF MADNESS-/PAT TRAVERS BAND
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: THE JAM
LINCOLN Bishop Grosseteste College: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LIVERPOOL University: SHAKIN' STEVENS / THE SUNSETS
LIVINGSTON Riverside Community Centre: JOE'S DINER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROCKY RICKETTS SHOW
LONDON Central Polytechnic: GEOFF BRADFORD/BRIAN KNIGHT/ JOHNNY JOYCE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: CORTINAS/BOMBERS
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: STRAY
LONDON EALING Technical College: CADILLAC
LONDON GREENWICH Wesley Hall: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BE-BOP DELUXE/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON HORNSEY Ocean Club: SNEAKERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: SUZI QUATRO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: NASTY POP
LONDON KILBURN Broadway Theatre: JAKE THACKRAY
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: PACO PENA
LONDON Marquee Club: WINDOW
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: THE McGARRIGLES/FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON NOTTING HILL GATE Old Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON OXFORD ST 100 Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: LEROY SMART
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: SUN SESSION
LONDON Queen Mary College: SASSAFRAS/AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: "THE SNOW GOOSE ' with SPIKE MILLIGAN/ED WELCH/L.S.O.

PETER HAMMILL of Van Der Graaf, who play their first concert with their new line-up in London on Sunday.

JETHRO TULL, whose Ian Anderson is pictured above, are featured in "Sight And Sound In Concert" (BBC-2 and Radio 1, Saturday).

LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRUTTERS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: WHARF RATS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE ONLY ONES
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: SLIK
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: MUSCLES
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.I.: THE ENID
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: MOON
MILLON Cumbria Club: BEANO
NORTHALLERTON Community Centre: JIGSAW
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
NOTTINGHAM University: JOHN MARTYN
OXFORD New Theatre: STREETWALKERS/FOSTER BROTHERS
PAIGNTON Penelope's: BRANDY
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: GEORGE HAMILTON/MELBA MONTGOMERY
PORTSMOUTH College of Education: THE VIBRATORS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: ALAN PRICE
REDDITCH Tiffany's: SPARROW
RIPON College of Education: HOOKER
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: THE STRANGLERS
SHEFFIELD University: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
SLOUGH Cat Balou Club: CRAZY CAVAN'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
SOLIHULL St. John's Hotel: GEORGE MELLY/THE FEETWARMERS
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: MARTY WILDE/BERT WEEDON/TORNADOS/CARL SIMMONS/WILDCATS
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: SUPERCHARGE
ST. HELEN'S Theatre Royal: MIKE HARDING
STOKE The Highwayman: TOBY
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms: VAL DOONICAN
WALSALL Dilke Arms: STAGE FRIGHT

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: SUICIDE
AYLESBURY John Hampden: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
BANFF Fife Lodge: DEAD END KIDS
BASILDON Sweeney's: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
BELFAST Queen's University: FLYING ACES
BINGLEY College of Education: MAGNA CARTA
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: BOB KING
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Repertory Theatre: MARTY WILDE/BERT WEEDON/TORNADOS/CARL SIMMONS/WILDCATS
BLACKPOOL Imperial Ballroom: AC/DC
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: GREEK STREET
BRIGHTON Top Rank: GONZALEZ
BRISTOL Locarno: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
CARDIFF Capitol: STREETWALKERS/FOSTER BROTHERS
CASTLE DONNINGTON Priest House: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
CHELTENHAM Queen's Hotel: SILLY WIZARD
CHISLEHURST Bulls Head: PETE QUIN
COVENTRY Rugby Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
CROYDON Greyhound: LONE STAR
DUNDEE University: NATIONAL HEALTH
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: VAL DOONICAN
EDINBURGH Traverse Theatre: IVOR CUTLER
GLASGOW King's Theatre: GENE PITNEY/BONNIE TYLER
GT. CHESTERFORD Station Restaurant: MIKE MORGAN & FRIENDS
HALIFAX Civic Theatre: SLIK
HARLOW Playhouse: YETTIES
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: NICK FENWICK
LEEDS Grand Theatre: ACKER BILK BAND
LIVERPOOL Centre Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON BRIXTON Clouds: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: COME ALL YE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR/KRAAN/PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON E.17 Lord Brook Inn: BOB DAVENPORT
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE GORILLAS
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: PAM AYRES
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLIGHT 56
LONDON Marquee Club: BEARDED LADY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DUST ON THE NEEDLE
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. St. Martin's-in-the-Field: NIC JONES
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: TERRY LIGHTFOOT BAND
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
MATLOCK Baths Pavilion: KEITH MANIFOLD
MELTON MOWBRAY Working Men's Club: BREAKER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BRYAN FERRY
NORWICH St Andrews Hall: FLAKY PASTRY
NORWICH Theatre Royal: GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS
NORWICH Unthank Folk Club: MARTIN SIMPSON
PLYMOUTH Guildhall: ROY HARPER & CHIPS / ALBION DANCE BAND
PLYMOUTH H.M.S. Drake: ROKOTTO
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
RICKMANSWORTH Waters Meet: HARVEY ANDREWS
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
SILOTH Stannix Park Centre: BEANO
SOUTHEND Railway Hotel: HOT VULTURES
STOCKPORT Romiley Forum Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
SUNDERLAND Empire: ALAN PRICE
SWINDON Wyvern Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARNERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: PROCOL HARUM
WOLVERHAMPTON Wednesfield Social Club: APPLEJACKS
WORKSOP Boundary Inn: VIN GARBUTT

MONDAY

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tameside Theatre: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONS / WILDCATS
BARROW Rugby League Social Club: BEANO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOSTON Folk Club at the Copper Kettle: TOMMY GILFELLON
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE McGARRIGLES / FIVE HAND REEL
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE STRANGLERS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: TOBY
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot: COLT 45
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: MEDICINE HEAD
COVENTRY Warwick University: JOHN MARTYN
DONCASTER Outlook Club CHARLIE
ELLESMERE PORT Shellstar Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
FERMANAGH Arts Festival: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
GODALMING Shackleton Social Centre: DEREK SARJEANT & HAZEL KING
HALIFAX Civic Centre: NATIONAL HEALTH / SNEAKERS
HAWICK Town Hall: SLIK
HULL University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: 29th & DEARBORN
LONDON ACTON King's Head: JOHNNY G's BEZERKO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ETTA JAMES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: HIGH SPEED GRASS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE DAMNED
LONDON EDGWARE RD. Crown: MARTIN SIMPSON
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
LONDON Marquee Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: MARVHI
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE/CADO BELLE
LONDON School of Economics: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MIKE KHAN BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: STRAIT JACKET
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: LANDSCAPE
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: THE CHIMES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BRIAN FERRY
NORWICH Scamps: UNCLE PO
PENNISTONE Wagon & Horses: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX / BANDIT
STAFFORD Top of the World: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
SWINDON The Affair: JAH WOOSH
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: MOTORHEAD
WOLVERHAMPTON City Hall: GENE PITNEY / BONNIE TYLER
YORK Langwith College: TRACTOR

TUESDAY

AYR Caledonian Hotel: THE HEROES/JOE'S DINER
BATH Forum: PROCOL HARUM
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: THE MCGARRIGLES/ FIVE HAND REEL
BLACKPOOL Raikes Hall Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: DICK WELLSTOOD
BRADFORD University: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
BRIGHTON Dome: STREETWALKERS/FOSTER BROTHERS
CARDIFF Top Rank: AC/DC
COLCHESTER Essex University: THE DAMNED/ STRANGLERS
GLASGOW Third Eye Centre: IVOR CUTLER
HARTLEPOOL Gemini Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: WARHEAD
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY
LEEDS The Broadway: SNEAKERS
LEEDS University: JOHN MARTYN
LEICESTER University: ROY HARPER & CHIPS/ALBION DANCE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND

AC/DC return from a ten-week stay in their native Australia, and are all set to blast our eardrums and shatter our eyeballs once again. They open a 25-venue tour at Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Blackpool (Sunday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Derby (Wednesday).

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WINDOW
LONDON ISLINGTON The Florence: JOHN FOREMAN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: R.D.B.
LONDON KILBURN The National: BOTHY BAND/ NOEL MURPHY
LONDON Marquee Club: STRAY
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour Club: STEFAN GROSSMAN/SAM MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ETTA JAMES/ LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH The Trafalgar: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: DIAMOND JACK BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MIKE SCOTT TRACEY BAND
NEWPORT Alexander Club: VIBRATORS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM University: NATIONAL HEALTH
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: GENE PITNEY/BONNIE TYLER
SALFORD University: SUZI QUATRO
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: MARTY WILDE/BERT WEEDON/TORNADOS/CARL SIMMONS/WILDCATS
SOUTHAMPTON University: RALPH McTELL/ MAGNA CARTA
WESTBORUNE White Horse: MARTIN SIMPSON

WEDNESDAY

ASHINGTON Northumberland Technical College: CHRIS BARBER BAND
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: THE McGARRIGLES FIVE HAND REEL
BEESTON Three Horseshoes: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: ROY HARPER & CHIPS / ALBION DANCE BAND
BRIGHTON Sussex University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
DERBY Kings Hall: AC/DC
DORKING Star & Garter: TONY ROSE
DUMFERMILNE Belleville Hotel: BERNIE & THE BIONICS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BRYAN FERRY
HADLEIGH White Lion: PETE QUIN
HORWICH Rivington Barn: MIKE HARDING
LEEDS University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LIVERPOOL University: PROCOL HARUM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PHIL MAY & FRIENDS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: S.A.L.T.
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: TOBY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON KILBURN National: ROLY DANIELS
LONDON Marquee Club: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX/BANDIT
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: MANHATTAN TRANSFER / BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: CADILLAC
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: WINDOW
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: TED NUGENT-/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: THE STRANGLERS
OXFORD Polytechnic: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: STREETWALKERS/FOSTER BROTHERS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
RIBCHESTER White Bull: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
SOUTHEND Zero Six: MOMENTS/RIMSHOTS
SOUTHPORT Floral Hall: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONS / WILDCATS
SWANSEA Top Rank: LONE STAR
SWINDON The Affair: LITTLE BOB STORY
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: GONZALEZ

MANHATTEN TRANSFER open their three-night engagement at London New Victoria on Wednesday, coinciding neatly with their NME Chart comeback with "Chanson D'Amour." They also have a concert in Manchester on Sunday week; see next week's Gig Guide.

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: SHOWADDYWADDY
Wednesday (23) for four days
BEDFORD Nite Spot: FREDDIE & THE DREAMERS
Tuesday (22) for five days
EDINBURGH Traverse Theatre: IVOR CUTLER
Friday for three days.
LONDON New Victoria Theater: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
Wednesday (23) for three days
LUTON Cesar's: TAMMY JONES
Week from Sunday
RHYL Tito's Club: CHAMPAGNE
Wednesday (23) for four days.
WATFORD Bailey's: GARY GLITTER
Week from Sunday.

RADIO TV

BBC-2 DOES US proud again this week. **Jethro Tull** make a rare TV appearance on Saturday, when they are featured for an hour in "Sight And Sound In Concert," with its usual simultaneous stereo hook-up with radio 1. And Tuesday's "Old Grey Whistle Test" devotes most of its time to **Manhattan Transfer,** on the eve of their short British tour.

Still with BBC-2, the "Musical Time Machine" — usually a bit of a drag — comes up trumps on Tuesday when the guests are **Thelma Houston** and **Johnny Nash.** On the same channel, there's another **Spinners** show (Friday) and **Pet Clark** guesting in **"Perry Como's** Hawaiian Holiday" (Monday).

Over on BBC-1, **Paul Burnett** hosts "Top Of The Pops" (Thursday), **Liverpool Express** are in "Multi-Coloured Swap Shop" (Saturday morning) and **Catherine Howe** is in "That's Life" (Sunday). Friday marks the return of **Ronnie Barker** and "Porridge", and there's an interview with **Paul Michael Glaser** (Starsky, to you) in the final "Jim'll Fix It" on Saturday.

Second programme in **Tony Palmer's** 17-part documentary series "All You Need Is Love" gets right down to the basic roots of contemporary music. It's subtitled "God's Children — Origins" and among the artists seen are **Lightnin' Hopkins, Duke Ellington, Rufus Thomas, the Platters, Tina Turner** and **Ginger Baker.** You'll find many of Palmer's opinions controversial, but don't let that prevent you from watching on Saturday night (ITV networked).

Mike Mansfield's "Supersonic" on Saturday has **Sailor, John Lodge, Johnny Nash, Andy Brown** and **Sheer Elegance** in the line-up. And if you're into Larry Grayson, if you'll pardon the expression, **Dennis Weaver** and **Guys 'n' Dolls** are his guests later the same day.

Radio 1 is repeating the **"Elton John Story",** written and presented by **Paul Gambaccini,** starting on Saturday at 1.30 pm. Later the same day on Radio 2, the **Yetties** and **Bonnie Dobson** guest in **Wally Whyton's** "Both Sides Now".

"Country Club" this week features **Nick Carter** and **Ritchie Bull,** while "Folkweave" has **Threadbare Consort** and **Swan Arcade** among others. They're both an Radio 2 tonight (Thursday).

Bob Harris' "Whispering Circle" show on Radio Luxembourg has now moved to a new time slot. It's still on Thursdays, but now begins at midnight and runs for two hours. Another 208 show well worth hearing is "Great Albums" at 9.30 pm on Saturdays.

DEREK JOHNSON

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

LIVE PAGE

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 | 01-437 6603

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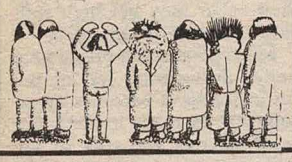

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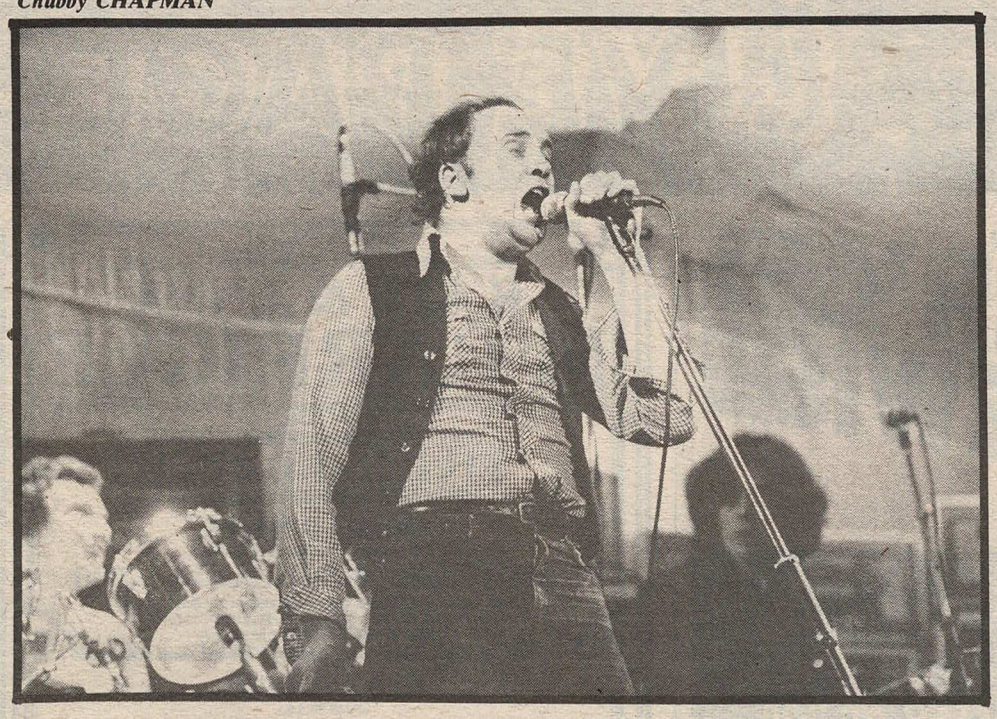

STUN SWING & STORMWALKERS

PAUL MORLEY tunes in the beautiful noise.

Streetwalkers

MANCHESTER

FOR THE PAST few weeks the Opera House has been open to *Cinderella*, with Ayshea and Billy Dainty. A tiered ornate draped theatre with plush seats and uniformed ladies selling ice cream in the interval, it'd be a great venue for the Kinks but hardly suits the robust, aurally impolite Streetwalkers.

Especially not jovially ill-mannered Roger Chapman: "Don't like this place", he said. "Too fuckin' polite. Prefer the Free Trade Hall: right piss 'ole."

The Foster Brothers start the evening off, bursting confidently into "Bright Lights Big City". Now a four-piece with two guitars, they're a little sharper and a little tougher than when I saw them as a trio a few weeks back, but still seem unnecessary and directionless.

The interval revealed absolutely no anticipatory atmosphere: many empty seats, and immediate surroundings saw to that. But as soon as the 'Walkers file on together for a typically dishevelled, totally effective roll through "Walking On Water" the scene feels better and the band manage to make you forget the venue, like when a good TV programme manages to make you forget the size of the screen.

By the third tune, "Crazy Charade", the band are glued on momentum. Bassist Micky Feat and drummer David Dowell are greased, primitive and very very subtle. Charlie Whitney and Bob Tench are what most haven't even got one of: virile, cool guitar virtuoso, easy light or nonstop speedy as the occasion demands, swapping roles, rhythm to lead to rhythm so you can't see the join.

Brian Johnston on keyboards I'm not so sure about: the faithful PA reveals his doodles and drench riffs colouring the sound and mixing well with the dual guitars, but there's no way the band have got to have this guy — unlike Chapman, whose clenched throat was as intense and burning as ever.

Once steaming, there's little chance of a derailment. Each riff is used as a point of departure, not as the essence of the song, with continual transformations and changes.

"Mama Was Mad", off the new album, features a biting, eloquent guitar solo, and it does its job over a thrusting clockwork rhythm lope. So much tension and control, the group brings it off beatifully with lots of fun, natural exuberance. "My Friend The Sun" and Chapman lost the lines: it falls apart but no one cares. Back together, Tench carves another bitter-sweet entertaining solo.

All the while the anti-formal but very together rhythm section plays a faultless exhibition of openness, directioness and simplicity. "Toenail Draggin' " exemplifies Whitney's and Tench's implicit understanding of each other's motives. Very impressive guitar playing, no traces of self-satisfaction.

The Streetwalkers, mixing stun, swing, storm and subtlety, finally drag the throng out of their cosy seats after a ferocious "Run For Cover". Encoring with a shifting "Burlesque" and "You Can't Come In", the end response made all the Chapman sweat and the band concentration worthwhile. A good gig.

Paul Morley

House

SURREY

HOUSE ARE the hottest group in the Guildford area, and most Mondays they play to the converted in the King's Head at the bottom of Guildford High Street, in appallingly crowded but highly atmospheric conditions. However, an untypical burst of enthusiasm on the part of the social secs of two local colleges recently brought them some rather more meaningful exposure on larger stages, with which they coped admirably.

They're a four-piece, with all four singing at one point or another, but the bulk of the composing and lead vocals handled by Tony Backhurst. He also plays amplified acoustic guitar, and is sometimes reminiscent of Dave Cousins of the Strawbs vocally, although the standard of his writing seems more even than the Strawbs have ever achieved. Most of the other songs are by Ksawery Lewkowicz, who sits behind a battery of keyboards but generally is a model of restraint. Tim Wheatley on bass and Greg Terry-Short on drums form a powerful but unobtrusive rhythm section.

Just about every song they do has a really insistent hook line, and lyrically there seems to be little pretension, the subject matter of the songs being of the 'personal experience' type, like "They're Knocking Down Our House Today" (from which the band took its name), "Gemini" (about the problems of two-timing), and "Lady Of The Hill". But their two most obviously commercial songs are the quite stunning "Beautiful Eyes", a hit single if ever I heard one, and "Roly Poly Days". With a new manager recently acquired, House should quite easily score a record deal before the summer, when the type of soft rock they play can be best appreciated.

At Surrey University House were supporting Liverpool Express, and I must echo Ian Cranna's praise of a couple of weeks ago, particularly for their killer ending of the two hits followed by a magnificent "Space Oddity" and "Back In The USSR". A fine band, who nevertheless failed to successfully combat the legendary Guildford apathy.

At Merrist Wood Agricultural College, House were supported by another very promising local musician (although he's a transplant from Newcastle), Dave Tarn. He's a very good picker, relying mainly on non-original material which is supplemented by a few of his own carefully chosen songs. Unfortunately he didn't play one of his best, "Sister Theresa", as House feature it in their set, but "Birthland" and "Changing Towns" were by no means disgraced alongside the rest of his eclectic material.

This ranged from an excellent version of "The Entertainer", picked magnificently, songs by Blind Blake, Big Bill Broonzy and "St. James Infirmary" (dedicated to Newcastle United), to pieces by Jim Kweskin and Tom Paxton, plus the hilarious "Put Another Log On The Fire" by Shel Silverstein.

Obviously, it's difficult for a solo act to avoid being categorised in the Transatlantic Records mould, but Tarn's closest approximation is to Steve Goodman, who has broken out of that restrictive area. The South is giving the impression that it may indeed rise again.

John Tobler

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John Miles

SHEFFIELD

UNTIL QUITE recently, I was insulated from the dubious pleasures of Wonderful Radio One and its scarifying sibling Two (Kraftwerk *sans* synthesisers?) by the simple expedient of not possessing a radio. Unfortunately, however, this measure alone was not enough to protect me from what our American cousins refer to as "AM" music. Could I but pass through the portals of an ale-house without being Abba'd all over the floor, I'd maybe drink in peace.

And thus it was, on one of my visits to such an establishment, that I came to be acquainted with a song called "Music" by one John Miles. I grew to rue the day I first set ear on this *opus tedium*. Had the entire UK gone mad? Was I the only one who felt that a song which contained lyrics of the nature of "Music's been my first love, and it'll be my last" could not be the apotheosis of pop music?

Hence, it was with mounting trepidation that I awaited the onstage presence of said John Miles. And damn me if he didn't start by shattering my presentation, even if he can't write lyrics, and the first few numbers were over and gone before you could say "reappraise". All I can remember is being hit just above the belt with a couple of bone-hard slabs of '70s rock'n'roll. Fair took me breath away.

Pity about the next two, though. "Pull The Damn Thing Down" is a cliched eco-song with sickly synthesised strings and an uncomfortable hook-line; but then again, eco-songs done with the aid of more watts than I'm likely to use in a month or two always sound a trifle uncomfortable. Good strong voice, though, albeit lacking a little in personality. "Glamour Boy" is dedicated to "all the poseurs in the world", which, in view of his album sleeves, is more than a little ironic. Centred around an oft-repeated hook-line, it features a concise, competent guitar-break from Miles and superb drumming from Barry Black, who keeps up an absurdly high standard throughout the show.

"Remember Yesterday" is the first slowie, for which Miles takes to the piano to rhyme "remember" with "September" and indulge in an annoyingly long coda. All of his songs, as it turns out, are superficial to the point of banality. Catchy, with good hook-lines, but nothing of great import. Indeed, he seems to be the direct descendant of the moon / June rhymers of yore.

"Stand Up", "High Fly", "What's A Star" and "Stranger In The City" all provide further evidence that Miles can write great hook-lines but lousy lyrics, and all go down well. "Stranger In The City" utilises more dry-ice than a dozen outdoor ice-cream vendor chests, effectively obscuring all the band from view. (Do they get high sniffing that stuff, I wonder?).

Miles plays some pretty neat guitar throughout, but as the set proceeds it becomes apparent that he tends to apply the same devices and riffs to the different song-structures; still, what he does, he does well.

"Roll Over Beethoven" is taken far too fast and suffers for it. The previously flawless PA becomes fuzzy, and an air of premeditated excitement pervades Miles' tip of the hat to his roots.

Miles (or, more likely, his record company) appears to have attempted to coalesce elements of glam-rock, heavy rock, techno-rock, melodic pop and a few more genres I can't think of at the moment, and supported it with the clumsiest hype this side of 1970; and judging from the crowd reaction, it's an extremely successful pot-pourri. And far be it from me to minimise his reception; he knocked 'em dead, deservedly so: good voice, good band, good sound-system, good lights. Goodnight.

Andy Gill

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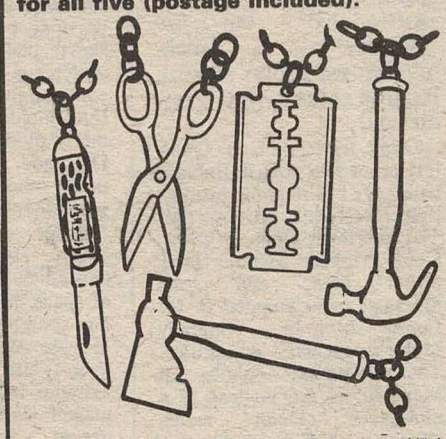

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538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

125. VULTURES

JOIN THE ARMY
TRAVEL TO EXOTIC DISTANT LANDS MEET EXOTIC UNKNOWN PEOPLE AND KILL THEM
167. JOIN THE ARMY

134. GENESIS

168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

612. PATCH

528. APOLLO

StatusQuo
186. STATUS QUO

229. SERENE BOOZER

111 NEWCASTLE BROWN

663. COOL IT (FONZIE)

214. BIONIC COCK

I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure you realise that what you heard is not what I meant.
221. UNDERSTAND

JOIN THE AIR FORCE
FLY OVER DIFFERENT COUNTRIES LOOK DOWN ON FRIENDLY WAVING PEOPLE AND DROP BOMBS ON THEM
219. JOIN AIRFORCE

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

159. BEETHOVEN

175. UNION JACK

135. STATUS QUO

CONTENTS untouched by human hands
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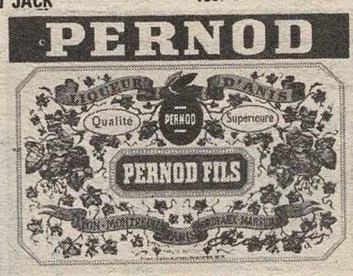
129. CONTENTS

Wings
224. WINGS

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES AND CATCH EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES
222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

666. MEATY



667. PERNOD

FLY UNITED

132. FLY UNITED

215. SING IN MORNING

227. MILCH TRAY

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?
157. BLOODY SLOGAN

Nazareth
200. NAZARETH

Led Zeppelin
148. LED ZEP

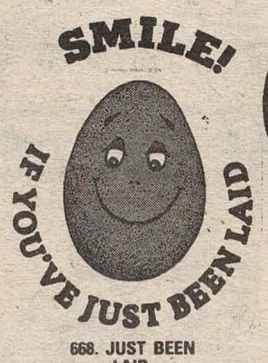
653. STARSKY & HUTCH

532 MOUTH

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

232 REALITY

672. TAXIDERMIST



668. JUST BEEN LAID.

671. FONDLE

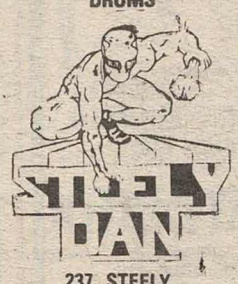
115. BLACK SABBATH

234. THIN LIZZY

538 GROPIN' HAND

235. GUITAR & DRUMS

664. CAMEL SMOKER



237. STEELY DAN

217. TOO MUCH

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The man with the hip horn

Elton Dean

MANCHESTER

JAZZ IS A CRAP word for a lot of what goes down these days (chew tradition). Some of the top notch British jazzers are unacknowledged rock'n'roll heroes — guys like Derek Bailey (a real guitar hero!), Harry Miller, Tony Oxley, Evan Parker, John Stevens, Keith Tippett and Trevor Watts. This word "jazz" . . . I'd use rock'n'roll but that'd confuse people. A guy called Joachim Berendt came up with a coupla useful words — "funhouse abstractions" — but I use "Balance" . . . rock-'n'roll'n'swing plus control: Balance Music (it'll grow on you).

Okay, the Elton Dean Quartet, proof that British Balance bands are health good; productive, incestuous, adventurous. The quartet is Dean on saxes, Keith Tippett piano, Harry Miller bass, and John Marshall, who stepped in for Louis Moholo, generally Miller's partner, on drums. That foursome, Moholo not Marshall, is the nucleus of a nine-piece Dean leads, Ninesense, which in turn was an expansion of an old Keith Tippet sextet (confusing, innit — try pinning these lads down). I prefer the small unit, cuts out the cloying brass, gets right down to essentials, no messing. Tippett you'll know from Crimson and "Septober Energy", Dean and Marshall from the Softs, and Miller if you're a Mike Cooper fan. They're a rock'n'roll supergroup.

The Quartet are not a totally improvisatory outfit, but obviously a lot of improvisation occurs. It's when the band takes flight and relies on each others' propositions of themes and ideas that they knock whoops out of the stomach. Where the structured music lacked a little bite in its reliance on pre-ordained limitations, the improvised parts were stretched, held, manipulated, formed with a ridiculously casual dexterity.

There were two one-hour sets. The first piece of the second set was a forty minute excursion that was undoubtedly the highlight of the evening, catching a sharp groove and whipping along with a total lack of resistance or hesitancy. It seemed as though each musician was playing a conflicting solo but, no, it's uniform, all instruments following, leading, altering, acknowledging.

Marshall commenced the evening a little too busy, but in the long piece he cut himself short, plain, but no lack of switching it on. Miller's commanding flexibility was total melodic up-pressure, no mere plodding perseverance. Dramatic, extravagant but never irrelevant bass; a great performance.

Dean was charged and jaunty, clear, no heights of unpredictability, but no waste of space either. Tippett, playing, somebody said, on an out of tune piano (whatever that means) also suffered from little volume but fought through magnificently. Thoughtful, urgent, direct, his rolling luminous runs were thirst quenching.

They didn't play an encore, but not because the people packed into the cosy Band on the Wall didn't want one. Lack of stamina; they'd played themselves out. "Buy them a drink," said the compere. You betcha. There is no way you miss this group if you get the chance to see them. No way.

Paul Morley

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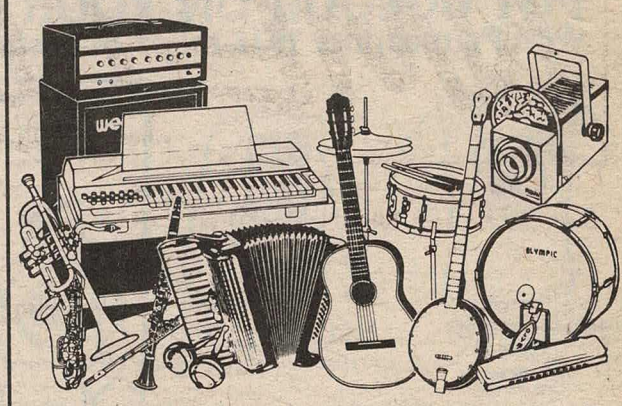

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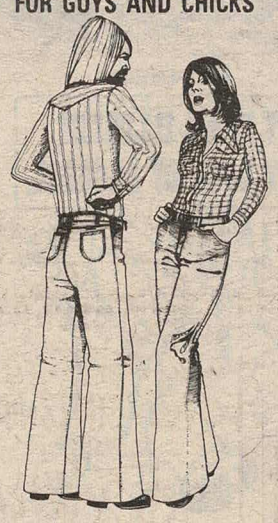

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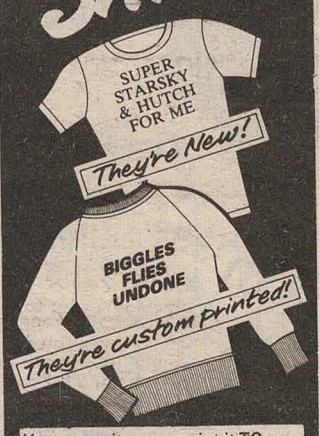

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ACROSS

1 G. H., and Z.Marx meet F. Mercury & Co. (1,3,2,3,5)
7 Old bacofoil's comeback 45 (2,5,3,5,4)
9 See 20
12 Written by Pete, sung by Rod, played by Elton (7,6)
14 i.e. forge game (anag. 7,4)
16 & 30 Catalogued COC 59100 and sleeved (if that's the word) by Andy Warhol
18 Producer, TV pundit and former singer (6,4)
21 See 26
22 See 6
23 & 25 across American R&B singer and pianist; "Parchman Farm" is probably his best-known song
24 See 11
25 See 23
29 Reckon they could do with a little bit *less!* (2,4)
30 See 16 across
31 The tall, blond one

DOWN

1 North-eastern punks — spots and all — they had an international No. 1 in 1964 with their version of a standard song they heard on Dylan's debut LP
2 On which Neil brought Nils to wider attention (5,3,8)
3 His "Super Session" with Mike Bloomfield and Steve Stills was one of the first all-star jam albums (2,6)
4 From 21 years ago next month, E.Presley's first (U.S.) No. 1 (10,5)
5 The "Year Of The Cat", cat
6 & 22 A founder of *Time Out* magazine before he discovered his true vocation behind a mike
8 America's premier music industry award
10 Moptops' first real smasheroo (6,6,2)
11 & 24 His arrangement of traditional "Hey Joe" was picked up by Jimi Hendrix
13 A founder Rolling Stone, he left to go to college — and later formed The Pretty Things (4,6)
15 Descended from Liverpool Scene and Scaffold, they cut one eponymous album in 1973
16 & 17 Iain and Gavin, composers of "Sailing"
19 Leo Sayer 45 (3,3,4)
20 & 9 Made inauspicious debut on a heavily-hyped, transparent long player
25 & 27 After which nothing came together, and something came to an end
26 & 21 One half of the late '50s/early '60s' most famous partnerships
27 See 25 down
28 King Crimson's last album — either that or a land mass in the west

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Racing Cars; 6 "World"; 8 "The Man Who Sold The (World)"; 11 Eddie (& The Hot Rods); 13 Dion; 14 Fripp; 15 Mick Abrahams; 16 Band; 17 Bono; 18 Joe Cocker; 19 Rufus; 20 Grease (Band); 22 Levon (Helm); 23 Toot(s); 24 Vincent; 26 Herd; 27 Mike Love.

DOWN: 1 Rotten; 2 Creedence Clearwater; 3 Gene (Vincent); 4 Ashton Gardner And Dyke; 5 Sassafras; 7 Daevid Allen; 9 Lovin' Spoonful; 10 Temptations; 12 Edgar Broughton; 15 Mick Jagger; 19 Revival; 21 Johnny (Rotten); 25 Cher (Bono).

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Edited by NEIL SPENCER

IN REPLY to your invitation to old hippies, I write.

NME is a gas, lots of laffs, especially the '77 hype comix and all the snide, sassy, vinegary comment. After all, I'm old enough to have seen it all before, and keep my proverbial pinch of salt handy. I'm not sure what's new about Punk, but then we all need fashions especially the young, poor things

Speaking of fashion, I don't know what Oz is whining about. Did he always think Woodstock Nation would stand? There was hype and trendies in hippiedom from start to end so why waste time on it? The real value and insights still stand. Like what 20th Century schizoid man has washed down his mechanical brain-drain. Like ecstasy, getting in touch with feelings, body, nature, communion etc.

Drugs give a glimpse, but it's a life's work to realise them fully. And that's an individual trip and lonely, although there are more of us about than NME would believe. After all the talk got boring and slipped out of fashion, then the hard inner silent work started.

After a spurt, there is a pause, plateau in growth. Look at music, after all the inventiveness of innumerable creative bands (Stones, Dead, Family, Tull and on), did you expect it to go on for ever? We don't get the World, and Love and Peace Now, whatever we shout in teenage impatience. The boredom, alienation slums and dole-queues, mediocre politicians and power-mad magnates and scientists remain, the Problem in search of Solution or Explosion. Hence Hate and War Rule wiv yer punk-rockers (as with your Teds, rockers, mods and skins).

But the fruit of '67, all those insights, will, must eventually be borne, the roots breaking the smothering concrete of our entombed souls, or else . . . the Lobotomy Express.

THE ZEN LOONY, Golders Green

ONE OF THE reasons people are not getting uptight about the repression of the new-wave bands by the GLC and co., is that nobody gives a shit about defending the "Right To Be Heard" of a bunch of illiterate, mindless, neo-fascist, talentless bozos.

It's a cruel dilemma though, for us old hippies. Free speech is a very precious thing and should be defended at all costs. However, being one of the 'boring old farts' of the love and peace era that Johnny Rotten is so keen on spurning, I'm not exactly straining at the leash in my desire to defend him.

It's not so much the "Mindless acceptance of apathy" giving support to the "gradual suffocation" of the new wave bands. It's more than the Chicago Seven were worth defending and Johnny Rotten isn't.

In the meantime, is free speech really being abused by the GLC? Or are they doing us all a big favour? It's when we start banning the real punks like Nils Lofgren that I'll start to get worried.

If there is any real talent among the New Wave then it will surface regardless of the antics of the GLC.

A. FREAK

It would be a dilemma if the new wave bands really were "neo-fascist" (which I don't believe), but even "talentless" and "illiterate" (you say) people have the right to be heard. Oh, and what's a "real punk"? I thought that notion went out after the recent *Gasbag* debate/brains trust on the subject.—N.S.

REMEMBER twelve or thirteen years ago when you were a pop paper?

The Who spoke for a whole generation then. Patti Smith, the Damned, The Sex Pistols do not and never will.

That is the 'punk' versus 'Old Hippy' dilemma in a nutshell. People of my age, 25, (which is young, contrary to what one reads) still remember the real thing and don't have much time for the imitation.

SEV LEWKOWICZ, Guildford.

Did The Who really speak for all the thirty year old bank clerks and apprentice property developers of today? I remember feeling in a distinct minority at the time. — N.S.

I WOULD like to comment on your 'Zelah Browne' letter, *Un-Bag Feb 12th.* She talks of "Old Hippies." There are plenty of us young ones about. We're all "Turning On" but we've got nowhere to "Tune In" to. Can anyone help my generation?

BALD HEAD

I can "dig" your "hang-up" young baldie. It's tough for you "drop-outs". — N.S.

THANKS FOR Nick Kent's very convincing review of Television's first album. In these days of musical uncertainty and the ever deteriorating standards of the music press, it is refreshing to see a positive article on new fresh talent, and more importantly, to find a publication that gives priority to the new wave bands (and I don't just mean punk).

Along with *Zig Zag* and certain journals from the Underground press, the *N.M.E.* has been able to generate a certain optimism in our troubled times, reminiscent of the vibe back in the 60's. Hell, I'm even beginning to think that there might be another musical revolution where bands like, Queen, 10CC, Wings etc., along with Zeppelin, Nugent etc will be unmercifully toppled, making way for genuine talent e.g. G. Parker, Stranglers, Burlesque etc.

Is this a real premenition or am I just dreaming again?

MIKE

Well, you have to like, keep up your pecker don't yer? Otherwise you end up a millionaire and writing "Animals" — N.S.

VOLUNTARY mental hospitalisation to one side, commitment to a mental hospital by court order bears some similarity to a prison sentence. In the latter, punishment is administered to deal with a crime, such as murder or theft. In the former the procedure is not so clear. It seems that Peter Green has been sentenced to 'treatment' in a mental hospital because he decided to give his money away!

What makes the situation so disturbing, is that Green appears to have been deprived of his fundamental rights, even though he has not commited a crime.

If Green is insane, then what the hell is our system?

LOZ KINGSLEY, Birmingham.

I THINK it is unfair to commit Pete Green to a mental hospital for wanting to give away his royalties — why is it mad to let charities have his money? His father thinks he must be nuts to want to "help the whole world if he had the money" — it's kind, not mad, to want to help others, don't you think?

ROCHELLE FIELD, Sutton.

It seems a lot saner than what a lot of folks do to *get* money. And thanks for the rest of the Peter Green mail. — N.S.

JUST WRITING in belated response to the 'Low' reviews. The fact that I disagreed fairly violently with one review and agreed pretty well totally with the other (no names mentioned) should not hide the fact that I thought that they were the best pieces of newsprint to appear in NME for ages.

Admittedly the articles weren't much use as reviews — (whatever *they* are — all attempts to place degrees of 'worth' on anything must be subjective. Those people who cry out for you to "just review the music" forget that the music goes a long way from the sounds produced mechanically/electronically. Anyway I'm sure I'm writing to the converted — I wouldn't be reading NME if I didn't believe that you believed something similar to the previous sentence. What a complicated little bracket) anyway, they were't billed as such.

The articles were exciting in that I'd heard the album on Peel's programme and made a surreptitious recording (don't tell anyone) and, on repeated plays, wondered how the hell you could review it, which got me on to what the hell Bowie was doing when he recorded it.

I'm not about to construct any hypotheses, or attempt to tell you the 'real' reasons behind "Low" — I'd just like to say it's the weirdest and most enticing record I've heard for ages. Just like that bloke wrote to *The Bag* last week, it's like a crystal ball; you can see what you like in it, wonder endlessly about Bowie's state of mind and what he is trying to say — if he's trying to say anything at all. Wonderfully stimulating. To read another two opinions of people whom I've grown to respect over four years of NME reading added a lot to the game.

The points I think I'm trying to make are:

1. Ian MacDonald is a great writer — you must try to inveigle him into producing more articles. I realize that when he stopped writing in late '75 that he was getting pretty sick of the whole parasitic nature of 'rock criticism' (at least, I gather that from his final articles /reviews, and Nick Kent's interview in *Zigzag*) — but it would be very nice to see him back — even just one article a month — whatever he feels moved to do.

2. Don't be frightened to publish long articles for which you may be accused of pretentiousness, irrelevance etc. NME is justly famed for being extreme — your best issues are those which have been the most challenging approaches (i.e. non-normal in treatment of subject matter, or subject matter itself).

DAVID LEWIS. Worley.

All I can see in my copy is little bits of dust sticking to the grooves. Crystal schmystal. Otherwise, thanks fab reader. (Hey, you don't think David's "Low" cos he just turned 30 do you?) — N.S.

I SHOULD like to point out that the quote by Tom Waits in *Teazers 5/2/77*, is actually a poem by Richard Brautigan from his book "Rommel Drives On Deep Into Egypt". The poem is called "Negative Clank".

Credit where credit is due.

E. COWLEY, Gravesend

Another old hippy being ripped off, and by a Beatnik at that. Shame. — N.S.

RE: NEW Musical Instruments.

The article was bleedin' superSTOP Murray's one of the 'lads'STOP Should your 'paper' dispose of said piece then it transcends the realms of mere imbicility and soars into the heady heights of intolerabilitySTOP Have never 'moved' (in five years reading) sufficiently to write (nearly over Shaar's Hendrix article)STOP

INDECIPHERABLE SIGNATURE
Consultant Porter, Queen Elizabeth, Birmingham.

JUST A quickie to say how pleased I am to see the return of the Musical Instruments section, and to say I'm glad that CSM is writing it, which means that for the first time in the history of the feature I was able to understand it. I still couldn't suss out that ring modulator business, though.

BILL KRUSE, Cobham, Surrey.

ANGUS MACKINNON'S review of the Floyd's album was excellent and I am writing to say thanks.

Animals of life. Great review.

BOB KENDALL, Brookvale.

Just stick to the music ok? — N.S.

WE ARE falling apart at the seams lads. Don't you see it? The release of "Animals" upon the nation marks the "high-water-mark" of wonderful decadence.

I congratulate the Fab Floyd, who must be tickled pink by such a sheepish review by Angus 'Bull' MacKinnon. It will enable millions of mindless punks like him up and down the country to alleviate somewhat their pathetic mundane existences by indulging in wonderful animatic depression.

But see where it leads you chums. I'm a victim of it myself, and am an unemployed farmworker and friendless recluse.

BOMBAY DUCK, Winscale, Cumbria.

I think you've onto something there quackers. I mean, you can only take 'post Woodstock disillusion' so far, as our Zen Loony friend top left says. More animal crackers coming up. — N.S.

ROY HARPER'S sheep are for breeding are they? What does he do with them after they have bred? Breed some more? Then what? I should think there's a small chance someone might buy them for the purpose of sweaters or chops.

Or maybe Angie Errigo thinks they might make good pets.

ANTHEA KEAST, Talybont on Usk, Powys, Wales.

Well, you know how these old hippies get . . . like, the sheep are just there, like to *be* man.

1977. Crisis followed crisis in the UK. Political Scandal was rife, the monarchy was held in open contempt, Revie's team was the laughing stock of Europe.

Letters from distraught veterans of the great psychedelic war poured in to the NME. Action was called for. So it was that page 50 was given over to the . . .

GASBAG

Home for Old Hippies

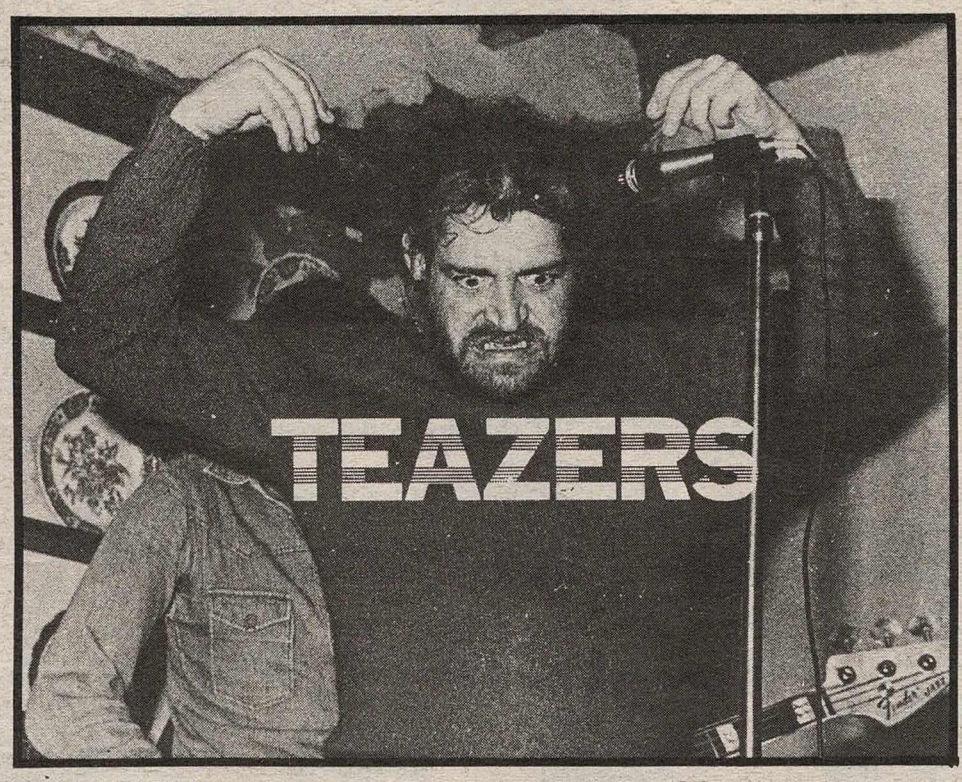
(and other wayward boys & girls).

A hippy is helped out after seeing her first Damned gig.

THE T-ZERS WRIGGLED in their baskets after their Jubilee celebrations. Pulling out their lavender notepaper they collectively filled in their diary: The well known New York poet and counter-culture figure **R Zimmerman** was just across the Channel t'other week, eating snails and bagels with ketchup on (probably). He came to the Land Of The Frog to be present at the Pompidou Centre Of Art opening in Gay Paree. Bob didn't entertain the Gallic culture groupies but instead got into "some pretty heavy raps, man" (sic) with **Robert Rauschenberg,** the artist, and **Dotson Rader,** the writer . . .

"My problem," sez **Eric Clapton,** "is that all my band live in America. As they can't come here to record, I have to go to them. When I've written a song I have to sing it down the phone so that they can work out the arrangements. Which isn't particularly satisfactory. Then I have to fly to the States to get the material on tape." Despite this slight geographical problem, Eric remains adamant that he won't quit Albion. "They can tax me all they like but I won't go. Not till I'm six feet under anyway." So now you know . . .

Alice Cooper considering leaving Los Angeles on February 20, the date when The Earthquake is now being pridicted for . . .



Pic: Mike Ford

Lowell George struck down with hepatitis . . .

Clash in studio recording album for CBS. "White Riot" — which lasts under two minutes — is set for single release . . .

"I epitomize America," sez **John Denver.** "This could explain a lot," sez *T-zers* . . .

Sniffin' Glue magazine turned down an ad for **The Damned's** new Stiff album on the grounds that it was sexist. Vile rumoursville states, though, that the real reason is that the punk fanzine's editor has fond feelings towards the lady featured in the ad and doesn't want others to see her *au naturelle* . . .

Fonzie on his fans: "I know deep down they don't want to hurt me. They just want a piece of my body."

Sylvain Sylvain of **The Dolls** has had a twelve inch rod inserted in his upper leg after being admitted to hospital following an auto wreck . . .

The Outsiders upset by a reference in NME's review of their recent Roxy gig (Feb 5 issue) to the effect that the group is "into dope". We were, of course, speaking metaphorically — suggesting that they were into the dope/hippie *philosophy* — and *not* saying that they take drugs. Heaven forbid anyone should think otherwise, but we're sorry if it caused them any embarrassment . . .

A **Gary Gilmore** t-shirt is now on sale in the USA. The design includes Gilmore's name next to a bullseye over the wearer's heart . . .

Elvis has generously donated 12,500 square feet in front of his Gracelands mansion in Memphis for use as a "viewing area."

"Kermit," says Muppet inventor **Jim Henson,** "is trying to ride over this whole group of people. He is trying desperately to keep things moving and not get tangled into petty problems. This is not unlike what I do . . . When characters are really alive to me is when I am performing them. But there is no real confusion between my life as a person and puppeteer". . .

Will **Tim Hinckley** be playing keyboards on the next **Dr Feelgood** elpee? Also, is The Doctor considering drastic changes in his stage act?. . .

Winsome '60's belle of the Frog recording scene, **Francoise Hardy,** now casting magazine horoscopes. *Tres bonne,* huh? . . .

And here's a little tale of **Macca's** fab times in Lagos whilst he and the fab **Wings** chaps were making "Band On The Run": "Linda and I set off like a couple of tourists, loaded with tapes and cameras, to walk to Denny's house which was about 20 minutes down the road. A car pulls up just beside us and goes a little bit ahead. Then a guy gets out. I thought — just a little Northerner, me — that he wanted to give us a lift. So with that all the doors flew open and they all came out and one of them had a knife. Their eyes were wild and Linda was screaming: 'He's a musician. Don't kill him.' You know, all the unreasonable stuff you shout in situations like that. I'm saying: 'What do you want. Money?' And they say, 'Yeah money' and I hand some over. Shaking, we walked on home and we were just sitting down having a cup of coffee to try to recover our nerves and there was a power cut. We thought they'd come back and cut the power cable. It was just like Kojak, only the African version." Perhaps Fab Macca requires more incidents like this. The Lagos visit did inspire the best album the fellow's made since the Beatles split. . .

Was it bad press that caused **Bryan Ferry** to ditch his suit and tie for open-necked shirt and black leather trousers on the last of his three gigs at London Albert Hall on Wednesday. Or was the suit at the cleaners?. . .

"And the girls! they drove me crazy, always clawing my body," **David Cassidy** told the *San Francisco Examiner And Chronicle.* "On the road there was always this one room where we'd corral a hand picked dozen of the most beautiful. After the show, I'd go to this room, pick the one I wanted, and let the band divvy up the rest. I was an animal! Pretty soon, I became terribly lonely and stopped participating in this kind of thing. I was tired of strangers in my room, my bed: tired of girls climbing up the fire escape and hiding in my closets, in my shower." It's hell at the top. . .

Mitch Ryder now a DJ in a Denver gay disco . . .

The absurd **Ian Anderson** pontificating yet again against the very nice *New Musical Express* — which *T-zers* reads dutifully every week — in last week's *Sunday Times.* He refuses, he told the paper, to send the band's records to the "snivelling and schoolboyish" *New Musical Express.* Anderson claims to be bitter over the savaging the "Music Paper" (sic) gave his deplorable "Passion Play" elpee (sic) in 1973. "Americans love us because they're desperate to find roots," he said . . .

On her vacation in Aspen, Colorado, **Mrs Gregg Allman** smashed up her jeep, slipped on some ice and put her shoulder in a sling, and had a plate of hot crepes dropped on her by a waitress. . . .

John Cale broke **The Ramones'** CBGB's house record by thirty dollars . . . and **BOC's Allen Lanier** and **Lou Reed** joined in on brother John's set. . .

Congratulations to **Ben Simon Taylor** who, weighing in at 9lb 2oz, sprung forth at New York Hospital as the infant progeny of **James 'n' Carly . . .**

Slaughter And The Dogs opening The Oaks, a new club, on 22nd of this month at Barlow Moor Road, Charlton, Manchester. The Oaks is also trying to get **The Heartbreakers . . .**

Universal studios laying claim to the word *bionic* as a trademark. It has already taken court action to prevent the marketing of 'Byonik" sneakers . . .

When **Supercharge** appeared in Tunbridge Wells last Saturday night their act was interrupted by an exceptionally coarse-mouthed heckler who persisted in throwing beer cans at the band. Balding, rotund, red-faced and ugly **Albie Donnelly** invited The Heckler up onstage. He then presented him with the mike and all the band except for the bassist left the stage. The Heckler then heckled the audience to the accompaniment of a bass solo. Then the audience threw beer cans at the Heckler. The lout then left the stage, leaving **S. Charge** to resume their mastery of crowd manipulation . . .

All five dolphins who played Flipper (in the TV show, *Flipper*) died of loneliness and boredom . . .

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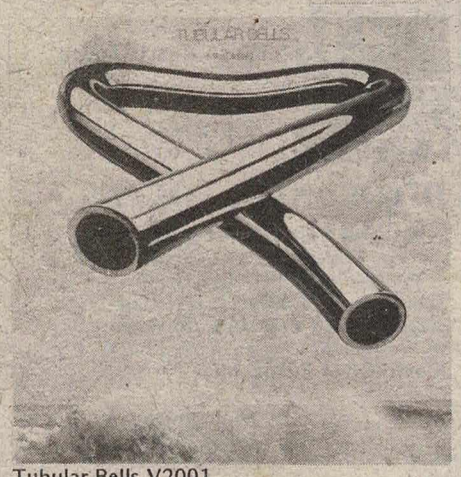

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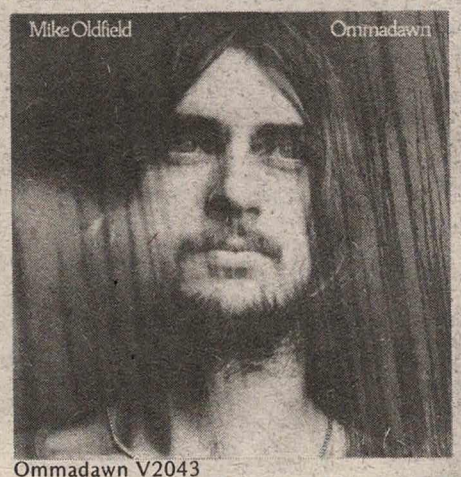

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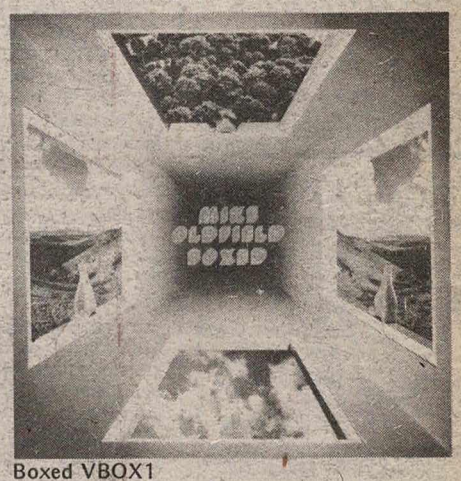

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